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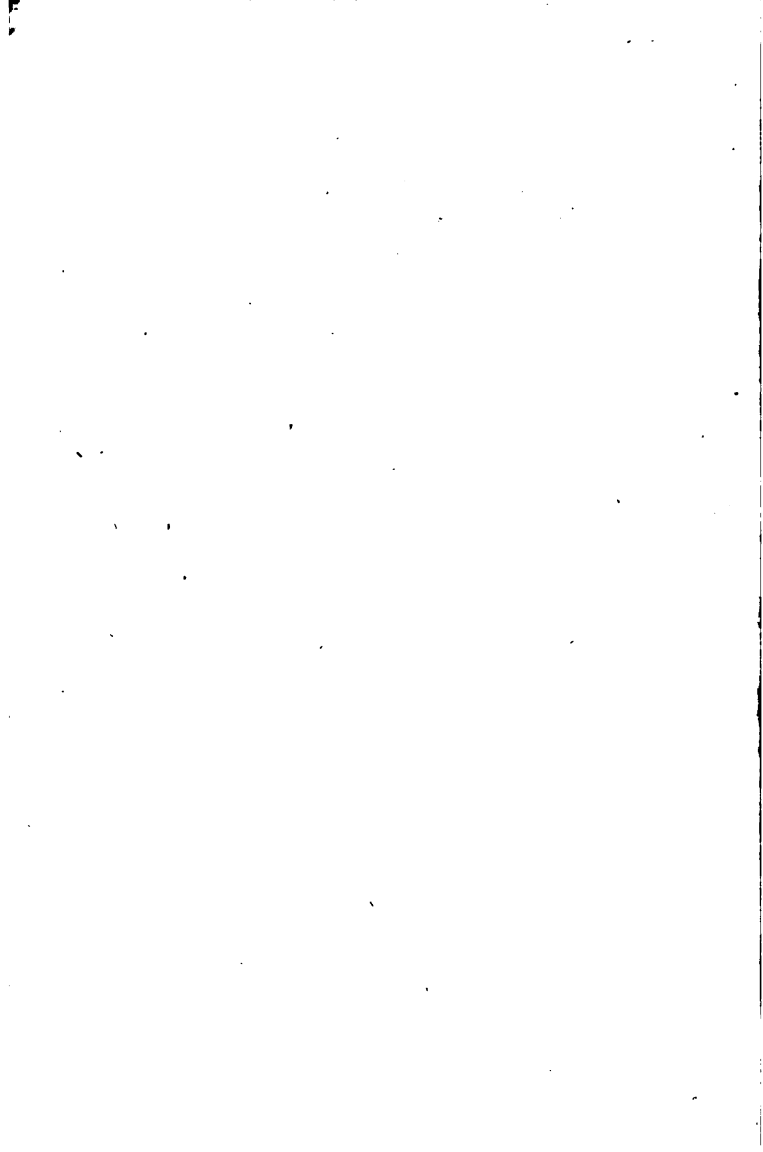
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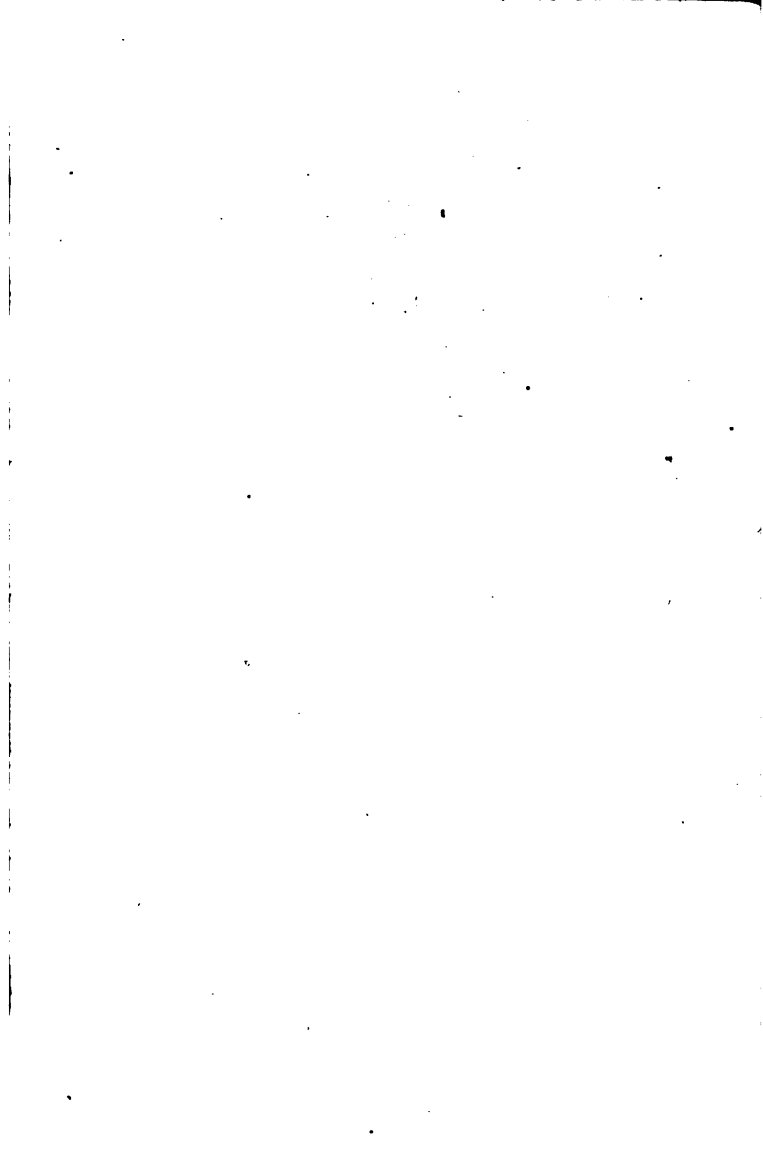
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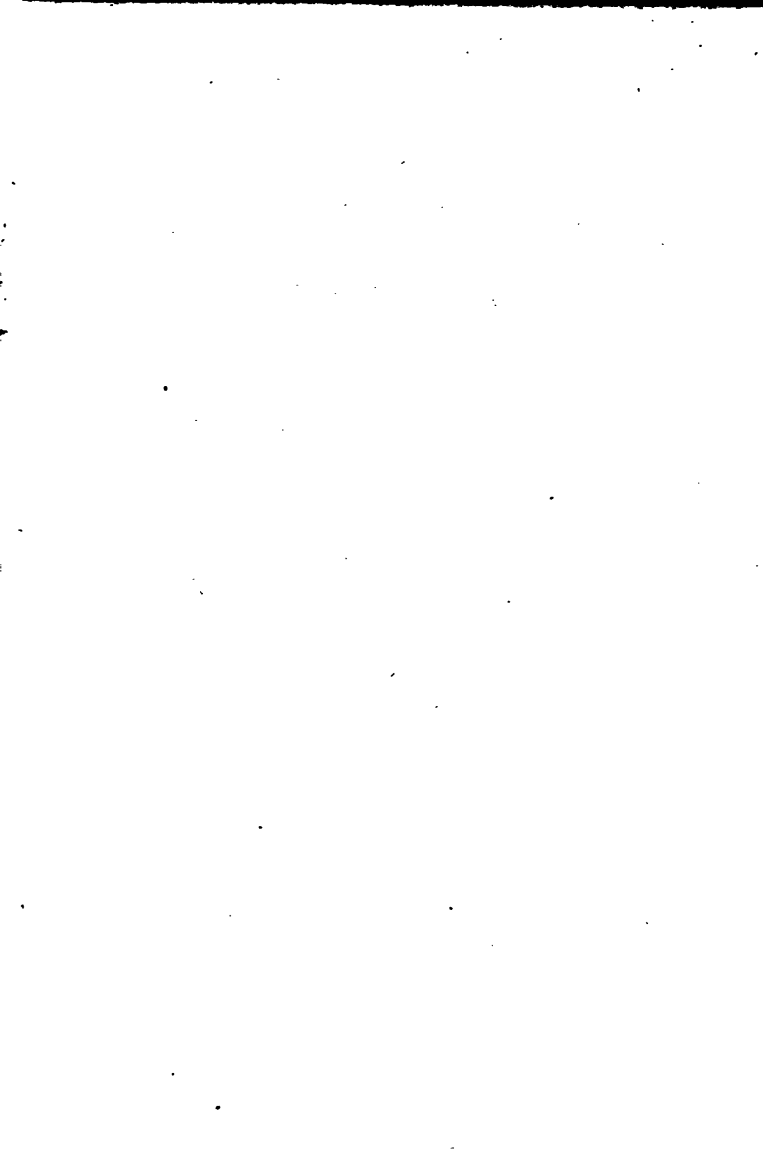
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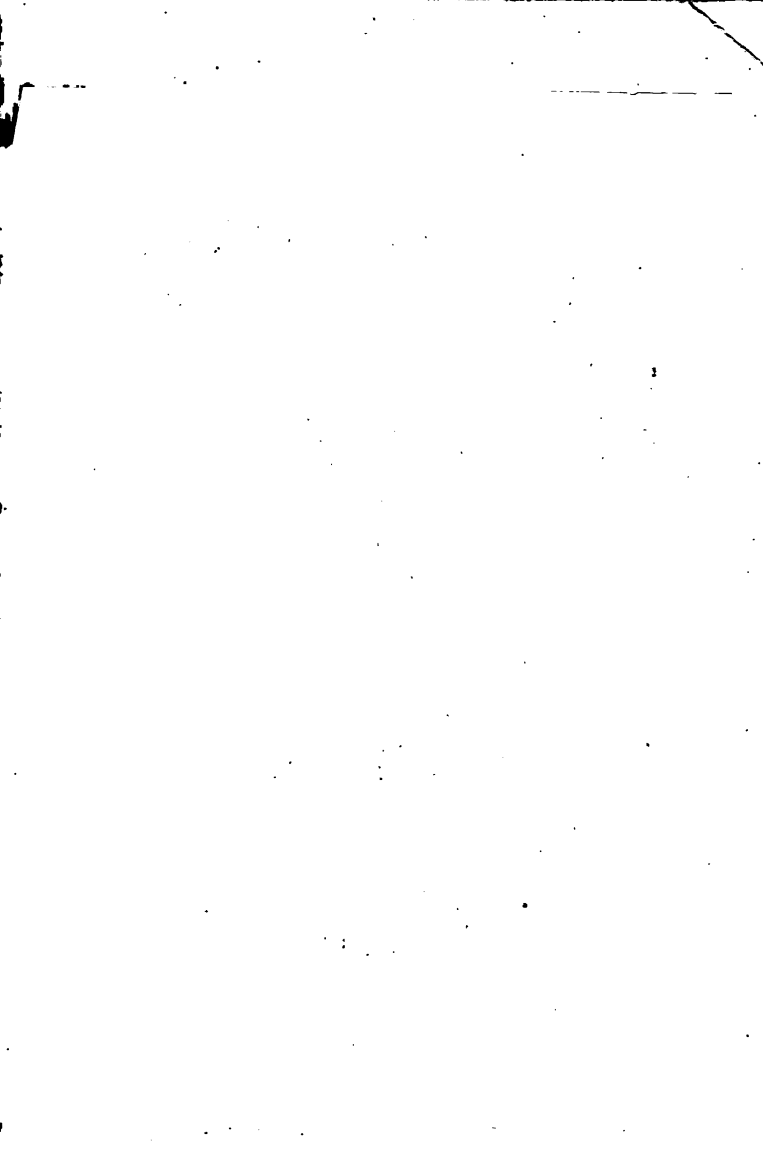


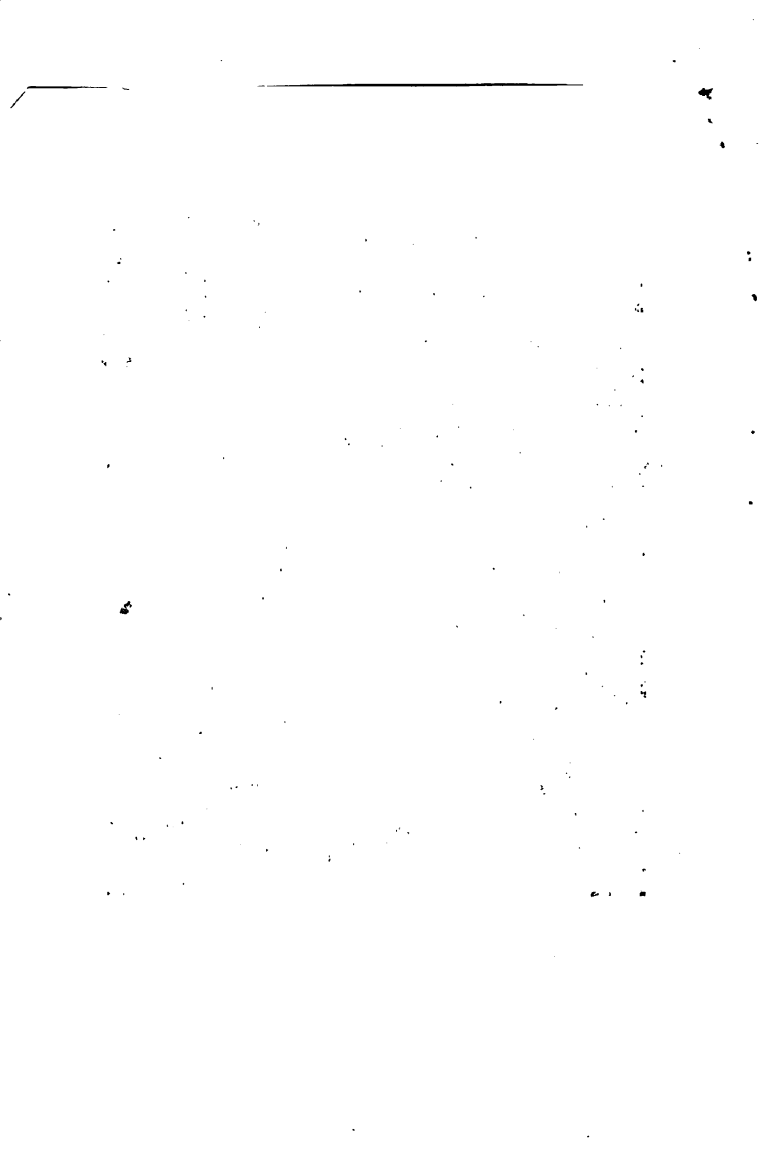






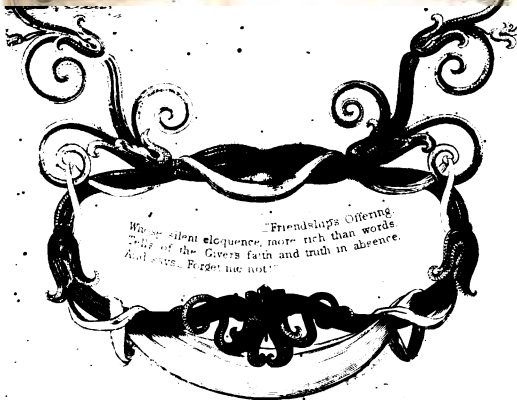
The Young Artist.







FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING



Friendship's Offering.
Whose silent eloquence, more rich than words,
Tells of the Giver's faith and truth in absence.
And says, "Forget me not!"



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FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING,

AND

WINTER'S WREATH.

A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S

PRESENT FOR MDCCCXLIII.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY E. H. BUTLER.

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FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

THE RUINS OF HEROD'S PALACE.*

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THE traveller sat upon a stone,
A broken column's pride,
And o'er his head a fig-tree spread
Its grateful umbrage wide,
While round him fruitful valleys smiled,
And crystal streams ran by,
And the far mountain's forehead hoar
Rose up 'tween earth and sky.

But on a ruin'd pile he gazed,
Beneath whose mouldering gloom
The roving fox a shelter found,
And noisome bats a tomb.

* See a description in "Stephen's Incidents of Travel."

"Ho, Arab!"—for a ploughman wrought
The grassy sward among,
With marble fragments richly strew'd,
And terraced olives hung :—

"Ho! canst thou tell what ancient dome
In darkness here declines,
And strangely lifts its spectral form,
Among the matted vines?"
He stayed his simple plough that traced
Its crooked furrow nigh,
And while his oxen cropp'd the turf,
Look'd up with vacant eye :—

"It was some satrap's palace, sure,
In old time, far away,
Or else of some great Christian prince,
I've heard my father say."
"Arab! it was King Herod's dome,
'Twas there he feasted free
His captains, and the chief estates
And lords of Galilee.

'Twas there the impious dancer's heel
Lured his rash soul astray—"
But ere the earnest tale was told
The ploughman turned away.
Oh, ruthless king!—thy vaunted pomp
And power avail thee not,
Who, here, beside thy palace gates,
Art by the serf forgot.

But he, whose blood in prison-cell,
By thy decree was spilt,
Whose head, upon the charger brought,
Appeased revengeful guilt,
His name, amid a deathless page
Gleams forth like living gem,
Touch'd with those glorious rays that gild
The Star of Bethlehem.

Hartford, Conn.

THE SWEETS OF FRIENDSHIP.

BY J. H. LOWTHER.

For a short month condemn'd to rove
To Harcourt I confide
The dearest object of my love,
Sophy, my tender bride.
Each pleasing thought was left behind,
I loved her more than life;
Yet, 'sdeath! on my return, I find
Nor Harcourt, nor my wife!

A STORY OF MODERN HONOUR.

BY LORD MORPETH.

I WAS well acquainted with two young men who made their first appearance in the society of London at about the same period, Lord Oranmore and Mr. Severn. Many things appeared to have fallen to the share of each in nearly equal portions, such as considerable wealth, great advantages of personal appearance, and brilliant mental endowments; upon both, it is almost needless to add, the world dawned brightly, and smiled kindly. Perhaps, however, the points of difference were even more striking than those of resemblance between them: in the very matter of their good looks, for instance, to which I have alluded, Lord Oranmore was extremely dark, his countenance serious and even stern, his figure lofty and imposing: the complexion of his contemporary was fair, and he was particularly remarkable for the open and radiant expression of his features. If I had been writing a tale or novel, I should probably have presented each of them to my reader at once by informing him that Salvator Rosa would have shadowed the outline of

Oranmore beneath one of his shaggy rocks, or blighted trees; and that Raphael might have selected Severn for a student in the school of Athens, or a listener in the group round St. Cecilia. I shall, perhaps, as briefly convey an impression of their moral characteristics by stating that Oranmore was frequently told that in many particulars he bore a close resemblance to Lord Byron, and that Severn had occasionally been admonished by some of his most attached friends, that if he did not take very good care, he would end in being a saint.

The prevailing tone of society may be estimated in some degree from the manner in which these opposite suggestions were received by the parties to whom they were addressed. "You really flatter me too much," modestly protested Lord Oranmore. "I trust not quite that, either," sensitively remonstrated Mr. Severn.

The same inference might have been drawn from occurrences in their behaviour. Severn unaffectedly wished to be religious, and was in his practice unostentatiously benevolent; but at no time was he ever known to have appeared so grievously annoyed, as when he had been casually overheard administering appropriate consolation to a dying servant; and Oranmore upon one occasion spent an entire night at a country house, where he was staying with a large party, in pacing up and down his apartment, because he knew that he should be heard underneath; not with the malicious purpose of giving a bad night to the unfortunate tenants of the first floor, for he was by no means an

ill-natured person, but that he might gain the credit due to a disturbed conscience and mysterious remorse.

Society, rigidly exclusive as to persons, but amiably lax as to characters, thought fit, in the exercise of its high caprice, to smile with nearly equal favour on the mitigated demon and qualified angel of my story ; it happened, consequently, that few were the assemblies and dinners at which they did not meet. This most unsought-for frequency of contact brought the natural dissonance of their feelings yet more strikingly into evidence, so that before their first season was half over, they had begun to entertain, and even to display, towards each other sentiments first of jealousy, then of dislike, in which Oranmore bitterly indulged, and against which Severn sincerely, but feebly, struggled.

In the brilliant career which was opening before them, while success seemed common to both, the spheres of their ascendancy were not precisely the same. Men liked Severn best. Women talked most of Oranmore: few were the partners who could command attention when his forehead was discerned in the distance towering above the crowd ; chaperons shrank while they stared ; and no servant could ever succeed in getting rid of an ice in the opposite direction. But in politics Severn had a decided advantage ; though both had spoken in the House of Commons with great talent and effect, he was readier, more judicious, and more popular ; and perhaps this was brought home to Oranmore's conviction still more forcibly, because they happened to be upon the same side—that of Opposi-

tion. He was therefore obliged to assent, to cheer, and to praise, as well as to envy.

But worse remained behind. In love—in the heart of woman, Oranmore's own domain—the star of his rival prevailed. Lady Alice Bohun had refused him, and was now listening with evident satisfaction to the addresses of Severn.

About this time an important debate had taken place in the House, and Severn had made a brilliant and most effective speech: the adversary who followed him paid a high compliment to his oratory, and a member who piqued himself upon his independence rose to inform him that it had made him a convert. No success could have been more unequivocal, as Oranmore felt, while the idea annoyed and irritated him. Men are frequently drawn irresistibly on to be witnesses of the triumph at which their very souls sicken; and when Severn stopped in his way home to sup at the club with a cohort of applauding friends, Oranmore sat down at the table with them. Upon his countenance sat a placid and to him unusual smile. "At all events, I shall hear the worst of all they can say in his praise," was his inward rumination.

The spirits of those who sat around that board mounted high: the debate had been animated, the division close, the victory on their side; and the wine was abundant. Severn talked most, and laughed loudest; Oranmore drank deepest.

"By the way, what a lame reply the secretary

made to your speech, Severn," said Sir Matthew Poynding; "you had taken it out of him."

The orator assented. "I never heard so bad a speech in my whole life."

"I cannot quite think that," interposed Oranmore; "I have heard him make better; but I believe a man of his genius could not make a bad one, if he tried."

"He could not make a bad speech!" echoed Sir Matthew.

"He could not make a bad speech!" re-echoed that patriot company.

"Come, come! he has offered Oranmore a place," cried Severn.

There was a flush in the cheek, and a flash from the eye, and a quivering on the lip, and the countenance of Oranmore was again placid.

"Ministers must go out after this division," said Mr. Pymden.

"And who will be sent for in that case?" added Mr. Ham.

"Why, Severn is the man for the country," roared out Sir Matthew; "is not he, Oranmore?"

"I wish you would have the goodness, Sir Matthew, not to spill your wine over me."

"Don't tell me—Pitt was two years younger when he was premier."

"Well, if you are minister, Severn, pray, remember me!" was the postulate of Ham.

"And me, too," was the corollary of Pymden.

"By all means, gentlemen: you, Sir Matthew, shall have the Board of Trade; the Colonies for Ham; and Pymden shall be at the Mint; and what place will you choose, Oranmore?"

"Place!—place for me!" shouted Oranmore; "and from you, of all mankind—you puppet of a patriot—who, even, in the first burst of your shallow popularity, cannot smother your craving for pelf and power."

"Heyday! what are these heroics, Oranmore?"

"They are no heroics, Severn; they are the plainest terms which suggest themselves to express my unmeasured contempt for your pretensions to patriotism, and your assumptions of honesty."

"It is better to assume any thing, than the principles of an infidel and the language of a bully."

"Those words, at least, must be answered elsewhere. I shall be found at my lodging."

"Oranmore! we are warm, and have both drunk too much; we cannot tell what we are doing: here is my hand."

"Ay, take it, Oranmore," said Sir Matthew; "we must not have two of our thorough-going ones quarrel."

"I would not touch it to save his pale soul from hell. Severn, you are a cringing, canting coward!"

Oranmore left the room.

The patriots might possibly have interposed: but Pymden was fast asleep; Ham was dead drunk; Sir Matthew said it would do their side harm if one of them had put up with being called a coward; Mr. M'Taggart of M'Taggart had made it a rule never to

mix himself up in such proceedings ; and the rest were Irishmen.

It was arranged that Sir Matthew, who seemed to be the most sober of the party, should proceed to Lord Oranmore's lodging ; and there speedily settled by him and an equally serviceable ally upon the other side, that a meeting should take place at seven o'clock the next morning, in a field behind Hammer-smith.

Severn, hurried and bewildered, felt a strong desire to see Lady Alice before that decisive rencounter, the necessity of which he rather had passively acquiesced in than deliberately recognised. He remembered that she was then hard by at Almack's Wednesday ball ; and thither accordingly he repaired to find her.

There are those, among the most well-meaning, who frown indiscriminately upon places of gay resort ; who maintain that they all unfit the mind alike for graver duties and higher intercourse. I, on the other hand, with unfeigned deference to the sincerity of such opinions, am still inclined to think that, like almost every thing else, they may be turned to profit as well as to abuse ; that at the crowded assembly, the listening concert, the applauding theatre, emotions may be wakened and watched ; associations touched and moulded ; opportunities suggested and improved upon, so as to amend and adorn existence. This reflection has arisen from what now took place. As Severn stood in the midst of that full and brilliant room, with his head leaning back upon one of the

pillars which support the orchestra, the sights of gaiety and the sound of harmony which surround him produced a sudden revulsion of feeling. The sense of duties, obligations, and hopes, became more vivid to his mind, and he half audibly murmured, "I must not shed his blood—God forbid that!—I must not let him shed mine."

But to mere emotion let no man ever trust. At this moment he saw, through a sudden opening in the throng, Lady Alice Bohun approaching him, bright in attire, radiant with smiles, flushed with the exercise of the dance that was just over, and lovely, even beyond her loveliness. She had not perceived him, but was conversing with Lord George Glenearn, upon whose arm she leaned, with great apparent animation.

"Oh, Mr. Severn! I had not seen you before. Thank you, Lord George; this is my place. When did you come, Mr. Severn?"

"This very moment: the House has not been up long."

"How could I forget to wish you joy upon your speech! The whole room is full of it. They say that it was by far the most beautiful thing that ever was heard, and that——But do you know you are not looking well?"

"A little knocked up, perhaps. You seem very, very well."

"It is a perfect ball. I have just been dancing, too, with Lord George Glenearn, and nobody is half so entertaining; though I am almost angry with myself for

being so much amused by him, as you know they told a very ugly story of him two or three years ago, about his not fighting when he ought."

"Lady Alice, I believe I am to have the honour this dance," interposed a tripping little clerk in the colonial office, and up struck the quadrilles in *La Dame Blanche*.

Severn walked home at a rapid pace, flung off his clothes, and then, from the mere force of habit, before stepping into bed, knelt down to pray. That act first recalled to him the power of recollection at least, if not of reflection. Four or five several times, with his fevered head upon his burning hands, he attempted to articulate the accustomed words, but still found in them something that stopped him. "It will not do!" he exclaimed, and sprang into bed.

He slept instantly, and soundly, till roused by Sir Matthew in the morning. With but one determination—not to think—he dressed, allowed himself to be forced to swallow some breakfast, and was seated in the chariot at the side of his—friend!

"Well, I will say, however, I never saw a fellow cooler in my life," observed the admiring baronet.

"Only have the goodness not to talk to me," was the somewhat ungrateful rejoinder.

The injunction produced its effect for five minutes, when Sir Matthew took a hint from some piece of ground which they passed, and launched off into a circumstantial detail of all the political duels which had occurred in his time, and which, as it entailed no

interchange of communication, Severn allowed to proceed without further interruption.

When they had arrived upon the ground, they found their antagonists in readiness. The seconds made the necessary arrangements, and the principals took their places, exchanging at the time signs of haughty but calm recognition. They had entertained for each other, since the period of their first acquaintance, feelings of distaste, if not of ill-will; they had now met for the most hostile purpose that can bring human creatures together, yet they had probably never before experienced so little of mutual repugnance. Oranmore felt that he had been the most to blame in the original quarrel, and Severn condemned no one but himself for his present position.

A signal was given: Severn fired steadily, but without being observed, into the air; the shot of Oranmore did not take effect. It had been determined by the seconds that, after language of so little qualified a character, the honour of the parties required the purifying ordeal of a second fire, supposing the first to have been ineffectual. Fresh pistols were accordingly supplied, and a second signal given with great rapidity, which entirely precluded the combatants from taking either aim or thought. Oranmore missed again, but received in his breast the bullet of Severn.

He fell flat and heavy. Where are the words to tell what the moment was when that sight crossed the eyes of his opponent?

The wounded man was put upon a plank and carried

into an adjoining farm-house. The surgeon in attendance announced that he would not live above an hour. Oranmore, who retained entire possession of all his faculties, heard the intelligence, and immediately asked for Severn.

"He is standing by your bed. We could not get him to leave you."

"Come near to me, Severn; take my hand—I refused yours last night. You must forgive me for having led you into this scene of horror. The blame is mine! I am very weak, and you must take measures for escape."

"Live, live, if you would not make me miserable—mad! Live to rescue my soul from guilt and anguish—from blood and murder! Live, that I may devote my life to serve you, to appreciate you, to make atonement to you! Live, to save and bless me! I know not what I say or think! Live! *but* live! brave and gifted Oranmore!"

Here he was absolutely forced into the carriage by Sir Matthew; but he had at least the consolation of learning afterwards that his victim died, it might be hoped, in sincere, because it appeared in abject, penitence.

He heard his companion arrange the whole plan of his flight, and even expressed his acquiescence; but when he perceived that, having absolved his mind upon this point, that exemplary politician was about to enter upon an enumeration of the probable divisions he would miss, and more especially to regret that he

would not be able to bear any part in an important motion of Ham's which stood for the next Tuesday, there was something in his countenance which awed even Sir Matthew into silence.

Upon their arrival in town, while Sir Matthew, more pleased to be of active service, than in close contact with so unsociable a remorse, was occupied in hastening some necessary arrangements for the safe departure of his friend, he proceeded himself, regardless of the danger which he thus incurred, to the residence of Lady Alice, and requested to see her alone.

"I am come, Lady Alice, to take leave of you."

"Leave, Mr. Severn! You are not going away for long, I hope?"

"If it can give you pain, it even adds to the concern—the deep concern I now feel. I am going away for ever."

"No, you would not have come here to tell me that!—but your looks!—Oh! for mercy's sake, what has happened?"

He told her: she appeared deeply shocked, and it was some time before she could say any thing.

"I am grieved, extremely grieved: it is most melancholy—dreadful! Poor Lord Oranmore! Such youth and beauty! I pity him sincerely."

"And I, in many respects, as sincerely envy him."

"But you must not be too much borne down by it. I do not well see how it could have been avoided."

"I must beg of you, do not attempt to excuse me."

"You must not really take it too deeply to heart. It is most unfortunate; but only consider how much worse it would have been if you had refused to fight."

Does the reader remember that beautiful passage in Lord Byron, where Conrad, the man of combats, shudders at the stain upon the forehead of Gulnare?

"That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak,
Had banished all the beauty from her cheek!
Blood he had viewed—could view unmoved—but then
It flowed in combat, or was shed by men!"

What that spot was to the Corsair, were the last words of Lady Alice to Severn. She stood before him, after she had uttered them, beautiful, feminine, and patrician as ever; but he had ceased to worship, and the shrine had lost its idol. Perhaps it was good for him that it should be thus; and the few hasty syllables which dropped from the lips of her he most admired may have given what otherwise he might have wanted, strength and constancy in parting.

It was four or five years after these occurrences that I met Severn in a maritime town of the Levant. I had been well acquainted with him in London, had always felt a strong attraction towards him, and now, partially and by degrees, succeeded in obtaining his confidence. That sacred trust I do not here violate. "England," he once said to me, "I feel myself incapable of ever revisiting; memory is enough without memorials; but if in the detail of what I have done

and suffered, any thing is to be found that might either teach or warn, I should look upon the disclosure as part of the reparation which it is now the object of my life to make."

Upon quitting England he had enlisted himself in one of those bands that were then first raising the standard of Grecian independence in the Morea; a cause for which individual Englishmen have felt keenly, and fought bravely, but upon which I fear that, as a nation, we have looked but coldly. Severn was one of those who could be liberal abroad as well as at home; but after an engagement in which he had greatly distinguished himself, he felt that from human blood he now recoiled with horror; he fancied that he had traced, in the distorted features of an expiring Mussulman, the last look of Oranmore; and he resolved that a hand, red, as he termed it, with the murder of a countryman, was not worthy of joining in the struggle of patriots against a foreign enemy. He withdrew to a commercial town on the Asiatic side of the Archipelago, where, having changed his name and diverted to charitable uses his remittances from England, he earned his bread by teaching English and Latin to a motley collection of Frank and Greek scholars, occasionally including some high-born scion of consular descent.

I took more than one occasion, after having seen him plodding the same weary round of minute employment, wrestling patiently and perseveringly with dullness, idleness, and insolence, ringing the changes

of ignoble praise and common-place rebuke, to remonstrate with him—him, the high-bred—the energetic—the refined, thus wasting qualities and dispositions so eminent upon an employment so inadequate, cramping, and humiliating. “Take not away from me,” he replied, “what you call my humiliations; they are the only things, on earth at least, that reconcile me to myself.”

Two little traits connected with his present mode of life are all that it occurs to me further to record. One day, one single day, exhibited an exception to his ordinary behaviour. He was observed in the discharge of his usual labours to be irritable, capricious, and morose. Tidings had happened to reach him that morning, announcing the intended marriage of Lady Alice Bohun to Lord George Glenearn.

Upon another occasion a young Greek, who had been his pupil, and who retained for him that deference, amounting to veneration, which, under his present chastened yet loftier character, it would have been almost a miracle not to feel, asked his opinion respecting the lawfulness of private combat. I quote his answer.

“Whether the future laws of your restored country will permit, or connive at, such a practice, I cannot pretend to anticipate. Persuaded I am, that the whole spirit of the higher law, to which we both profess allegiance, unequivocally forbids it. You may attempt to assure yourself that your own hand at least shall be free from blood-guiltiness—I will go on in a moment.

"How can you answer to yourself for permitting, enabling, assisting your fellow-creature to incur that charge? I do not tell you to despise or to defy the world; deserve and enjoy its fair opinion while you may; but if the alternative should present itself, if the preference must be given, you may believe one, who has a right to speak upon the subject, that it is a better and a happier thing to be its outcast than its slave."

TO A WEDDING RING.

WRITTEN A FEW DAYS BEFORE MARRIAGE.

HAIL, thou most welcome harbinger of bliss!
Accept my fondest, dearest, warmest kiss.
Soon mayest thou, with more than magic power,
Unite their hands, whose hearts were joined before;
Whose faith has oft been proved by every test,
Love's fears devise—affection's doubts suggest.
May the eternity, of which, dear pledge,
Thou long hast been the consecrated badge,
Attend, pure, unalloyed, and free from pain,
That Love, of which thou'lt be the binding chain.

THE ORPHAN BOY OF PONTNEATHVAUGHN.

SHORT and simple are the annals of the poor. When grief and death assail the great, a thousand eyes weep for them, and to their triumphs a thousand voices are ready to cry "Hail!" Fame waves a sun-bright banner before their closing eyes; and thus canopied, death is divested of half its terrors. Hearts beat thickly and fastly in sympathy for all sorrow, save the misery of the poor. Hunger, and those diseases that arise from poverty, are vulgar sufferings; and the lowly tale which has now found a historian may fail to excite a single throb of pity in the tenderest bosom.

In the village of Pontneathvaughn, in Glamorganshire, lived some few years since, a young farmer named Edward Morgan. Rich, gay, and handsome; gifted with the ready smile and quick reply, he wore, with a careless air, the triumphs he obtained in all athletic exercises. These qualities would alone have made him a general favourite. But his merit did not end here. His integrity and good parts were proverbial, and these virtues, it may be, added to an exterior

uncommonly prepossessing, found him grace in the sight of Lewin, one of the prettiest girls in the country, the orphan-daughter of the late village-curate. All outward circumstances seemed to conspire in favour of this union; and yet the feeling of surprise that in an under current ran through the whole village when it became known that she had said the final "Yes," sufficiently proved that a discrepancy did somewhere exist in their tastes, feelings, or opinions, universally felt, however unacknowledged.

Before marriage it is probable that Lucy was not conscious of her mental superiority: she decked her handsome lover with her own bright imaginings—and love, in its holiness, possesses, indeed, the capacious gift to light into beauty all it looks upon: but afterwards, one by one, came out coarsenesses that Lucy's innate and cultivated refinement could ill brook, and she early sought in her boy, the only fruit of this union, that companionship she had vainly hoped to enjoy in her husband:—to *his* unattending ear she confided sorrows no one in the village could have understood; and when bad seasons and thin crops soured her husband's temper, and made him vent his anxieties and disappointments in loud and sometimes abusive anger upon her, the silent tears she shed fell upon her baby's smiling face, and she was comforted. Whether the boy inherited more of Lucy's than of his father's qualities I cannot say; certain it is, that a precocious intelligence with his mother was awakened within him.

There appeared, indeed, some reason for Edward Morgan's change of temper, for from the day of his marriage every thing went ill with him. Scanty harvests year after year, his cattle swept off by disease; some fatality seemed to attend all his exertions, and the pride of integrity made more bitter and cureless the evils he sustained, for nothing could tempt him to accept assistance from those who were now his wealthier neighbours. At length he was compelled to yield up his farm, and to engage himself to superintend one belonging to another farmer. Those who saw him in this employment were astonished at the serenity that sat upon his brow: his laugh rang a gayer and a more hilarious tone than formerly, and he was ever the first to make himself, his fallen fortunes, and changed condition, the theme of mockful jesting. But at home he unveiled, and exhausted more by the effort to wear a smiling face upon a hurting heart than by his labours, he would vent his suppressed anguish upon the gentle Lucy, though the deprivation *she* suffered was, perhaps, one of the heaviest feelings at his heart. In vain she sought to soothe him by endearment; her efforts only maddened him. He would shrink from her slightest touch, resist the accents of her hope, and rush out to solitude. Moody and gloomy abstraction and fits of angry invective divided his nights: the day was spent in such excessive labour as would have destroyed a frame of iron: it excited, therefore, less wonder than regret when he was seized with a virulent fever, which carried him

off after a few days' illness, just before his little Edward attained his tenth year.

And now poor Lucy had to learn the bitter and debasing lessons of poverty; but on her sinless nature this blighting evil fell with its desolating, not its criminating, power. She bowed her head meekly to the storm, as utterly riven, as though she had warred with the tempest: she toiled all day and half the night; for though she could quickly learn the lesson of self-privation, she could not as yet bring herself to teach her boy companionship in suffering. But the anxious mind fretted the fleshly cage already much enfeebled, and hastened the doom she was so anxious to avert. Her fingers would fall listless from her work, and the abstraction of disease rendered her heedless of the hours that thus passed unemployed. The altered state of her cottage soon told of the ravaging effects of illness. One by one the small articles of furniture disappeared; and when her boy would ask, in his simplicity, why they were removed—"I no longer want them, love," was the calm reply of her despair. At length, her bed was literally taken from under her, and her child could no longer be deceived. He had, indeed, long felt the changes that desolated his home; but the calmness of his mother's despair terrified him into silence.

On the morning her bed had been carried away, some terrific power seemed to contract her limbs, and withdraw from her altogether the faculty of motion; and thus crippled she was left upon an old straw

mattress, helpless as a child, yet conscious as woman ever is, of the full evil of her situation.

While these thoughts burned her cheek with fever, she was roused by a sweet voice somewhat raised in its musical tones, and a small hand was at the same moment pressed upon her wan fingers to awake attention. "Mother," said the child, as the tears started to his eyes, and the blood mantled to his brow, "little Jones, the gardener's boy, helps his father, and is not much older than I am: I will work for him too, and get you wine to make you well; for I heard Dame Morris say that is all you require. Kiss me, mother, and I will go to work."

"Go, my son," said the enfeebled mother, "for I have not bread to give you."

The gardener, compassionating the distress of mother and child, though too poor himself otherwise to assist them, gave him employment, at first to weed his garden, and afterwards, as he became older and stronger, to work in his field, and sometimes to sell vegetables in the neighbouring villages; and the pittance he thus earned sufficed to support two beings who had once possessed all the comforts of life, and seemed well fitted in quality of mind to fill the world's "high places."

Lucy lingered on for years, though she never rose from the hard couch to which her creditors had consigned her. Bedridden, and incapable of assisting her adored Edward in the smallest degree, she yet felt—oh! who shall say how bitterly?—that the vile

pence which procured her bread were coined out of her boy's life. His eyes began to burn brighter; the bloom upon his cheek became of a deeper and less healthful dye, concentrated in one burning spot; and the wavy ringlets of his glossy hair seemed to lose life and elasticity, as they drooped in fainter and more languid curl upon his brow and neck. Still she did not refuse sustenance, though so dearly earned; for, wreck as she was, she knew herself to be the sole minister of happiness to him; and it might be that a sort of unholy joy lighted her despair, as she thought that death, the stern, stern divider, would not long sever her from her boy.

His employer lived at some distance from his mother's cottage, and would occasionally send him with a basket of potatoes, which formed indeed their chief sustenance, as a gift to his mother. On these occasions, and ever on his return home from the labours of the day, he would rest upon a mass of stone, encrusted with moss and lichen, that lay in his path; and here, whilst he gazed on the rocks that kissed the broad blue heaven, and listened to the music of the waterfall that leapt joyously from out of them in one continuous sheet of silver, would he build dreams that ill sorted with his present fortune.

I do not mean to say that these thoughts would be natural to a boy in vivid health, even though he had been bred in a palace: they were partly the result of the education he imbibed from his mother, and partly that he inherited her consumptive constitution. The

soul makes to itself stronger wings from the body's decay, anxious, it would seem, to escape the prison in which it is but feebly held.

It was on a faint evening of ripe autumn that Edward passed on towards his home, repining against that which is, and which therefore is the best. He reached his lowly door, lifted the latch, and, entering, deposited his burden on the floor, and, as of wont, went towards his mother's bed. He knelt down to take her hand, for he thought she slept. The emaciation that had formerly marked her face had disappeared, and seemed restored to its earliest youth; her fair hair had escaped her cap, and in its natural ringlets, pressed her pale but rounded cheek: she appeared at once, as though by magic, to have recovered the springtime of her beauty. Yet the hand he touched was marble cold; and a magnificent butterfly, that had entered through the open casement, fluttered and rested on that fair cheek unfelt. The arrow that flieth unseen even in the day had struck her. How many may have felt, what perhaps only one could so beautifully have expressed,

That *thou* shouldst die,
And life be left to the butterfly!

Edward softly brushed away the unholy insect that dared to tamper with the dead; but, as he did so, he recollected that it was the type of immortality, and amid his gushing tears he hailed the omen.

"Already her soul is on the wing," he thought, in poetic madness, and his tears fell less biterly, though his grief, from the overwrought excitation of his nature, bordered on insanity.

On the following day he was observed at his customary labour, and the gardener kindly asked him wherefore he was at work.

"I would pay for my mother's burial," he said—his large sweet eyes raised mournfully—"and my time is not long upon the earth."

It was of no avail that opposition was offered to his intention : early and late he toiled to effect his object, but in vain : the effort was too great—it was too sudden a wrench from the single hold he had on life, and the mastery he exerted to repress all outward emotion whilst performing his self-allotted task hastened his end. He died a few days after his mother.

THE BRIDE.

WE'LL miss her at the morning hour,
When leaves and eyes uncloze;
When sunshine calls the dewy flower
To waken from repose;
For, like the singing of a bird,
When first the sunbeams fall,
The gladness of her voice was heard
The earliest of us all.

We'll miss her at the evening time,
For then her voice and lute
Best loved to sing some sweet old rhyme
When other sounds were mute.
Twined round the ancient window-seat,
While she was singing there,
The jasmine from outside would meet,
And wreath her fragrant hair.

We'll miss her when we gather round
Our blazing hearth at night,
When ancient memories abound,
Or hopes where all unite;



— 1 —

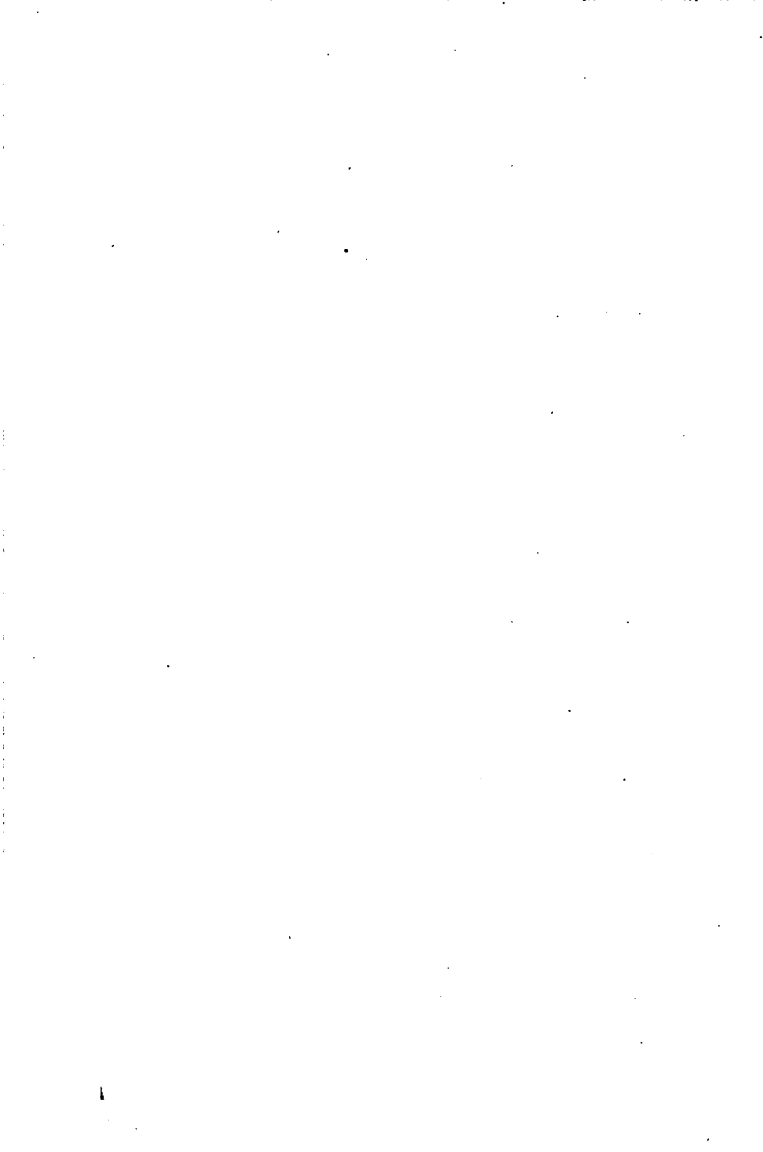
1. The first part of the report is a general description of the project and its objectives. It includes a brief history of the project and a statement of the problem being addressed. The second part of the report is a detailed description of the methodology used in the study. This includes a description of the data sources, the statistical methods used, and the results of the analysis. The third part of the report is a discussion of the results and their implications. This includes a comparison of the results with previous studies and a discussion of the limitations of the study.

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The Bridge



And pleasant talk of years to come
Those years our fancies frame.
Ah! she has now another home,
And bears another name.

Her heart is not with our old hall,
Not with the things of yore;
And yet, methinks, she must recall
What was so dear before.
She wept to leave the fond roof where
She had been loved so long,
Though glad the peal upon the air,
And gay the bridal throng.

Yes, memory has honey cells,
And some of them are ours,
For in the sweetest of them dwells
The dream of early hours.
The hearth, the hall, the window-seat,
Will bring us to her mind;
In yon wide world she cannot meet
All that she left behind.

Loved, and beloved, her own sweet will
It was that made her fate;
She has a fairy home—but still
Our own seems desolate.
We may not wish her back again,
Not for her own dear sake:
Oh! love, to form one happy chain,
How many thou must break!

THE CURATE-CONFESSOR OF VIROFLOY.

A REAL GHOST STORY.

BY COLLEY GRATTAN.

VIROFLOY is a pretty little village, a couple of miles from Versailles, on the Paris side, within view from the main road, and snugly screened from the east winds by the noble wood of Sartory. It forms one of the succession of pleasant objects between the capital and the truly regal creation of Louis XIV. It has become the fashion to say, and for aught I know, to think, that this monarch did nothing for France; but with Versailles and its environs before my eyes, I dissent flatly from the assertion.

I hold that magnificence in a king, like charity in a private person, covers a multitude of sins.

Reflecting on the evils which this despot entailed on his country, I see that they brought their remedies with them; and marking the living traces of his pride, I feel that they have stamped on the national mind the impress of the splendour which characterized his own.

There are several methods of going from Paris to

Versailles. Men who are the least enslaved by prejudice, indolence, or the gout, take their sticks and walk: others ride. The spoiled children of fortune drive in their own carriages. Those less lucky, who like regularity and kill time by a stop-watch, go in *gondoles*. I, who hate to clip his wings, or pull him by the forelock, and who give him ample leisure to whet his scythe and ogle his victims through the empty end of his glass, prefer the *gondolets*. It may be well to mention that *gondolet*, as here used, does not mean a water-going vehicle, but is adopted as the diminutive of *gondole*—the appellation of those long-bodied, lubberly conveyances, dragged, so apparently against their will, by four horses—and I choose the epithet, as more delicate and dignified than any of the villanous cognomina applied to the humble family of two-wheeled carriages which I so punctually patronise.

This degraded and ill-treated tribe of vehicles was once a flourishing and consequential body corporate. Patient suffering was not then its badge, nor obloquy its only notice. I do not know how it was, but I used to fancy that the raw-boned horses (for *they* were always of the same breed) held up their blind and crazy heads, stiffened their skeleton necks, and pawed forth their bowed and tottering fore legs, with somewhat of an aristocratical and feudal air. The drivers, too, in those *beaux jours*, cracked their whips with a more independent twist, and pried not, as they are now wont, into every house along the road; nor hallooed forth

"Paris! Paris! Versailles! Versailles!" to every foot passenger, with their present cringing tone. At that time one of these gay spirits would not condescend to parley about a place more or less, and disdained a casual *lapin* or *singe*,* as much as he cherishes one now-a-days; and in the fulness of monopoly, they scornfully bit their thumbs at fate, and turned their backs on all Paris, whenever they drove towards Versailles.

I look on these poor drivers as I regard a negro, a gipsy, a Jew clothesman, or any other unfortunate being suffering under the ban of proscription. I therefore always give them a helping hand along their comfortless career, and feel much more at my ease when looking up at the ponderous gondole, as its flashy yellow panels flaunt past us on the road. But these gondolets, so much the butt of contempt, have nevertheless many advantages over their gaudy competitors. In the summer season they are much cooler, and at all times to a man of lively fancy much easier. You have not much rumbling of wheels, and no rattling of windows; no suffocation from bad smells—for the air, like

* *Singe* is the technical term for passengers on the roof. *Lapin* is the designation of him who takes his place cheek-by-jowl with the driver; and a very snug place it is, when you have acquired the secret of balancing your legs, and giving in to the motion of the foot-board, and accustomed your head and hat to the thumping of the pent-house projection which covers the driving-seat.

my advice, perhaps, "comes in at one ear and goes out at the other." You run no risk of an unpleasant countenance before you, nor of receiving a whiff of garlic into yours, for every one sits front foremost—in contrast to the corps of Irish yeomanry, whose captain, on a retreat, always ordered it to "advance backwards!" So if your front rank neighbours fall asleep and tumble forward, you are not the pillow they recline on. You halt when you like, to stretch your legs; you are not hurried at starting or stopping; and you arrive, *after all*, and within an hour, more or less, of the unwieldy monsters I am writing (since I cannot *run* them) down.

Then, let me ask, does it go for nothing to have the *facetiæ* of the driver cheering your way? Is it nought to have the brave and intelligent soldiers of the guard flowing over with thrilling anecdotes of flood and field who go out to spend their Sundays at Versailles? Is it nothing to have the neat, chattering washerwomen—or perhaps the washerwomen's pretty daughters—coming with their linen to Paris on the Monday morning? Nothing to hear all these, and others of their class, reading you lessons of courtesy and gallantry at every step; to hear of *sensibilité*, and *sentiment*, and *morale*, and *physique*, and *amitié*, and *amour*—and a hundred other delicate distinctions, from the mouths of artisans and "operatives," who in England breathe nothing but gin and tobacco?

Had I never gone in a gondolet, I never should have gained all the good things to be picked up in such a

way of travelling—never should have learned the adventures of the amazon of the *quartier St. Louis*, who has seventeen wounds on her corpus, and enjoys the pension of a *sous officer*—and never should have heard the ghost story of *le bon curé de Virofloy*, nor seen his cross of the legion of honour, which he won as a soldier, and wears as a priest.

But before I repeat that story, and while he may be supposed reciting it to me as we jogged along in our gondolet, let me, gentle reader, give a hint or two for the passenger who goes thus from Paris to Versailles. Let *him*, then, above all things remember not to forget to give a *sous* at starting, to the infirm, enfeebled wretch, male, female, or epicene, who places a stool or his foot as he steps into a gondolet. Let him laugh heartily and be pleased at, and give a *sous* to, those antic, soot-covered, one-coloured harlequins, who tumble and caper at the side of the carriage, and pipe their monotonous, cuckoo-noted salutation, and tell you grinningly, "*Je vous aimerai bien*"—those little, barefooted, despised, and dirty Savoyards, who come down, poor things! in droves from their mountains, to sweep chimneys and clean shoes; and for whose misfortune there is lack of soot and mud in the summer season. Let him give a *sous* to the fine bald-pated octogenary at Sevre, whose head was two or three times anticipated by Rembrandt's imaginings, who tells you of his age, his poverty, his *deux bras cassés*, and his inability to earn his *pauvre pain*. Let him give five *sous* over and above his bargain to the poor driver. Let him—

but I need not go on with these appeals to the charities of men. There are objects enough on the road to give the hint more forcibly than I can.

I must, however, caution the traveller to read, by all means, the parallel lessons each side of him on his journey; to moralize, just on quitting the *Place Louis quinze*, on the bathing boys swimming the river to the left, opposed to the full grown children floating on the tide of fashion in the *Champs Elysées* to the right. Then there is the gilded dome of the Invalids, directly fronting the *Pompe à feu*—glory on one hand, and smoke on the other. Passing on, there is the new bridge of St. Cloud, as useful and unpicturesque as art could make it; and the mouldering remains of the old one at Sevres, as romantic and rotting as any natural beauty. The palace of the king rises royally above the woods to the north; and on the south is the cottage hiding itself in verdure, where lived one of our best poets, and after him an unworthy aspirant for the mantle, which (luckily for the world) he has not yet cast away—the very resting-place where genius would love to nestle.

And now—arrived at Virofloy—*now* for the story of its worthy curate!

“Yes, yes, my good sir,” continued the curé, the previous part of our conversation having led to, but not bearing directly on my present subject, “yes, the man who goes through life in the mere routine of its pleasures, or even its crimes, knows little of the true nature of pleasure or the real effect of crime. It is he

who cuts short his dissipation in its full career, and retires from the world with all the capability of enjoyment, that sees in the mellow light of reflection the true nature of what he has enjoyed. I have done that; and am now, at fifty, after ten years of reclusion, happy in the memory of delights that will never fade. The darker portion of my problem must be proved, thank Heaven, from other experience than mine. But no one, I firmly believe, can know the terrible consequences of guilt but he who seeks refuge from remorse in solitude. Common contrition, or punishment even, fails to let him into the depths of the suffering he has provoked. If a good man, who has enjoyed life, would wish to enjoy it still, or a bad one would repent his wicked ways, it is *there* they must retire, to learn enjoyment and do penance."

"That is to say," replied I, "that *there* imagination has ample play, and brings back all the scenes of life with tenfold exaggeration—you must have known it powerfully, my good father, from the extremes through which you appear to have passed."

"Known the power of imagination!" rejoined the curé with a peculiar emphasis, a look as if his mind wandered in other worlds, and a gesture of nervous agitation—"of *imagination!* and pray sir, what is that? Will you be good enough to define for me the direct line between fact and fancy?"

"Reverend sir," said I, somewhat astonished and piqued at his half serious, half ironical tone, "whoever has learned the first principles of drawing knows

that the most difficult of all things is to trace a straight line."

"True, sir, true—excuse my petulance—you touched inadvertently a tender chord—I did not calculate how far back or how deep my idle observations would have thrown my thoughts. Be satisfied, however, that I *have* felt the full force of solitude, in reference to guilt as well as folly."

"The latter, as respects your own early life? The former, as relates to—whom?" asked I, with a rather unjustifiable keenness of inquiry. But there was something in the curé's manner and look that spurred my curiosity beyond the bounds of that arrogant servility which is commonly called good breeding.

"Sir," said he, in an impressive and somewhat severe tone, "you may be aware that my duty often leads me into scenes where every human passion is laid bare to me; but at the same time the sufferer—the sinner, let me say—is covered with a sacred veil. Neither the name of the penitent nor the nature of the crime may be breathed from the confessor's lips."

This rebuke silenced me, but I was by no means sulky; and some little attentions to the good curé as we jogged along brought him into his former sociable tone and led to a renewal of our chat. But that epithet is really too familiar and trifling to express the nature of our conversation, which insensibly caught a most serious tinge, and became deeper and deeper at almost every phrase. I thought there was something on the curé's mind connected with recollections that my

former random observations had aroused. I made no attempt to check the troubled current of his thoughts. There is a sacredness in the anxiety of a good man which no wise one dares to disturb. And those who best know the wisdom of playing the fool on fit occasions—the practical paraphrasts of the *dulce est decipere*—have the readiest tact at seeing when the cap should be doffed and the bells silent. For my part, I should, in the present case, have assumed a gravity, even if I felt it not; but I was thoroughly and deeply impressed with it as the good curé discoursed.

I scarcely remember by what subtle link our talk was led to supernatural subjects. My old remark about the force of imagination was certainly at the end of the chain, along which our ideas ran with electrical speed. We were soon, however, deep in the topic which possesses of all others the profoundest interest—for the enthusiast as a point of his creed, for the sceptic as a mark of scorn. But believer and infidel alike feel a shudder as they pass through a graveyard at night; and whose are the nerves that do not thrill at the solemn narration of a ghost story?

“You are going on to Versailles?” asked the curé, with a determined tone of interrogation, as the gondolet suddenly stopped at a narrow road, leading from the main *chaussée* to the left, and almost covered with the graceful branches of acacias and lime trees which perfumed the air all round us.

“Yes, are not you?” rejoined I, much disappointed

at this apparent approach of a separation from my companion.

"No," said he, "this way lies my path;" and it was then only I discovered that I had been journeying and talking with *le bon curé de Virofloy*, of whom I had heard so often and so favourably. A few words of invitation to walk with him to his village hard by, and thence through the wood of Sartory to Versailles, were answered by my springing out of the gondolet; and in a minute more we were *en route* together, under the perfumed canopy that hung across the by-way already mentioned.

"You see that roofless skeleton of a cottage yonder, on the skirts of the wood?" said the curé, pointing to the object he described. "Well! that wretched hovel once formed for me, and not long since, a place of illustration to much of what we have been talking about. It was for some years the refuge of terrible guilt, and the scene of more terrible expiation—ay, and of more than our conversation has embraced. The wretched criminal who lived and died there was one of those men whom the furnace heat of our revolution reddened into fiends, whose blood turned to flame, and who sought to cool their burning hands by plunging them into streams of gore. *He* was steeped in cruelty and crime. But of all his deeds, one of still deeper horror than the rest preyed on and haunted him with fearful force. By day or night, sleeping or waking, he had no respite from the memory of this act—would I could say that repentance was joined with remorse!

But he repented not. A morbid sense of sin, a frightful state of present suffering, and a fierce dread of future punishment, were the sum of his feelings. He shunned mankind. His whole intercourse with the world was limited to the sustenance of life. He employed a poor beggar-woman to seek his scanty food; but he would not, or *could* not, perhaps, bear to see another human face. Neither had he cat or dog, or any domestic animal, to solace him with a look of dependent sympathy. He lived in the wood, flying even at the sight of the foresters; and the sudden sound of *the axe*, as it struck against a falling tree, has been often followed by a shriek of despair from the poor sinner that made the rough woodman shudder. Yet no one then knew the secret of his emotion or the cause of his misanthropy—they were never known but to one, and that one is myself.

“But at the time I speak of, he used to shun me with peculiar care. Twice or thrice has he started from the wood into the path along which I was walking, and at sight of my priest’s dress, with a look, a shudder, and a shriek of mixed horror and hatred, he would spring into the covert and fly. As I heard him rushing through the branches of the underwood, I used to cross myself and send a blessing after him; and offer up a prayer, which I hope found its way to Heaven.

“At length came an end to this awful tragedy of life. One night, about a year ago, a deep, solemn, summer’s night, moonless and starless, oppressive and

thick, I was lying in bed in my own cottage in the village there, unable to sleep from heat, reading by the light of my lamp, and inhaling the perfume of the roses that hung clustering round my open window, when I heard suddenly, and close by the casement, that well-known shriek which no voice but *his* could utter. I sprang from my bed, hurried on my clothes, and went out into the garden—an irresistible impulse seemed forcing me along. I caught the sound once more—distant and fainter, and in the direction of the hovel. I followed it instinctively; and as I came close to the dreary abode, I was shocked by the report of a pistol from within. My blood curdled. I was sure the frantic wretch had destroyed himself—I was right. I entered the open door, and found him lying on the earthen floor, bathed in his own blood. The old woman was stooping over him, striving to staunch the wound with her rags. The courageous and clear-sighted humanity of her sex told her to do so. A *man* would have ran for assistance, and left the sufferer to bleed to death. But all the aid of art could not have saved the miserable suicide. The wound was mortal.

“We placed him on his pallet. He was sensible—he listened to my voice—he heard my words—the first sounds of consolation that had broken on him for years. I had touched his heart, and I saw tears gush from his eyes—the first that he had ever shed. I sat by his side alone, for I despatched the old woman for the village surgeon; and the sinner had time and strength to mutter his full confession. He died of ex-

haustion, for the stream of life would not yield to my efforts to staunch it. When the woman and the doctor arrived, they found me beside the ghastly corpse. I performed my last duties, and left the hovel. Never had I suffered so much. Death and blood had been long familiar to me. Death-bed confessions were of almost daily occurrence. But I had never before seen a self-murderer die—never had heard such a tale of horror as *that* !

“ I reached my cottage, and found the door open as I had left it. I entered. The lamp was still burning by my bedside. I flung myself down, and reciting some passages of my breviary, I strove to compose myself to sleep. But I was long in a fever of agitation. At times I fancied I heard the shriek, and I sprang up in the bed. Again, I thought I heard a rustling in the rose-trees, and could almost believe I distinguished the sounds of feet flying as did those of the suicide, when he was driven frantic from the cottage window on discovering me reposing so calmly on my bed. For he had come with the intention of seeking me, and pouring his secret into my bosom ; but despair seized on him at sight of my tranquil confidence ; and his next impulse was to place the fatal pistol to his breast.

“ By degrees I grew drowsy—the book dropped from my hand—the lamp was dying beside me—a lurid glare was around—my eyes, which had been half closed, opened suddenly wide—I gazed at the foot of the bed, and I there saw the ghastly and bloody figure of the suicide kneeling with uplifted hands and glazed

eyes fixed upon me—and I could not move a limb. I would have shut out the fearful object, but my lids refused to close. I felt the eyeballs starting from their sockets. I strove to cover my head with the bedclothes, but the spectre leaning against them held them fast. At length a shower of perspiration, cold, clammy, burst from all my pores. I was relieved, though exhausted; and already my eyes became familiarized to the horrid object. I rose up in the bed, and stepped upon the floor. I made the sign of the cross; but the spectre did not disappear. I repeated more than one prayer; but still it knelt, following me with its leaden gaze. I confess that in my terror the memory of some old superstition, profane, if not blasphemous, crossed my mind; and I muttered, in fear and trembling, some absurd incantations that I had learned in boyhood, for exorcising spirits. The spectre stirred not, but a loathsome grin spread across the livid and blood-stained face. At this sight I raised my hands above my head; and I felt the hair stand up on end against my palms, my knees tottered, and my teeth chattered. The spectre seemed to chuckle inwardly, for it shook and grinned—but no sound escaped it.

“ ‘ Good God ! ’ cried I, ‘ I am beset by a fiend—the Evil One has thrown himself before me—I am caught in the snare ! ’ The spectre nodded its hideous head, as if in confirmation of my fears. I strove to scream, not exactly for help, for I felt myself hopeless; but in the despairing notion that I might scare away

the ghost. My throat was parched—the voice was choked in its attempt at utterance. The spectre never turned its eyes from me, nor relaxed its grin. Can I ever forget that basilisk glance?

“After standing thus for some minutes, all the energy of my despair was aroused, and I prepared to rush through the doorway which was close at the foot of my bed. But the spectre knelt directly across, and whole mountains of adamant had not formed a more impassable barrier than did that horrid shade. I stood again transfixed. Again I prayed; and still the spectre mocked me. It seemed fixed to the place for ever. I heard the village clock strike the hour—it was two. I strove to turn my head towards the window, hoping to see the dawn. I could not move it—the frightful attraction before me kept it firm fixed.

“The quarter struck. I thought an age had elapsed since the tolling of the hour. Another quarter—another—another!—Oh, that eternity of horror! The clock struck three—long, solemn peals, that roused the country for leagues; but the spectre stirred not yet. I saw the dawn. The sunbeams that entered behind me at the window stole gradually along the wall at either side: and at length the yellow light fell full upon the spectre, and gilded its odious aspect with a tinge of horrible splendour. The sunbeams shot through it, proving it to be a phantom—yet it maintained all the dreadful reality of matter. Every nerve and fibre of the fleshless form was displayed to me. It was already a half-formed skeleton. I sickened with disgust, and

flung myself back upon a chair close to the window. The morning air breathed on me, and I recovered. I heard the cock crow. My heart throbbed with rapture at this summons. I looked to observe the spectre vanish; but it only grinned again, and mocked me with horrid grimaces. I thought of escaping by the window; but as I attempted to rise, I felt as though held down by an immovable weight of lead. My breast heaved and panted, and I felt suffocating.

“Holy Mary, thought I, can this indeed be real? Surely I sleep—this phantom is only of my brain! At this moment I heard some one in the garden. I made an effort, in desperate delight, to turn my eyes. I did so, and saw the old gardener hobbling across the walk. I was resolved to speak if possible. Another forcible attempt at utterance succeeded. I bade old Simeon good morrow! ‘Good morrow, reverend father,’ said the pious old man: ‘your reverence is up betimes.’ It is, it must have been a dream, said I, as I turned my eyes boldly in the direction of my bed. God! how I thrilled with agony at seeing the spectre unmoved from its position, unchanged in attitude and look! Reason and fear (that so often o’ermasters reason) combined together to give me almost more than mortal energy—I will not believe this, cried I aloud—I cannot, dare not support it—I am going mad!—Heaven save and protect me, and give me grace under this terrible affliction! Or do I indeed sleep, in spite of all this evidence of waking sensation? Do I, can I indeed sleep? With a wild throb of ecstasy at the revived

hope that I slept, I seized in a paroxysm of agitation the water-jug that stood on my table. This will awake me, if indeed I sleep, exclaimed I, and I flung the whole contents in my face.

"A convulsive and half suffocating sensation in my throat, and a fierce start from the chair on which I sat, were the instant consequences. At the same moment a burst of feeble laughter from a well-known voice broke on my ear. I looked forwards with all my eyes. The spectre had vanished, and I saw in its stead my own female attendant standing before me. But in a moment her laugh was followed by a cry of terror. I looked into the glass beside me, and saw with horror, almost equal to hers, that I was covered with blood.

"In an instant I understood the whole appalling pageant. I had indeed been in that state of animated stupor, that doubtful, double existence, between reality and imagination, when the mind and body are half insensible and half alive. Such was the state of my feelings, at once excited and exhausted. And oh, that such may never be the lot of any human being! A night like that is an eternity of misery—a purgatory upon earth—a living hell! But I must not dwell on the subject, its recurrence is horrible—I must let the memory of that dreadful scene moulder away from my brain, as the remnant of that wretched hovel is crumbling in the winds!"

Such was in substance, and nearly word for word, the curé's recital. I confess it made me thrill in the spoken detail. How it may tell on paper, I cannot

venture to surmise. But my readers, let them think of it as they may, must not cavil at its title, nor accuse it of promising more than I meant it to perform:—for while I knew I was about to tell “a real ghost *story*,” I never intended to say it was the story of a real *ghost*.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

MARK how that cloud, whose blackness blots the skies,
Beneath yon planet, unilluminated, lies;
While the bright star with scintillating ray,
Strives, but in vain, to chase its gloom away.
So vainly bright, so impotently fair,
Shines Joy’s remembrance, smiling on Despair.

T. E. C.

THE FANE OF MEMORY.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

THE fane of memory is in the heart,
And love and memory keep in turn the key ;
Pale melancholy acts the guardian's part,
And drives all idle visitors away.

Of gaiety or joy she takes no heed,
And records writ by pleasure doth efface ;
But in her treasured tablets you may read
The characters that sorrow loves to trace.

To gratitude she leaves an ample page,
And marks what springs from pure affection's source ;
She blots the notes of envy, hate, or rage,
But writes in never-fading words—remorse.

Let those who'd visit pensive mem'ry's fane,
Acquaintance seek with friendship and with love ;
Nor melancholy treat with cold disdain,
Or ne'er the smiles of memory will they prove.

REMORSE.

A FRAGMENT.

BY LADY BLESSINGTON.

No weapon can such deadly wounds impart,
As conscience, roused, inflicts upon the heart.

"POSTILION," cried a feeble but sweet voice, "turn to your right when you have ascended the hill, and stop, as I intend to walk up the lane."

The postilion obeyed the command, and, with more gentleness than is often to be met with in his station, opened the chaise door, and having first given his hand to her female attendant to alight, assisted a pale and languid, but still eminently beautiful woman, whose trembling limbs seemed scarcely equal to the task of supporting her attenuated frame.

"Be so good as to remain here until I return," said the lady, who, leaning on the arm of her attendant, proceeded through the leafy lane, the branches of whose verdant boundaries were animated by a thousand warbling birds sending forth their notes of joy.

But ill did those gay notes accord with the feelings of her who traced this rural walk, every turn of which recalled bitter remembrances.

On reaching the gate that opened into the pleasure-grounds of Clairville, the stranger was obliged to pause and take breath, in order to regain some degree of composure before she could enter it. There are some objects and incidents, which, though comparatively trifling, have a powerful effect on the feelings, and this the unknown experienced when, pressing the secret spring of the gate, which readily yielded to her touch, with a hurried but tottering pace, she entered the grounds. Here, feeling the presence of her attendant a restraint—who, though an Italian utterly ignorant of English, as also of the early history of her mistress, was yet observant of her visible emotion, and affectionately anxious to soothe it—she desired her to remain at the gate until her return. In vain Francesca urged that the languid frame of her dear lady was unequal to support the exertion of walking without the assistance of her arm; with a firm but kind manner her mistress declared her intention of proceeding alone.

It was ten years since the feet of the wanderer had pressed the velvet turf over which they now slowly bent their course. She was then glowing with youth and health; happy, and dispensing happiness around; but, alas! Love, guilty Love! spread his bandage over her eyes, blinded her to the fatal realities of the abyss into which he was about to plunge her, and, in honied accents, whispered in her infatuated ear a thousand

bland promises of bliss to come. How were those promises performed? and what was she now? She returned to this once cherished spot with a mind torn by remorse, and a form bowed down by disease. She returned with the internal conviction that death had laid his icy grasp on her heart, and that a few days at most, if not a few hours, must end her existence. But this conviction, far from giving her pain, was regarded by her as a source of consolation; and this last earthly indulgence—that of viewing the abode of her children—she did not feel herself worthy of enjoying, until conscious that her hours were numbered.

She proceeded through the beautiful grounds, every mazy path and graceful bend of which was familiar to her as if seen the day before. Many of the improvements suggested by her taste, and still preserved with care, brought back heart-sickening recollections of love and confidence, repaid with deception and ingratitude; and though supported by the consolations of religion, which led her humbly to hope that her remorse and penitence had been accepted by *Him* who has promised mercy to the repentant sinner; yet her heart shrunk within her, as memory presented her with a review of her transgressions, and she almost feared to hope for pardon.

When she had reached a point of the grounds that commanded a prospect of the house, how were her feelings excited by a view of that well known, well remembered scene! Every thing wore the same appearance as when that mansion owned her for its mistress;

the house had still the same aspect of substantial grandeur and repose, and the level lawn the same velvet texture, and the trees, shrubs, and flowers, the same blooming freshness, as when she daily beheld their beauties. She, she alone was changed. Time was, that those doors would have opened wide to receive her, and that her presence would have dispensed joy and pleasure to every individual beneath that roof; while now, her very name would excite only painful emotions, and its sound must be there heard no more. Another bore the title she once was proud to bear, supplying the place she had abandoned, and worthily discharging the duties she had left unperformed.

She gazed on the windows of the apartment in which she first became a mother, and all the tide of tenderness that then burst on her heart, now came back to her, poisoned with the bitter consciousness of how she had fulfilled a mother's part. Those children, dearer to her than the life-drops that throbbed in her veins, were now beneath that roof, receiving from another that affection and instruction that it should have been her blissful task to have given them, and never, never must she hope to clasp them to her agonized heart.

At this moment she saw the door of the house open, and a lady leaning on the arm of a gentleman crossed the lawn; he pressed the hand that reposed on his arm gently between his and raised it to his lips, while his fair companion placed her other hand on his with

all the tender confidence of affection. In this apparently happy couple the agonized unknown recognised him whom she once joyed to call husband, the father of her children, the partner whom she had betrayed and deserted; and her, whom he had chosen for her successor, who now bore the name she had once answered to, and who was now discharging the duties she had violated. Religion and repentance had in her so conquered the selfishness of human nature, that after the first pang, and it was a bitter one, had passed away, she returned thanks with heartfelt fervour to the Author of all good, that it was permitted her to see him, whose repose she feared she had for ever destroyed, enjoying that happiness he so well merited; and ardent was the prayer she offered up, that a long continuance of it might be his lot, and that his present partner might repay him for all the pain caused by her misconduct.

She now turned into a shady walk, anxious to regain the support of her attendant's arm, which she felt her exhausted frame required, when the sounds of approaching voices warned her to conceal herself. Scarcely had she retired behind the shade of a luxuriant mass of laurels, when a youthful group drew near, the very sight of whom agitated her almost to fainting, and sent the blood back to her heart with a violence that threatened instant annihilation.

The group consisted of two lovely girls, their governess, and a blooming youth, on whom the two girls leant. Every turn of their healthful and beautiful

countenances was expressive of joy and health; and their elastic and buoyant steps seemed scarcely to touch the turf, as, arm linked in arm, they passed along. The youngest, a rosy-cheeked girl of eleven years old, begged her companions to pause while she examined a bird's nest which she said she feared the parent-bird had forsaken; and this gave the heart-stricken mother, for those were the children of the unknown, an opportunity of regarding the treasures her soul yearned to embrace. How did her bosom throb at beholding those dear faces—faces so often presented to her in her troubled dreams!—Alas! they were now near her—she might, by extending her hand, touch them—she could almost feel their balmy breaths fan her feverish cheek, and yet it was denied her to approach them. All the pangs of maternal affection struck on her heart; her brain grew giddy, her respiration became oppressed, and, urged by all the frenzy of a distracted mother, she was on the point of rushing from her concealment, and prostrating herself before her children.

But this natural though selfish impulse was quickly subdued, when a moment's reflection whispered to her, will you purchase your own temporary gratification at the expense of those dear beings whom you have so deeply injured? Will you plant in their innocent breasts an impression bitter and indelible? The Mother triumphed over the Woman, and, trembling with emotion, she prayed that those cherished objects might pass from her view, while yet she had strength

and courage to enable her to persevere in her self-denial.

At this moment the little girl exclaimed, "Ah! my fears were too true: the cruel bird has deserted her nest, and here are the poor little ones nearly dead! What shall we do with them?"

"Let us carry them to our dear mamma," said the elder girl; "she will be sure to take care of them, as she says we should always pity and protect the helpless and forsaken."

The words of the children struck daggers to the heart of their wretched mother. For a moment she struggled against the blow, and, making a last effort, tried to reach the spot where she had left her attendant; but nature was exhausted, and she had only tottered a few paces, when, uttering a groan of anguish, she fell to the earth bereft of life, just as Francesca arrived to see her unhappy mistress breathe her last sigh.

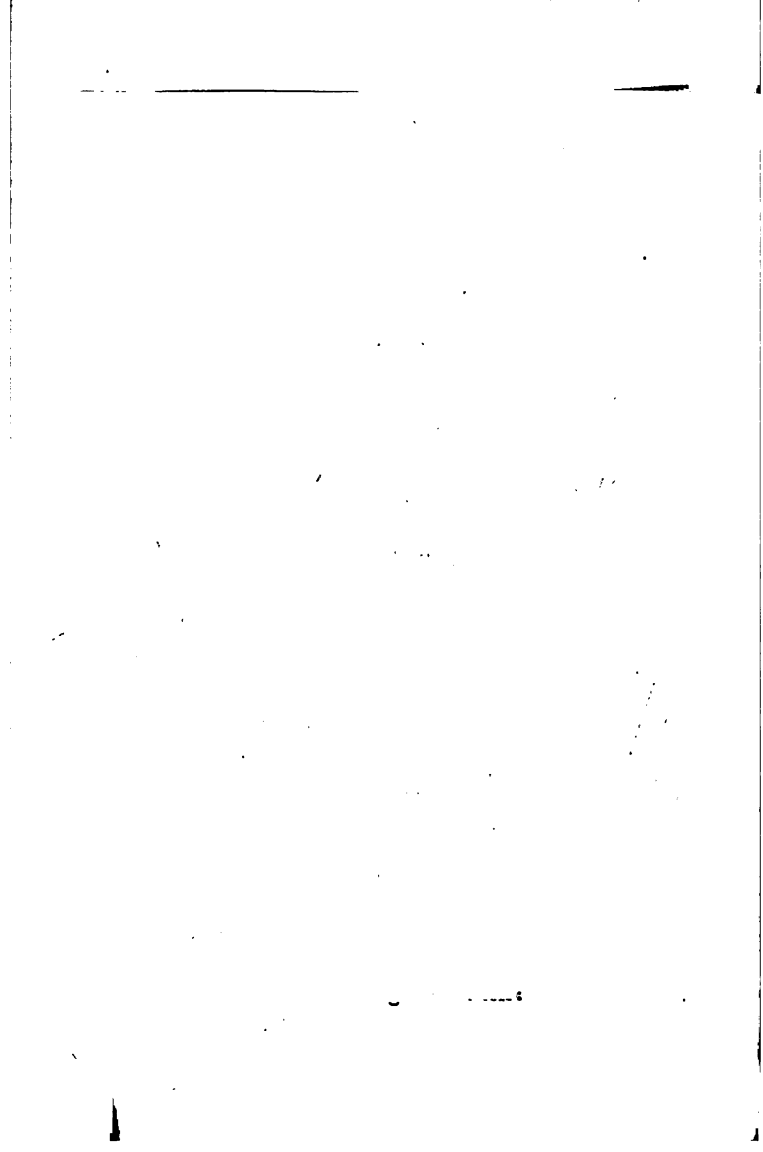
THE FORSAKEN.

Is it because amid the crowd
My accents name thee not—
Because my wailing is not loud,
That thou hast been forgot?
I saw—O God!—the hand of pain
Write on thy fair young brow;
And, if thou didst not murmur then,
I may not murmur now.

Our love was all too pure a thing
Ere yet it spoke in sighs,
To meet the idle questioning
Of idle tongues and eyes.
I hid it, when most warm and wild,
Within my spirit deep;
And they who saw not how it smiled—
They shall not see me weep!

Forgotten?—Night! I turn to thee:
How long, and oh! how well,
My heart has hugg'd its misery,
The night—the night must tell!

The Forsaken.





Drawn by W. Perring

Engraved by J. B. Neagle

The Forsaken

Like yonder river's unheard flight
Amid the noon-lit leaves,
That, in the still and slumbering night,
Lifts up its voice and grieves !

Night, that wakes perfumes in the flower,
And murmurs in the tree ;
Which haunt its dim and solemn hour,
Each like a memory.
By night, by night—oh ! long and far
Departed as thou art,
Thine image, like a silver star,
Shines up within my heart.

Forgotten ?—all that fancy wrote
Upon my breast or brain—
The dreams of life—all are forgot ;
The hues of joy or pain
Have faded at the touch of grief,
Forgotten all—*save thou*,
Whose thought, like summer's latest leaf
Clings to a wither'd bough.

I do not give thy memory *tears*,
It were to do it wrong ;
But, shall I name the love of years,
Where fools laugh loud and long ?
Within—without—no thing that is
But tells me thou *art not* ;
And, though the smilers dream not this,
Thou *never* art forgot.

STANZAS.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF AN ONLY AND BE-
LOVED SON, ON THE 19TH OF APRIL, 1839, IN THE
49TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

"Put thy trust in God! for I yet will give him thanks
for the help of his countenance."

Ps. xlii. 7.

TRUST in God! he'll ne'er forsake thee,
There's no changing in his love;
Should adversity o'ertake thee,
Still thy constant friend he'll prove.

When dark clouds do gather round thee,
And affliction bears thee down,
With his friendship he'll surround thee,
And thy faith with glory crown.

When the world and its illusions,
Are receding from thy view,
With its fitful, vain delusions,
Then his friendship will prove true.

Since, oh, God ! it is thy pleasure
To call hence my only son,
Oh ! sustain me 'neath the pressure ;
Gracious God ! " thy will be done ! "

Heavenly Father ! kind protector !
Soothe his widow's deep distress ;
Be his orphans' best director,
Father of the fatherless !

Jesus ! friend of sinners, hear me,
Still the throbbings of my breast.
Saviour ! keep my spirit near thee ;
Thou dost order for the best.

Lord ! thou gave and thou hast taken,
Blessed be thy holy name !
Oh, my soul ! thou'rt not forsaken,
God in love his own doth claim.

Now, with gratitude full swelling,
Oh, my soul ! pour forth his praise ;
Ever on his mercies dwelling,
Who from lowest depth can raise.

J. T.

Philadelphia, April 20th, 1839.

THE COWARD.

A TALE.

I SEEK relief and sympathy at the price of widespread infamy; I would awake that pity for my suffering which must be denied to its cause. Yet is mine the fault that I am set apart from my fellows, an unseen brand upon my brow, in all the fearfulness of isolation, without its repose and dignity? Did there exist within me an inherent wish to war with my fellow-beings? My inmost heart replies, that even now, worn and wasted, a blasted and unhallowed wretch, I should shudder at inflicting injury on the slightest thing that breathes and dances in the blue air of heaven. If crime hath added its deep remorse to a nature sufficiently unhappy, that nature is at once the cause and my excuse. Yes! I call aloud to the earth, that shuts its ears to my cry, I am unfortunate, wretched, despairing, by my own acts; yet am I not a criminal—the intent to injure is necessary to constitute crime.

Woman! bright, beautiful creation—fair as lovely dreams in early youth—inspiration of passionate

thought—bestower of delight—graceful embodied imaginations, to you I make appeal! Let grief such as mine—and I will detail it all—find sympathy, even for a coward. Alas! soft and gentle as you are, you shrink from my prayer! Well! I *am* a coward; but there are moral and physical dastards: and how many of the former have been indebted to the accident of robust proportion, and the sense of strength it bestows, for concealment of this worst species of cowardice? Is he to blame whose delicacy of make and constitution hath rendered him timid and prone to fear? And, where fear is the master-passion, the nobler virtues become choked in the self-abasement and dependence it creates. A moral dastard may be personally brave, but a physical coward necessarily becomes a moral one also.

I inherited from my mother a sickly constitution and a framework of the slightest and most fragile description; and to the pampering and excessive care she bestowed upon my infancy and youth do I owe, at least in part, my subsequent misery, which yet I pray may not be visited upon her dear and aged head. My father, Sir Charles Glenham, had, together with his brother, taken too active a part in the king's affairs, even before he found himself at war with his parliament, to devote much time to home occupations; and afterwards active service in the cause of his royal and unfortunate friend prevented his bestowing that care on my education which might in part have remedied the natural defects of my character: as it *was*, I was

wholly left to my mother's guidance, and consequently, when an infant I was thrown into convulsions by every storm; as a child, trembled before every threat of my maid; and as a youth, shrank from all my companions who were braver and stronger than myself, and scrupled not to buy off punishment with the meanest concessions. My youth did not pass away but that some flagrant instances of cowardice met with the contempt and chastisement they merited; nor was my sensitiveness to shame less poignant that it was overmastered by my fear. These painful lessons taught me, however, better to disguise the latter, and generated a hate against my adversaries, naturally the more implacable, that fear barred its iron door upon all outward expression of this passion. It required all the softness and sweet feminine forgiveness that forms the ornament and very essence of my mother's character to counteract this most fearful and natural consequence of cowardice. Even *her* words, though they dropped like honey upon my irritated feelings, might have proved unavailing, but that she early acquired a powerful assistant, to whose gentle bidding I was more obedient than are the wild waves to their silver queen.

I had attained my eighteenth year, and my fond mother was suffering daily torture from the fear that I should receive a hasty summons to join my father at Oxford, in order to commence my military education and career immediately under his eye, when the event took place to which I have alluded. Equally new and unexpected, it at once put away from me all bitter

thoughts, and filled me with that luxuriance of happiness which throws back its hallowed light over the whole earth to make it heaven. Helen Mortimer, an orphan heiréss, and distant relative of my mother, came to reside under her roof. One year younger than myself, her character had early attained a maturity which it owed rather to the times and the conflicting scenes she had witnessed, than to an inward and self-born sense of strength. Friend after friend, her father and brother, had all fallen victims to their attachment to their king; and the demand made upon her energies to bear up against her repeated misfortunes, to decide and act for herself under the most trying circumstances, seemed to give them birth, because it called them into early action. Her stature, not yet arrived at its full height, was, nevertheless, above the middle size, and the fragility of her person, the cloudless radiance expressed by her sweet and regular features, and that sheen and smoothness of beauty that belongs only to the first stage of womanhood, were requisite to repress a something of awe the firmness of purpose and inflexibility of principle she evinced at first inspired.

I know not how I won this bright and beautiful creation to be my own; I cannot but think the very defects of my character chiefly aided me: my ductile principles and unsettled resolves she knew how to guide and strengthen, and the interest with which I inspired her, from being tinged with compassion, was in itself so tender, that it easily softened into love. After a

while I spoke her thoughts, and my conduct was swayed by her sentiments; and she looked upon her work, and loved it. The indolence of my manners and habits, while they visibly contrasted the enthusiasm with which I addressed her and busied myself in her service, did not appear to arise from any unmanliness in my tastes and occupations, but from my devotion to her society. I had been accustomed to ride from my earliest childhood, and the grace and skill with which I managed my horse excited her admiration. How so elevated a being could bend to intercourse with me has ever been a fertile source of astonishment, and in tracing its causes, it is to trifles only that I can impute this departure of her judgment from its usual rigid and undeviating rectitude. Perhaps, were we to examine minutely, the greatest and the wisest among us would be found to act on the most important points of their destiny from data equally insignificant. Be this as it may, my mother no sooner discovered our mutual affection than she overcame every obstacle occasioned by our youth, my father's absence, the impossibility of obtaining the king's sanction, and we were privately married: in the hope, I firmly believe, that this marriage would prevent my joining the army.

For a while we were happy—how happy? I had heard and read, even my mother had warned me, that possession would abate the ardour of my affection; and my strong belief in my mother's truth begot the fear she might be right in this opinion: but how vain, how unworthy of my Helen was such fear!—Days, weeks,

months, passed all with her—no human being to divide or take off my incessant observation and devotion—only proved the exhaustless nature of the blessing I had won. I thought—lived—but in her; my words were but the echo of her thoughts; my actions the dictates of her superior mind; my whole being was absorbed in hers. I was inexpressibly happy!

No wonder that I love to dwell on this, with one brief exception, single luminous point in my destiny, though it serve but to fling in darker shadow the remainder of my existence. Short, indeed, was my happiness! I have heard happiness called a dream; and so, indeed, from its evanescence, it may be thought; but mine was real, deep, intense. I felt it with every fibre of my body, every power of my soul. My cup of joy seemed yet the fuller for the long draughts I had quaffed almost to intoxication, when I was peremptorily summoned to join my father. The king's forces had suffered defeat, and it was judged necessary to reinforce the army by every possible accession of number. I was called upon to join instantly the gallant throng who fearlessly devoted their lives and fortunes to the losing cause, and seemed to glory in a death that closed their eyes on the triumph of their enemies. I cannot express the mingled sensations, all of reluctance, that assailed me on this summons. Hitherto I had believed my love for Helen to be the strongest feeling of my being; but the pang that shot through my frame, and left me

covered with a cold and deathlike dew, was not occasioned by the thought of her grief, nor of her unprotected condition, but of the dangers I was about to encounter. If for a moment I entertained a fond hope that Helen would urge me to remain near her, I was bitterly mistaken.

"Go, my beloved," she said, "without delay; and as you honour your king, deal heavily with his enemies; and, by that love you bear to Helen, forget not vengeance for me and mine;—a father's and a brother's blood cry up from the earth. Think not of me, lest thy arm tremble, and thy courage fail. Tarry not an instant, lest my woman's tears cast a dampness on thy soul. When thou art gone I shall find time enough to weep. Farewell!"

Thus urged, my departure was necessarily immediate; and, by keeping strictly and cautiously the very letter of my father's instructions as to the route, I reached him in safety.

It was on the twenty-ninth of June, the eve of the success at Cropredy Bridge, that I arrived at Banbury. On the following morning, raw and inexperienced, unacquainted with discipline, and possessed by the demon of fear, I was to earn, as volunteer by my father's side, a commission in his regiment.

"This is my son," I heard my father say to some brother veterans, with a feeling of honest pride; "he cannot prove a recreant."

Could he at that moment have read that son's soul, I

do believe he would have sought and found a glorious death in the morrow's battle. He was reserved for a harder fate.

The morning rose; a mantle of cold gray mist spread over the heavens and the earth one dull and uniform colour. My teeth chattered, and my heart beat so loudly, that I could not at first distinguish a word uttered by my father, though his voice was clear and powerful. At length I heard him, and then his words seemed louder than thunder, and I was stupified with the imaginary noise. At length the hour for action came. A large detachment of Sir William Waller's parliamentary army was ordered to cross the bridge at Cropredy, and fall upon our rear, as we proceeded towards Daventry: this we learnt afterwards. At the moment of attack I looked around to find some possible chance of escape. Alas! I only met my father's eye, and felt that searching glance upon me every way I turned. The word was given, and my charger galloped as eagerly to the fight as though he bore a willing burden. I recollect closing my eyes and grasping my sword. From that instant, till in my father's arms, I had no consciousness at the time, nor any recollection afterwards of any thing that occurred. I gathered, however, from others, that I made my onset with headlong impetuosity, was among the first that repulsed the enemy, and had borne myself as well and gallantly, considering my inexperience, as the bravest among them. A mere scratch on my sword arm was the only wound I had received.

It will be thought that this unexpected triumph gave me at once pleasure and confidence: such, it appears to me, ought to have been its natural consequence; but I was overwhelmed with horror. I had incurred and escaped danger, but not through a clear and steady view of it, and of our resources to meet it; not from an accurate calculation of the probabilities of success; not from the heroism or madness of devotion to the cause in which I was engaged, but without any act of volition on my part. My safety was too accidental to give me courage, and the wound, slight as it was, that I had received, frightfully reminded me of the nature of the risk I had encountered.

Now followed the success at Lestwithiel, and afterwards the defeat at Newbury. In these two actions I contrived to keep aloof, and escape detection. In the last, the king had been compelled to leave his cannon and baggage in Dennington Castle; and, being reinforced by Prince Rupert and the Earl of Northampton, he determined to recover it, and actually succeeded in bringing it off in the face of the enemy. This honour, which delighted the king's chivalric feelings far more than a more useful victory, was to teem with dreadful consequence to me.

Captain Glanville, a young man of the highest promise, had been hopelessly wounded in this victorious retreat, and I was appointed to command the few men who carried him on a rude litter, constructed of such material as was at hand, and lead them by a safer though circuitous route, that all unnecessary

fatigue might be spared the wounded man. From my ignorance of the localities, we were benighted on the skirt of a thick wood, and our burden was put down within its shelter in a kind of shepherd's hut, discovered to us by the fitful glimmering of the moon, about a stone's throw from the road. Suddenly the silence of the night was broken by a confused murmur of mingled voices in measured cadence, that gathered strength as it neared us. Soon the very notes might be distinguished; and each of us became convinced, at the same instant, that it was the rough voices of a party of Presbyterian soldiers, modulated in one united strain of psalmody. My companions rushed into the thickest of the wood, whilst I, chained to the spot by some unholy charm, felt my breath thicken, and my feet rooted to the earth, by the side of my dying companion. He had now become perfectly unconscious, even of suffering, though a groan, deep and occasional, abundantly testified his existence. The moon, that hitherto had given a ghastly and uncertain light, now wholly withheld her beams. Night covered every object with her sable and friendly pall, and thus concealed my accidental shelter from the Puritans.

Still I could not but feel to agony that my safety was utterly precarious whilst in the vicinity of these dangerous enthusiasts. I listened until the sense of sound seemed to borrow from my remaining senses their several powers, as well as treble its own acuteness. I believe that I saw and felt through the organ

of sound. They now entered the wood—one moment of breathless suspense, and they marched onwards across it, and the load was off my breast, and I was glad and innocent. This relief was of no long continuance. I soon distinguished voices in a low tone of conversation; something had induced them to suppose they were in the immediate neighbourhood of the enemy, and a small party was left stationed at the skirt of the forest. I knew the vicinity was too dangerous to admit of their remaining till daybreak; but full three hours must elapse ere morning would bring me safety; and, in the mean time, Glanville's groans might surely be heard, since I could plainly distinguish their low-voiced mutterings. My fear became more dreadful as it was prolonged. At length my forebodings were realized: a groan, louder than usual, caught the ear of some one of the Puritans, who put his comrades on the alert. Another, and a discovery became inevitable; a second groan, and I should have been offered up, their lips yet warm with praise, their hands but now unclasped from prayer, a mangled offering to a God of beneficence. I could not, I would not hesitate. I bent me down, I placed my hand firmly on the mouth of the dying wretch; fear not only made me cruel, but possessed me of a calm determination to effect my purpose. I paused, however. Was it, oh! was it a compunctious cry at my heart that held me for one moment hesitating over my victim? But that which I prized beyond wealth or honour was on the hazard of this die;—that undefined and busy thing which separated

me from the charnel-house, from the gnawing worm, the ghastly skeleton, from all the dim and nameless horrors of the tomb,—the sweet light of day shut out from me for ever, and that yet would smile on its bland and heedless smile; the mortal agony ere I could reach that resting-place, which no lip-felt prayer would avert, no supplication delay an instant; which would be attended with horrid shouts, and the bitter mocking of music and thanksgiving to drown the dread cry for mercy I could not withhold:—all this rushed upon my mind with frightful vehemence, in all the colours, shape, and vividness of reality painted by my imagination on the darkness before me in the deep pencilling of fear. One moment I yet hesitated, when, by a convulsive movement, Glanville shook my hand from his mouth, and a sound, not loud, but long and gurgling, burst from his compressed lips: a start, and “hark!” from the Puritans without, and it was silenced for ever. I felt, yes, in the dark, as though it were my trade to murder. I sought with my hand for the seat of life, and despite the beating of his heart, that seemed to repel the murderer’s hand, I stabbed deep, deep: the body writhed under the knife; I pressed harder, and all was still! It may be expected that I should state what gradual progression wrought a nature not naturally stern, nor, as I have shown, incapable of love, to so dreadful a pitch of criminality. A coward’s fear may be deemed an inadequate motive to a crime of such magnitude; but I know of none; neither did the deed itself alter my outward nor my inward self.

Delight that I had escaped danger, for I remained undiscovered, was assuredly mingled with regret, deep and bitter, for the means by which it had been effected; but in no respect did I find myself a changed man. All the natural affections were still as strongly mine, all the common interests of life as dear to me: I was as accessible to all the skyey influences, as able to rejoice as to regret.

In all probability the gallant soldier would have breathed his last in a few hours; yet I cannot plead the fact in mitigation of my crime, for it never once occurred to me. The king was much affected by Glanville's death, but no suspicion attached to me on the occasion. He was known to have been mortally wounded. And now let me once again refresh myself from the fever that consumes me, and think of a second oasis in my life's wilderness.

I obtained leave of absence, and with my father sought my Helen's dwelling. My mother, my fond, doting, mistaken mother, was also there; and one other, a glad and innocent creature, looking up with as bright a face as the morning on which I first pressed my babe to a father's bounding bosom. Oh, God! grant me thankfulness for that delight! It is past, and for ever; yet is it recorded in ineffaceable characters: the memory of joy is as deep as that of sorrow. I would turn from my little girl, her placid sleep, and bright awakening, to look upon the early matron—the proud and happy mother. Oh! wherefore was this heart made to feel so intensely the good

of true and passionate love, all the sweet charities of life, and to know that one feeling stronger than them all existed, and feel with the most poignant shame that this master-passion was Fear !

Once or twice my eye quailed beneath Helen's glance when she spoke to me of Glanville, whom she had known, of his gallant bearing, his early unmerited death. "It is sad," she said, turning to my father, for a secret instinct told her that by him she would be better appreciated, "for those that remain to think of his early death; that the young and gallant soldier was mown down whilst fresh and glowing, ere time had blanchd a single curl, or pressed the lightest touch upon his radiant brow; for them is the mourning and lamentation, but his was the soldier's bannered bed, carved out by the very hand of honour. His dying spirit must have worn the flush of honourable fame as it ascended to the presence of a God."

"Thou art a sweet enthusiast," said Sir Charles Glenham; "and I prophesy wilt make a hero of my son."

If at that moment the Weird Sisters had lifted the curtain of the unexplored future to show the manner in which thy forebodings were to be disappointed, thou wouldst not have believed them. Why does the rainbow of the heart, so like its elemental prototype, too often smile a lying prophecy of sunshine and gladness when it is but the precursor of darkness and of storm.

It was not long that I was permitted to enjoy happi-

ness, that I did not feel the less because I was underserving of the boon. The young Earl of Montrose, who had been so coldly received on a former occasion by the king that he had been induced to offer his services to the Covenanters, and had been commissioned by the Tables to wait upon the king, then lying at Berwick, was so won over by the honied persuasions and graceful condescension which Charles so well knew on occasion how to assume, and which derived added interest from the sweet sadness that characterized his melancholy yet handsome countenance; and secretly impelled by his own natural sentiments in favour of royalty, resolved, though covertly, to aid him with his whole power. An intercepted letter caused him to be thrown into prison, and I was selected as one but little personally known as a partisan of the King's, and whose youth would, in all probability, secure from capital punishment even if discovered, to convey letters and messages to the noble prisoner. Favoured by fortune in that partial manner in which she beguiles her apparent favourites, I performed my journey and errand in safety; but on my return, when proceeding to join my father in the West, was made prisoner by Colonel Weldon, and was subsequently shut up with him in Taunton by the royalists. In this situation I made no attempt to escape, which was certainly possible, though not to be effected without some personal hazard; and I cannot but think it was this supineness, so unnatural in one

so young, that induced a suspicion of my real character in Weldon's mind, and which he afterwards used to my ruin in order to effect a political purpose.

Mine is not a history of the war; I will hasten, therefore, to relate the last black pages of my life. A series of disasters had rendered the King's cause utterly hopeless. The gallant Montrose, who had been liberated, after several brilliant successes, was himself defeated, and the King's friends began to feel all the peril of their situation, without however flinching from their post. Among those whose personal attachment to the King was strongest, my father held a conspicuous station; and as the obstinacy of these latent adherents to the King, their inflexibility of purpose and faithful attachment, equally spoke in favour of their royal master, and threw a kind of odium on those less firm, who had been won from their allegiance, it became the policy of the ruling party to secure, at every hazard, the persons of these sturdy counsellors, and warriors, and to visit them with condign punishment.

Thus, after the defeat at Stowe, it behoved them to conceal themselves with much precaution, both to avoid falling into the hands of the enemy, and to keep themselves ready against a future day, when their services might be required by their prince. My father had been wounded at Stowe, and it was supposed not difficult to track the maimed lion to his lair. A very vigorous search was made in vain, when it occurred to Weldon that I might be made instru-

mental in procuring knowledge of my father's retreat. Helen had contrived at various periods to give me tidings of herself and child, and she now informed me of the place of my father's concealment. By her advice, I had destroyed every paper as I received it, but her messenger on this last occasion was discovered and tampered with. He acknowledged that I was acquainted with Sir Charles Glenham's abode, but declared truly that he knew it not himself: he had been confided in partially, merely to redouble his wariness and vigilance. A friend procured me intelligence of this event, and advised me to make my escape immediately. I eagerly followed this advice—for my stay now involved my safety—but was discovered and brought back. My life was now forfeited, and there remained to me but one chance of escape. I was permitted to purchase life by a general confession and betrayal of my father. Let him who has been thus tempted, and proved himself equal to the trial, condemn me; yet even with him let my agony plead in mitigation of my crime—let the struggles I made, and that involved me but deeper in the toil, take something from the weight of condemnation. Colonel Weldon himself visited me in my prison to make this proffer. It was in vain that I besought my life on any, every other condition. It was in vain I poured out confession of all I had done—of all my father's heroic deeds that I begged for pardon for him and myself. I see his calm, stern look at this moment, that defied hope, all hope but such as mine. He moved to depart,

and I rushed forward. I clung to his knees in the extremity of anguish, and despite his vigorous efforts to shake me off, and repeated exclamation of "dastard! coward!" I clung to him with a kind of fondness; nay, I was thankful for the humiliating epithets he applied to me. Surely it must be fear that makes the spaniel caress the hand that chides him. I grasped him more firmly as he attempted to elude my hold; I bade him think on his absent wife and children, that they also might have to plead to an un pitying judge; and I implored for them in a solemn prayer to heaven—energetic from the intensity of feeling with which it was uttered—the same doom to them, the same fate to their prayer as he should give to mine. The thought of his family, though he knew them to be in perfect safety, softened his rough features for a moment, but it was transient as a bird's flight across the sun. The interests of his country, that false idol honour, who wears the rags with which any fool will deck her, operated to check this momentary gentleness.

"Deliver up your father into our hands," he said, "and you shall be free as the chartered winds of heaven."

"Not that! not that!" I cried, repulsing the suggestions of my own coward heart, rather than refusing to comply with his demand.

"You have pronounced your doom," replied the colonel coolly.

I looked up into his face: that calm and satisfied

decision was marked there which distinguishes the man who has made a resolution which he feels to be insurmountable ; not a wavering line, not a muscle out of repose ; not the repose of relaxation or feebleness, but the calm of determination where force is, though its exertion be no longer called for ;—still the lion, though asleep. I looked, and certainty grew upon me that only one way could I preserve my life. Why should I palter with the truth ?—it must be told—I consented to betray my poor, unconscious father. Nothing could be more easy. I alone, besides my wife, who was secure from their power, was possessed of the secret of his hiding-place. To come quickly to the sequel of my story : Sir Charles Glenham was seized and brought to trial as a traitor—a traitor ! he who had kept unshaken, amidst the backsliding of the times, the allegiance he had sworn unto his king. His son his betrayer—the parricide—was compelled to appear against him. Should I exist for a thousand years, that day with all its horrors would live in terrible distinctness on my memory, to make me loathe beyond utterance this emaciated body, I yet would not separate from its immortal habitant for pardon and heaven. Oh that the elixir vitæ were no dream, and that I could wander for ever and ever over the earth, pale and haggard fear banished for ever from my heart ! O God ! how dreadful is fear !

Who shall describe my father's look when he became aware of his accuser ! A holy and deep compassion invested his countenance. The only words

he said to me—"My poor mistaken boy!" To his judges he merely said, that he was content to die as he had lived, in the faith of his ancestors, and a true and loyal servant to his master, the rightful king of all Britain. These few words he uttered in a loud and firm voice, his noble form reared to its full, majestic height, unshrinking in the midst of his enemies. I looked, as a bird is said to be fascinated by the serpent, upon his manly and handsome countenance, on the crisped locks of his ebon hair—I sickened as I gazed. I fancied that prideful form bowed by an untimely blast to the earth—I saw that face distorted in mortal agony, and those curls that feminine and fairy fingers had been wont to twine among so fondly, appeared to my distempered fancy dabbled in blood!

Helen never uttered a reproach; but she would not avail herself of the immunity I had thus dearly purchased. We crossed to Calais, and a few days after our child sickened and died. I had never seen her smile since my father's death, and now she did not weep. Cold and tearless, she looked on, whilst torrents gushed from my eyes of unavailing heart-dew over the baby's grave; a stern emotion would sometimes flit in dark shadow over her beautiful face, and leave it as white and chill as Parian marble; but no tear fell from her eye, no complaint escaped her lip. I could not forbear to ask how she had learned such fortitude.

"The blossom hath gone," replied she calmly, "but the parent tree was already blighted, and will shortly

follow. Did I not feel this to conviction, I had not parted thus with my only blessing."

Her words were a true prophecy. Her proud spirit could not brook her husband's dishonour; and though she ministered to my slightest wish, and tried to smile faint hope upon my bursting heart, almost up to the hour of her death, I could never read in her eyes one look of love, nor one regret that she was dying. They sleep—all sleep in the quiet grave who ever cared for me, doomed to death by my murderous hand; but desolation is not less desolate because we ourselves create it; nor do the spectres that haunt it, all pale, and still, and ghastly, fail to throw back on me, with tenfold power, the curse I was fated to be to them. If suffering deserve compassion in proportion to its intensity, then pour down your pity on the head of a lone old man—ay, though he be a coward and a murderer!

THE USE OF TEARS.

BY LORD MORPETH.

Be not thy tears too harshly chid,
Repine not at the rising sigh ;—
Who, if they might, would always bid
The breast be still, the cheek be dry ?

How little of ourselves we know
Before a grief the heart has felt ;
The lessons that we learn of wo
May brace the mind, as well as melt.

The energies too stern for mirth,
The reach of thought, the strength of will,
Mid cloud and tempest have their birth,
Through blight and blast their course fulfil.

Love's perfect triumph never crown'd
The hope unchequer'd by a pang ;
The gaudiest wreaths with thorns are bound,
And Sappho wept before she sang.

Tears at each pure emotion flow :

They wait on Pity's gentle claim,
On Admiration's fervid glow,
On Piety's seraphic flame.

'Tis only when it mourns and fears
The loaded spirit feels forgiven,
And through the mist of falling tears
We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.

ON TWO SISTERS.

YOUNG Dora's gentle, pure, and kind,
With lofty, clear, and polish'd mind ;
But Dora, rich in mental grace,
Alas ! is somewhat poor in face ;
Pity her noble soul don't warm
A Grecian's statue's perfect form !

But, Anne, in thee all charms combine ;
Each gift of beauty, sweet, is thine !
Thy form surpasses e'en desire ;
Thine eyes are rolling orbs of fire !
Enchanting, perfect, is the whole—
Pity the statue wants a soul !

THE HOARY HEAD.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

"The hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in
the way of righteousness." PROVERBS, xvi. 31.

AGED man, with locks so hoary,
High estate dost thou possess ;
They appear thy crown of glory,
In the ray of righteousness.

Jewels, not of man's preparing,
Form the shining diadem
Thou art from thy Sovereign wearing,—
God's own finger silver'd them.

Thine are honours proved and heighten'd
By the gift of lengthen'd years ;
In affliction's furnace brighten'd,
Tried by cares and wash'd by tears.

Like thy Master, meek and lowly,
Thou a thorny earth has trod ;
With thy heart a high and holy
Temple of the living God.

Aged saint, thy form is bending,
Wither'd, downward to the tomb;
But thy spirit upward tending,
Budded for immortal bloom.

Newburyport, Mass.

THE SWEETS OF LOVE.

BY J. H. LOWTHER.

ENCHANTING sex, whose tyrant reign
Dooms us to wear a servile chain,
Though we would fain conceal it;
To please each fancy—folly—will,
Your cup of bliss we love to fill,
Yet dare not to reveal it.
Our pockets, twenty times a day,
For vain expense of dress and play,
You rifle, till we feel it:
Yet, oh! 'tis monstrous—while we smart,
Another comes, he woos your heart,
And, 'faith, contrives to steal it!

TWILIGHT.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Now twilight draws her shadowy curtain round,
And all the landscape wears a softer hue,
As if in grief; and e'en the plaintive sound
Of some lone bird, who carols an adieu
To parting day's last lingering tint of blue—
All touch the heart, awakening pensive thought,
And bring the absent or the dead to view
In colours fresh, by faithful memory wrought,
As if to cheat us with their forms she sought.

And can it be, that those so cherish'd here,
Who shared our pleasures—more than shared our
pain;
Whose accents still dwell in th' accustom'd ear,
To whom affection never spoke in vain—
Shall never—never bless our sight again?
Ah! ye who know what 'tis the loved to mourn,
And see each link of fond affection's chain,
That bound united hearts, thus rudely torn,
And still live on—ye know what I have borne!

A MARRIAGE GUEST.

FROM THE SPANISH.

BY LORD MAHON.

I SAW him wed thee—saw him clasp
The hand which should be mine :
Which did not shrink back from his grasp,
But press'd it on to thine.
The hall around was fair and bright,
A hundred faces beam'd delight;
A hundred tongues on every side,
Welcomed the bridegroom and the bride.

I, too, was there—I, too, essay'd
Some hollow vows to pay ;
But found the faltering words I said
Not those I meant to say.
Oh, may no outward sign reveal
The love I felt—the grief I feel:
My manner, cold as Etna's snow,
Shall hide the fatal flames below.

TO A WITHERED ROSE.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

WHEN last I saw thee, wither'd flower,
'Twas in the fragrant flush of pride,—
Sporting thy gay and transient hour,
With all thy petals open'd wide.

Child of the chill and wintry air,
The offspring of November thou—
Yet was thy presence passing fair,
Reclined in bloom on beauty's brow.

But now a shade is o'er thee cast,
Thy shining leaves are dead and sere—
Thy day is o'er—thy fragrance past—
Poor wither'd rose ! what dost thou here ?

Despise me not, though faded now !
Methinks I hear the flower reply,
Though beauty crown thy lordly brow,
Thou too must droop as well as I.

A few short seasons o'er thee flown,
Thy damask cheek will lose its bloom,
And youth and glory, now thine own,
Will find of all the common doom.

Then why should man, in contest high,
For beauty, fame, or grandeur strive ?
Since all that blooms on earth must die,
And only virtue can survive.

Philadelphia.

TO A LADY SINGING.

BY A LADY.

THE music springs from thy calm breast
Like Venus from the sea ;
Her birth lull'd storm and surge to rest,
So might thy minstrelsy.

But yet that minstrelsy exerts
More sweet, more solemn power,
Hushing the storms in human hearts,
E'en in their mightiest hour.

A FATHER'S PITY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Like as a father pitieth his children."

DAVID.

How doth a father pity?—

See the snare

Of loathsome vice his darling son entwine,—

Behold his hurried step,—his anxious air,—

List to his earnest cry for aid divine,—

Precept on precept pour'd, and line on line,

To snatch the victim from a gulf profound :—

And should his steps once more to peace incline,

How do the parent's lips with praise resound,

As swell the heavenly harps when a lost soul is found.

How doth a father pity?—

Ask the form

That feebly on his sheltering bosom lies,

Like smitten lily shrinking from the storm,

Consumption's signal in her languid eyes;

What torturing sympathies within him rise

PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

IN sailing up and down the waters of our great western rivers in a steamer, one is almost forced to become more or less acquainted with all the passengers on board. At meals and on a variety of other occasions, the passengers are brought into such direct contact, that however taciturn any one himself may be, he cannot well escape hearing numerous conversations, which will leave him in no doubt as to the calling and character, and peculiar views of the individuals around him. In general, also, after having been on board a steamer some week or ten days, however great may be his own resources, almost every individual is prompted to seek relief from *ennui* in an attempt to hold some sort of communion with his fellow-passengers; and usually one finds some prominent and strongly marked characters around him, who seem to derive quite as much pleasure as they impart, from the efforts they make to amuse and interest their fellow-travellers.

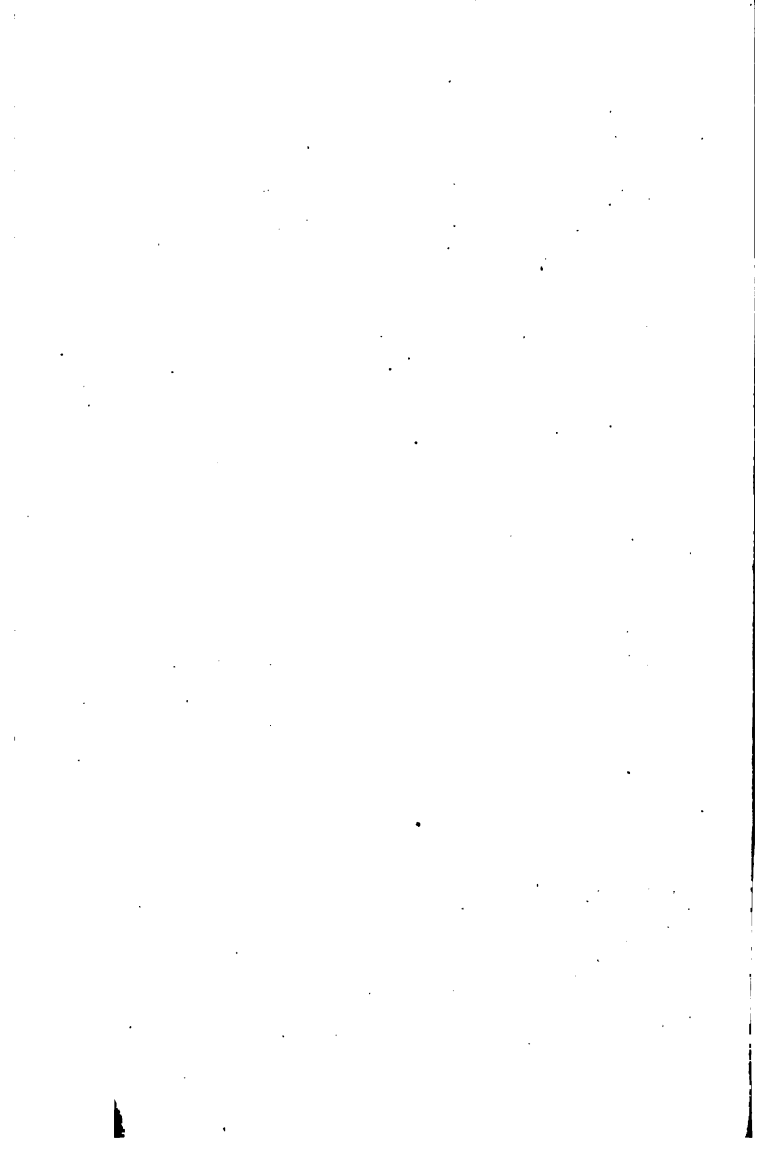
We had been on board a steamer several days—having sailed from Louisville to the mouth of the







James M. W. Turner



Ohio, and then turned our course upward to stem the current of the mighty "Father of Rivers," the vast Mississippi. Our eyes had become almost wearied with tracing the endless sylvan beauties that clustered around the banks of the smooth-flowing Ohio; and the vast, unpenetrated, boundless forest scenes that spread away on either side of us, from the abrupt, muddy banks of the Mississippi. The ear had become wearied with the monotony of the sharp, rough sound of the high-pressure engine, that was heard ceaselessly, day and night. Books scarcely any longer could interest us. The character and conversation of most of those around us seemed exceedingly dull and commonplace. There was however one exception. This was found in a man of almost herculean stature, who, we soon learned, possessed great versatility and vigour of mind. His manners, however, at first appeared so coarse and his conversation so blunt, that we thought there was something exceedingly repulsive connected with his character. But this impression soon wore away, and in a few days he became the centre of almost universal attraction. He was a true Kentuckian of the old school; he was born and brought up amid the stirring scenes connected with the early settlement of his native state, and was perfectly familiar with all the war legends, and every bloody fray from the first movement of Col. Boone to the final expulsion of all the savage tribes from this their ancient hunting ground. To use his own language, he was "born in an Indian fort, and through

childhood fed upon bear's meat, and clothed in buffalo skins." His physical strength seemed enormous, and he bore evident marks of being one of those brave, reckless characters that find pleasurable excitement in facing danger and death in every form. Yet he was not destitute of the softer and more kindly feelings of our nature, and withal seemed to have a high and reverential regard for religion.

It was just at the close of a long summer's day, during the weary hours of which our steamer had been pushing her slow course up the broad current of the Mississippi, that there suddenly opened upon us a vast, far-extending prairie. It was the first that I had ever seen, and to me it was an object of thrilling interest, and the more so because for several days we had seen nothing upon either side of the river but unbroken and boundless forests, stretching away as far as the eye could reach to the distant horizon. Here was a vast expanse, in which no tree, nor stump, nor stone was visible. Nought met the eye but the tall grass, waving in the breeze, bending, rising, and rolling to and fro like the waves of the ocean after a tempest; and this grassy surface interspersed with wild flowers of every colour, hue, and form.

For a long time I watched this beauteous scene, till the shadows of evening began to settle down upon it. While I continued still gazing upon the prairie, the old Kentuckian, who stood near, was making his observations, and at length remarked, "That prairie on fire would be a noble sight! I have seen them burn-

ing in a dark night, while the wind sprung up and bore on the flames like a sea of fire. I can tell you a good story and a true one about a burning prairie, and a family who perished by the conflagration."

We were urgent for him to proceed in the narrative. He began by giving an account of the family that perished in this conflagration, with whose history he seemed quite familiar. It was a beautiful and touching picture of real life that he drew in describing this family as they lived somewhere in the valley of Onion River, and the sublime mountain scenery of Vermont. He represented Mr. Norton, the father, as a hardy, sensible, and pious New England farmer. The family consisted of four children; two of whom, James and Lydia, were grown up to adult age, while George, the next son, was about thirteen years old, and the youngest daughter was only eight. Mr. Norton had long toiled to accumulate a little property, but the increase had been so slow, that in a fit of discouragement he sold his little farm, and determined to emigrate to the Far West, where he learned he could purchase land at a very low price, and procure the means of subsistence with very little labour. He persuaded himself that by adopting this course he should be doing more justice to his children than by remaining in a country where property, and even the means of subsistence for a family, could be attained only by years of persevering toil. There was only one heart made sad by this determination, and that was the heart of his favourite and eldest daughter. Lydia Norton

was a girl of excellent sense, and some personal attractions. She had interested the affections of a young man who had grown up with her from childhood. His father owned an adjoining farm. The two families were quite intimate, and many happy hours had Charles Stevenson and Lydia passed together. This proposition of emigrating to the Far West seemed to the young people a deathblow to all their long-cherished hopes, as the circumstances of the young man did not warrant his forming a marriage connexion at once. But true affection is ready to make any sacrifices to attain its object. As soon as it was a settled point that Mr. Norton was to leave, Charles Stevenson offered to accompany him in the capacity of a hired man, if he would accept his services. Mr. Norton assented, and every thing was arranged accordingly.

They were now on their way, moving in true western style. They expected to be weeks and months on their journey before they reached their distant home. The family and all the effects they bore with them, were carried in two stout wagons, each one of which was drawn by three yoke of oxen. Mr. Norton or his eldest son, usually acted as the driver of one of these wagons, while Charles Stevenson took charge of the other. They had already been on their journey many weeks, and had penetrated so far into the western world as to find it necessary to pitch their tents each night, and seek a lodging-place wherever the shades of evening overtook them. They at length

entered the prairie country, and were for a while almost spellbound by the wide tracts of plain that stretched around them. To them the wonders of the boundless prairies appeared more amazing, because they had always been shut up by lofty mountains in a narrow dell, and had never till now looked abroad upon such amplitude and vastness of expanse.

They had now been travelling through prairie country for several days. It was late in autumn, though the weather continued as bland as summer. The day was bright and sunny ; the wagons, each covered with a thick tow-cloth awning, and drawn by three yoke of oxen, were moving slowly on through the vast extended regions of long grass, now sear and dry, which stretched around them like a shoreless ocean, and gently bent and waved to and fro in the autumnal breeze. No house, nor stone, nor hillock, nor solitary tree were seen within the vast circle of the encompassing horizon. As the sun declined, and the shadows began to lengthen, the tops of a small grove began to be visible in the distance. The emigrants immediately determined to seek a place of encampment for the night in the neighbourhood of this grove ; for they naturally concluded that they should there find a spring or rivulet that would furnish water for their cattle and for their own use, and fuel for cooking their evening meal. They had been successful this day in shooting a large quantity of prairie hens, and were anticipating a delicious repast.

Mr. Norton proposed that James and himself should go on ahead of the wagons, and get every thing ready

by the time they came up. They accordingly started off, having left Charles Stevenson to drive the forward wagon in which the family rode, and George to conduct the other. Mr. Norton and James, however, had gone but a few yards before Lydia came bounding through the long, sere grass, with the fleetness of a deer, bearing a tea-kettle in one hand and three or four prairie hens in the other. Lydia, as we have before said, was full of sprightliness and vivacity, and she had too often clambered up the steep and rough sides of the Green Mountains to think any thing of a walk of two or three miles across the prairie. Her object in accompanying her father and brother was to hasten the evening meal; and as her father made no objection, the group moved on with quickened step towards the distant woods. They had already proceeded full three miles when they came to a beautiful spring of cool, clear water. Here they all sat down, and with grateful hearts partook largely of nature's refreshing beverage. In the mean time Mr. Norton drew his pipe from his pocket, and having filled it with the dried Indian weed, a supply of which he always carried with him, he soon ignited the same by means of his jack-knife and a flint. They were now only a short distance from the woods, and having filled a tea-kettle and a pail with water, they went forward and began to cut up some wood and prepare for kindling a fire.

And now the sun had set, and the evening shades were fast gathering around them. Beneath the covert

of a large tree a fire was burning brightly, over which was suspended the tea-kettle; and all things were ready for the arrival of the party on board of the wagons. Lydia ran out of the woods a little way into the prairie to see if she could any where discover the advancing party. She saw them about a half mile distant, moving slowly on, but she saw at hand, and near the spring, what greatly alarmed her—a smoke and flickering blaze. She ran back in great haste and said, “Father, I fear in lighting your pipe you have set the prairie on fire!”

Mr. Norton started up as though a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet, and rushed forward to ascertain the truth of Lydia's remark, James and Lydia both following him. The moment they had emerged from the woods and got into the open prairie the awful certainty burst upon them in a moment! What a sight then met their view! The prairie was indeed on fire. It was now quite dusky, and the little flickering blaze which Lydia had seen had already become a sea of fire! The wind drove the flames in the direction of their friends, whose escape seemed impossible.

The long dry grass, which had waved so gracefully in the wind, now caught every where like tinder, and sent up a long sheet of flame that widened and expanded every moment, and mounted up with increasing brightness and height, as though it would reach the very skies.

The feelings of this group were excited almost to agony in behalf of their friends. The thought at length

struck them that if they could only succeed in getting them through the long line of flame, they might save them, as the conflagration was evidently moving off from the place where they stood; and as the column of flame seemed to extend more to the right than to the left, they embraced the determination to make an effort to reach their friends in that direction. Reckless of consequences, wild with despair, they instantly rushed forward, and succeeded in getting in advance of the fire in one place. But they soon saw that the enemy was coming upon them with the speed and the fury of the whirlwind. Mr. Norton lifted up his voice and shouted aloud, bidding the teams to move in this direction, but no sound was returned save the awful crackling of the advancing flames. Darkness, too, covered the whole vast prairie, save where this sweeping column of fire spread its desolating track. They could nowhere discover a single trace of the wagons; and now they began to see the peril of their own situation. Already were they completely environed with the fire, and all retreat seemed cut off. The only hope left them was to endeavour to rush through the flames and get to the windward side of the conflagration. Mr. Norton and James made their way for a while successfully through this awful tempest of flame, the daring Lydia keeping close at their heels. At length a point was gained which seemed to open the prospect of escape; not a moment was to be lost, for already the fire raged around them like a furnace. Mr. Norton, drawing in his breath, dashed through this awful line of flame,

and reached a spot where the consuming element ceased to rage, it having already swept away every vestige of combustible matter. Though scorched and smarting in every limb, he could not but feel grateful to God for this deliverance. He instantly turned to see what had become of his children. At this instant he saw one bright, lurid sheet of fire mounting up like a vast wave of the ocean, and completely overwhelming them! He rushed back to assist them, but the flame, like a furnace seven times heated, rolled its intense, fiery surge back upon him in such a manner that he was obliged to retreat. At this moment he heard Lydia shriek—her dress was all on fire, and her brother was trying to bear her through the raging tempest. When it had in some slight degree abated, again the father rushed forward—but another gust of wind swept such a torrent of fire over the bodies of his children that it was impossible for him to reach the spot where they were. When the burning waves had passed by, he strained his eyes, but in vain, to catch a glimpse of these objects of his affection. They were not visible. At length, as the fire marched on, he reached the spot where he had seen his children struggling with this awful element, and there he found them both, lying on the ground—their clothes nearly burnt off, and their bodies half consumed by the devouring flame! His poor daughter was gasping in death, and his son so dreadfully burned that he could scarcely move a limb. The fire was still burning the roots of the grass around and beneath them. At a little distance, however, there

was a spot where the consuming element had exhausted itself; to this place he endeavoured to remove his children. Poor Lydia almost expired in his arms. As he laid her down on this black and scathed spot of earth, she faintly said, "Christ is my hope! Jesus can make this resting-place 'soft as downy pillows are!'" The father hastened to remove his son to the same spot. He there laid him with his face turned towards his sister. He soon saw that she was dead, and said to his father, "This is a sad night for us; Lydia is gone, and I think I shall soon follow."

"This is an hour," replied his father, "in which all we can do is to look to God. He has said 'when thou passest through the fire I will be with thee.'"

"Will you pray with me, dear father?"

"I will," said the agonized father, and kneeling down on the blackened earth, while bending over one child already dead, and another almost ready to expire, he cried unto God for help and mercy. When he arose from his knees he perceived that James's breathing was more rapid and embarrassed than it had been before. A dreadful fever was burning through his veins.

"I shall soon be," said the dying son, "where the flame can no longer kindle upon me; and I shall be able to bathe in the cool, refreshing stream that flows from the throne of God and the Lamb."

"God grant," said the father, "that an entrance may be ministered unto thee abundantly into his everlasting kingdom." "Amen," responded James, and

died. The chill of death had suddenly come over him, and his spirit fled to the presence of his Maker and Judge.

The father sat for a long time on the ground gazing upon his dead children. The curtain of darkness was drawn over the scene—but here and there dissipated by the dying and reviving embers, and flickering flame that still lingered on almost every spot over which the awful conflagration had swept. An unsteady, lurid light, just sufficient to reveal the wide-spread scene of desolation, was thus flung over the dark and blackened waste where the consuming element had a few hours before rode on in his resplendent car. At the distance of a few miles, and as far to the right and left as the eye could reach, rose one vast extended column of flame, mounting up to heaven amid the darkness of midnight, and marching on with the speed, and the fury of the whirlwind. It was an awful and sublime sight! Here the father sat by the side of his lifeless and unbreathing children; the stillness of solitude was around him;—and there, bursting up from amid thick darkness, was this tremendous conflagration, which seemed so bright, and fierce, and awful, that one could hardly refrain from thinking it would burn up the world and melt the elements with its fervent heat.

But I ought before this to have told the reader the account the Kentuckian gave of the fate of those who were connected with the advancing wagons. They had seen the smoke of the fire that was to cook their evening meal curling above the trees, and directed

their course to that point as the spot where they should meet their friends. They were not at all aware of the coming of this awful conflagration, or of the approach of danger, till they saw the whole prairie directly before them lit up with one extended sheet of flame. No one can depict the terror, the anguish, the horror of that moment! No one can depict the sublimity and grandeur of the scene that at that moment burst upon their view! But fear and wild distraction took complete possession of the whole company. The very cattle that drew the wagons seemed to sympathize with them, and to discover at once that their fate was sealed.

We have already remarked that the fire extended more rapidly in one lateral direction than the other. This Charles Stevenson observed, and immediately sought to take advantage of it, and if possible get to the windward of the fire. But long before they reached the line of the flame, the fire had extended miles in this very direction. It was too late—there was no escape—the fire was every moment approaching them. Mrs. Norton clasped her young daughter to her bosom and sat still in the wagon. The oxen, as the flames advanced, became perfectly unmanageable. They rushed forward with the fury of wild and maddened beasts into the thickest of the flames. The one team took one direction, and the other another, but both of them continued to move on through the hottest column of flame, till at length the cattle one after another fell down in the yoke, suffocated by the flames, and bellowing as

though in the agonies of death. Long before the last ox had fallen, and the wagon had ceased to move, Mrs. Norton, with her youngest child clasped to her bosom, had given up the ghost. The tow awning which covered the wagon in which she rode, took fire almost as soon as they met the line of flame, and instantly all the combustible materials in the vehicle were in flames. Escape seemed impossible, for already the oxen were moving with the speed of the wind through the thickest of the flames, and Mrs. Norton clasping her child to her bosom yielded to her fate, committing all to God. Poor George, not being able to keep pace with the team he drove, as he saw the flame marching on, sought by running to escape from the face of the devouring element, but the attempt was vain. The whirlwind of fire soon overtook him, and like a resistless sea, rolled its burning waves over him. When Charles Stevenson saw the team he drove could no longer be controlled, and that in order to follow them he must encounter certain death, he left them to take their own course, and sought to rush through the line of flame—which had now become so expanded, that long before he passed the fiery column, the flesh was almost burned from his bones, and he at length fell down upon the burning earth, unable to move a step farther. The fire still moved on with awful, unabated fury over the wide and far-extended prairie. No one that looked upon that awful sight could have failed to have exclaimed, "What a time it will be for the ungodly when this whole world shall be on fire!"

When the morning came, a most melancholy spectacle was presented to view over that blackened plain. One solitary living human form alone, was seen slowly moving amid the scene of desolation—and that was Mr. Norton. He found Charles Stevenson just in the last agonies of death, from whom, however, he learned the particulars above stated. This young man soon expired; and Mr. Norton, alone, of all that emigrant train, was left to tell the sad story of **THE BURNING PRAIRIE.**

SONG,

EX IMPROVISO, ON HEARING A SONG IN PRAISE OF A LADY'S
BEAUTY.

'Tis not the lily brow I prize,
Nor roseate cheeks, nor sunny eyes,
Enough of lilies and of roses!
A thousand-fold more dear to me
The gentle look that love discloses,
The look that love alone can see.

W O M A N.

AYE, now I've lit upon a theme
Unbounded, thrilling, and supreme,
So let me try my mountain lore
In the oblivious theme once more ;
For what is Bard, with all his art,
Who scorns to take the fair one's part,
And never hath in life perceived
(What once I sparingly believed)
That Woman's fair and lovely breast
Was framed the sanctuary blest,
The home, all other homes above,
Of virtuous and of faithful love !
Sweet sex ! I fear with all my zeal
I ne'er can laud you as I feel :
If nature's glowing hand imbue
Thy early bloom with beauty's dew,
Stamp in thine eye the 'witching wile,
And light with love thy opening smile,
Ere prudence rises to thine aid,
A thousand snares for thee are laid ;

While still to revel, wrong or right,
Among these snares is thy delight.
'Tis thus that thousands wreck'd, and hurl'd
From virtue's paths, traverse the world,
Regardless of creation's scorn,
Unblest, unfavoured, and forlorn.
Oh ! take not one degraded mind,
For model of dear womankind.
But let us rise in our compare
To beauties of the earth and air,
With their revenges—range the sea,
The wood, the waste, the galaxy,
And rather urge a parable .
'Twixt rays of heaven and shades of hell,
Than Woman's fair and virtuous fame
Should suffer but in thought or aim,
Or from her sacred temples fall
The smallest flower celestial.
Take Woman as her God hath made her,
And not as mankind may degrade her,
Else as well may you take the storm
In all its hideousness, to form
An estimate of nature's cheer,
And glories of the bounteous year :
As well compare the summer flower
With dark December's chilling shower,
Or summer morning, pearled with dew,
With winter's wan and deadly hue ;
The purple ocean, calm and glowing,
With ocean when the tempest's blowing,

Then say with proud discourtesy,
"This is the earth, and that the sea ;
And this is Woman—what you will
Please you to say, she's Woman still ;
And will be Woman, more or less
A being prone to perverseness.
Hath it not flowed from sage's tongue,
And hath not moral poet sung,
That men to war or business take,
But Woman is at heart a rake ?"
Injurious Bard, such thing to say,
Degraded be thy shameless lay,
Such ruinous principle to own,
And damning dogma to lay down ;
'Tis false :—wo to the blighted name
That would attach promiscuous blame
To all the gentle, fair, and wise,
And only view to generalize.
For me, I'm Woman's slave confest—
Without her, hopeless and unblest ;
And so are all, gainsay who can,
For what would be the life of man,
If left in desert or in isle,
Unlighted up by beauty's smile :
Even though he boasted monarch's name,
And o'er his own sex reigned supreme
With thousands bending to his sway,
If lovely Woman were away,
What were his life ?—What could it be ?—
A vapour on a shoreless sea ;

A troubled cloud in darkness toss'd,
Amongst the waste of waters lost;
A ship deserted in the gale,
Without a steersman or a sail,
A star, or beacon-light before,
Or hope of haven evermore;
A thing without a human tie,
Unlov'd to live, unwept to die.
Then let us own through nature's reign
Woman the light of her domain;
And if to maiden love not given,
The dearest bliss below the heaven,
At least due homage let us pay,
In reverence of a parent's sway,
To that dear sex whose favour still
Our guerdon is in good or ill—
A motive that can never cloy,
Our glory, honour, and our joy;
And humbly on our bended knee
Acknowledge her supremacy.

THE LAST LOOK.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

WHEN doom'd by distress through the world's friend-
less track

As pilgrims and strangers in sorrow to roam;
How fondly the spirit from distance flies back
In the last lingering look that we turn on sweet
home.

Though its lustre through tear-drops is destined to
gleam,

When the heart to the eye its deep tenderness
sends;

Yet cold would the lips' warmest eloquence seem
To the language that speaks in the last look of
friends.

And oh! when condemn'd in distraction to sever,
What anguish can equal the pangs which *they* prove,
Who meet in an hour when they're parting for ever
In all its wild fondness the last look of love!

Long, long its expression sad fancy shall treasure,
And the soul, as it glances o'er memory's book,
Shall recall, midst the whirl of ambition or pleasure,
The tender reflection of love's parting look.

When life to its final departure advances,
And all must be left for the grave's deep repose;
Oh! who can forget the last farewell that glances
On objects beloved from the eyes ere they close?

How often, when fame has recorded the story
Of deathless renown, have fond bosoms been rent
By the thought, though the hero expired in his glory,
His last envied look on a stranger was bent?

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IMPROMPTU,

ON A POET WHO WAS COMPELLED BY POVERTY TO LODGE
WITH A TAILOR.

.

O, how cruelly fortune the poet misuses;
He labours, and writes, and does all that he can,
Till, rejected and scorn'd by a Ninth of the Muses,
He's forced to put up with the *Ninth of a Man!*

SERENADE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

FROM the close-shut window gleams no spark,
The night is chilly, the night is dark,
The poplars shiver, the pine-trees moan,
My hair by the autumn breeze is blown,
Under thy window I sing alone,
Alone, alone, ah wo! alone!

The darkness is pressing coldly around,
The windows shake with a lonely sound,
The stars are hid and the night is drear,
The heart of silence throbs in thine ear,
In thy chamber thou sittest alone,
Alone, alone, ah wo! alone!

The world is happy, the world is wide,
Kind hearts are beating on every side;
Ah, why should we lie so curled
Alone in the shell of this great world?
Why should we any more be alone?
Alone, alone, ah wo! alone!

O ! 'tis a bitter and dreary word,
The saddest by man's ear ever heard ;
We each are young, we each have a heart,
Why stand we ever coldly apart ?
Must we for ever, then, be alone ?
Alone, alone, ah wo ! alone !

EPIGRAM.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

I.

I ASK'D my fair, one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay,
By what sweet name from Rome, or Greece,
Næra, Laura, Daphne, Chloris,
Carina, Lalage, or Doris,
Dorimene, or Lucrece ?

II.

—" Ah," replied my gentle fair ;
" Dear one, what are names but air ?—
Choose thou whatever suits the line ;
Call me Laura, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage, or Doris,
Only—only—call me *thine* !"

HUMAN LIFE.

SEARCH all the paths of human life, examine ev'ry way
Through which 'tis given, while here on earth, for
erring man to stray :

Though varied each, though different all, they yet in
this agree—

Their course is disappointed hope, their end is misery !

The soldier falls on battle-plain—they call 'it glory's
grave !

No friendly hand is there to soothe the death-pangs of
the brave.

Through a life of unrequited toil he rushes to his
doom ;

His wearied footstep finds no rest, save in the bloody
tomb.

The sailor wastes his prime of years upon the stormy
main,

Far from the home his childhood loved, which he ne'er
may see again ;

Though he 'scape the wreck, the desert isle, and the
cannon's deadly roar,

Yet cold neglect and an age of pain await him still
on shore.

The statesman no such dangers knows, he dreads nor
field nor flood,
And his claim the world to govern gives the power of
doing good ;
But foes condemn his merits, anguish and shame are
near ;
He sinks in death, and a people's curse deep murmurs
o'er his bier.

By day, by night, the youth who seeks the path of
legal fame,
Must toil for years midst doubts to raise a fortune or a
name ;
But his anxious cares will fail, till his mind or health
decays,
While the blight of hope deferr'd on his fainting spirit
preys.

But the grief which wears the soul is the ardent poet's
fate,
To whom fame comes not at all—or if ever, comes too
late ;
His dream of immortality is early overthrown—
And scorn shall crush his wither'd heart, and mark
him for her own !

The merchant sighs for greater wealth, and pines with
ceaseless care,
The scholar by his midnight lamp is wasted with de-
spair ;

While o'er the mass chill poverty her ragged mantle
throws,
And through want they struggle on till their suff'ring
course they close.

E'en the idler cannot vary the common lot of all,
Though no ambition tempt him, nor the love of gain
enth all ;
In the winter of his age he shall bitterly think o'er
The useless days, the wasted years, which can return
no more.

O'er this world of sin and sadness, thus misery hovers
still—
The earth is sorrow's throne, and its sons must work
her will ;
While to wearied eyes of mortals no light can pierce
the gloom,
Save the flame of faith and holy hope which glows
beyond the tomb.

A FRIEND.

Who borrows all your ready cash,
And with it cuts a mighty dash,
Proving the lender weak and rash?—

Your friend!

Who finds out every secret fault,
Misjudges every word and thought,
And makes you pass for worse than nought?—

Your friend!

Who wins your money at deep play,
Then tells you that the world doth say,
"Twere wise from clubs you kept away?"—

Your friend!

Who sells you, for the longest price,
Horses, a dealer in a trice
Would find unsound, and full of vice?—

Your friend!

Who eats your dinners, then looks shrewd;
Wishes you had a cook like Ude,
For then much oft'ner would intrude—

Your friend!

Who tells you that you've shocking wine,
And owns, that though he sports not fine,
Crockford's the only place to dine?—

Your friend!

Who wheedles you with words most fond
To sign for him a heavy bond,
"Or else, by Jove, must quick abscond

Your friend."

Who makes you all the interest pay,
With principal some future day,
And laughs at what you then may say?—

Your friend!

Who makes deep love unto your wife,
Knowing you prize her more than life,
And breeds between you hate and strife?—

Your friend!

Who, when you've got into a brawl,
Insists that out your man you call,
Then gets you shot, which ends it all?—

Your friend!!!

EPILOGUE.*

AND must I then—the fatal knot once tied—
Become the meek, submissive, pattern bride?
Forego the short-lived triumph of my sex,
Renounce the glorious privilege to vex—
To tease the teaser—to befool the wise,
And o'er the future tyrant—tyrannize?
Why—for the brief dominion of an hour
Should fate accord us weapons of such power?
Eyes darting fire—legions of conquering graces—
Squadrons of charms:—look, heroes, in our faces
And own yourselves the humblest of our slaves.
You smile assent—but you're such treacherous knaves,
There's something in your very smiles would say,
“We have our safety in the word—*obey*;
But if you hold us by this legal tether,
And fancy love and law can go together,
We may contrive such galling chains to loose,
And when you least expect it—slip the noose.

* This epilogue is supposed to be spoken by a coquette, who marries at the termination of a comedy, of which she is the heroine.

(*Aside.*) A friendly hint, dear ladies; in your ear,
Which, if you'll follow (husbands must not hear,)
You still may rule them with despotic sway :
Always—in trifles—let them have their way.
On soups and *entrées*—bow to their opinion ;
O'er dogs and horses—grant them full dominion ;
Protest you think their arguments so clever
On game and corn-laws—you're convinced for ever.
Give them in politics no molestation,
But whilst you rule them—let them rule the nation.
Your tyrant thus deceived becomes your tool,
Still, though you rule him, never show you rule :
Rivals in love they naturally hate—
Rivals in power they cannot tolerate.
Who calls to order ? How am I transgressing ?
The ladies only, sir, I was addressing.
I see you tremble lest I go too far,
Encouraging revolt and civil war—
The fearful fruits of our emancipation—
Allow me then a word in explanation.
I dread, like you, reforms and revolutions,
'Tis to support established institutions,
As ancient as the siege of Troy, I speak—
The great Atrides was a Jerry Sneak.
Nay, I could cite, but that I dread to bore ye,
Examples without end from ancient story,
Occurrences as old as the creation,
Proving the rule of *man*—the innovation.
(*Aside.*) (But am I wise and prudent—on reflection—
Suing for public favour and protection,

One half my audience thus by taunts provoking.)
 Believe me, gentlemen, I am only joking.
 You know too well—howe'er we scorn and flout you,
 We all had rather die than live without you.
 Your praise we covet—your applause we prize,
 E'en "as the light that visits these bright eyes."
 Nay, I—with all my airs of domination
 Claim at your hands one clap of approbation.
 Be generous then, exceed the boon I ask,
 And if you deem we well have done our task,
 Let cheers and bravos echo from the walls,
 To crown our triumph as the curtain falls.

L'AMOUR FAIT PASSER LE TEMS.

TO A LADY.

ON THE BAS-RELIEF OF HER CLOCK, WHICH, IN ALLUSION TO
 THE MOTTO ABOVE, REPRESENTED A CUPID ROWING TIME IN
 A SMALL BOAT.

Love, says your artist, makes Time pass—
 'Tis pretty, but I doubt him.
 Dismiss that rowing boy, alas!
 Time pushes on without him.
 Careless alike of oar or skuller,
 He guides with fatal hand
 A bark, which though the voyage be duller,
 Must reach the destined strand.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY R. BERNAL.

THERE is a spot on this wide earth,
Of small extent, yet precious worth,
Endear'd to me by many a tie,
By many a tear, by many a sigh :—
It is my mother's grave.

No marble urn, no sculptured bust,
Profanes her loved and honour'd dust ;
An aged oak, a grassy mound,
Some fragrant flowers blooming round,
Denote my mother's grave.

Could I from changeful fortune claim
The gifts of riches, power and fame,
Yet still my first, my only care,
My constant wish, would be to share
My mother's lowly grave.

I:

**S
C
W
Sup.
Lest
At my**



The Widowed Mother

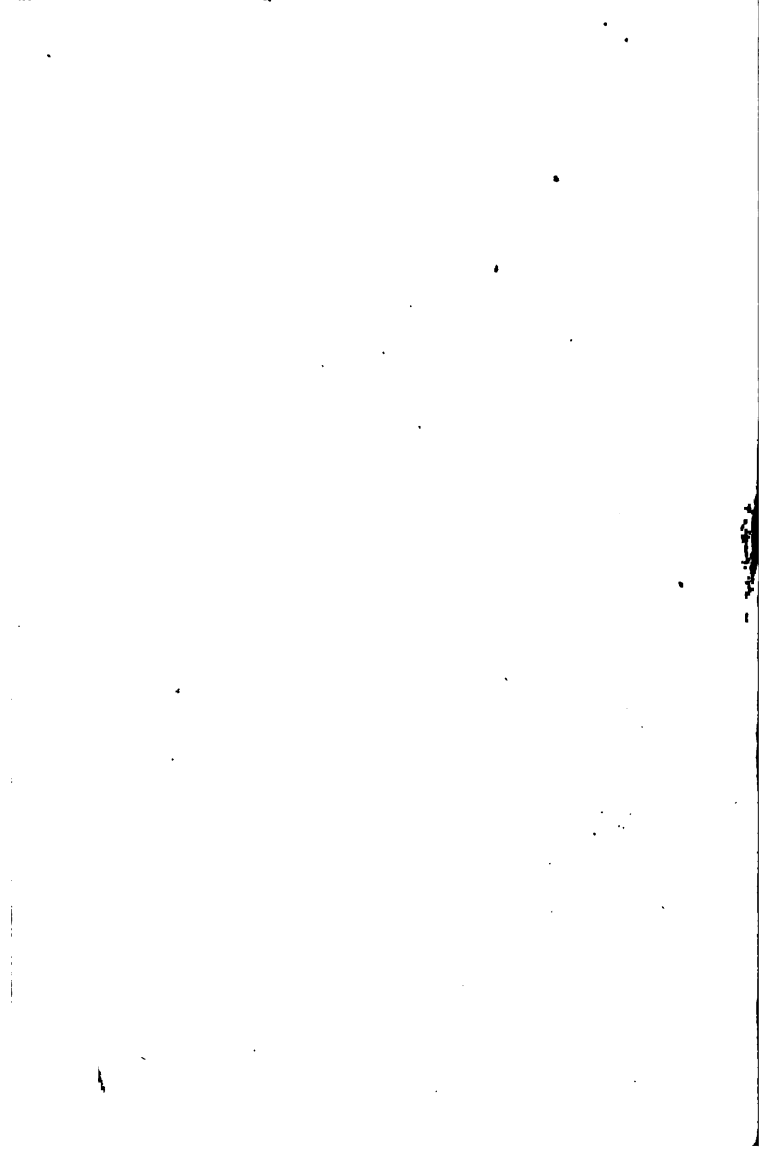
THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

HERE, in the temple, where with *him* I've knelt,
Whose love made earth appear a heaven to me ;
Here, where I lifted up my soul to God,
That *He* had deign'd to make my lot so bless'd ;
Here do I come, to offer up my grief
Upon that altar where my gratitude
Was often pour'd. My heart, though sorely bruised,
Bows down resign'd. Bear with me, oh ! my God ;
If in the bitterness of mortal wo,
I've dared to murmur at thy high decree :
Look on my babes, who now no father have,
Save *Thee*. Oh ! shield their helpless infancy
From sin and danger, till thou call'st them hence ;
And give me strength to train them to thy will—
Submissive still, whate'er may be their lot.
Chase from my memory the blessed past,
When *he*, the cherish'd partner of my life,
Supported, loved, and guided me on earth,
Lest the remembrance tempt my soul to murmur
At my changed fate, and I in agony





The Widowed Mother



Forget it was *Thy* will that he should die,
And I remain a sorrower behind.
Support me with the hope, the blessed hope,
That in *Thy kingdom* we shall meet again ;
Where no more partings are—where tears are dried,
And nought of earth remains—save its pure love.

STANZAS.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

THERE is a time—a dreary time,
When life's illusions fade away,
Like music's faint receding chime,
Or like the sun's last parting ray.

Ah ! then how shrinks the lonely heart,
When all its cherish'd flow'rs have died ;
And Hope, the latest to depart,
Has e'en her farewell requiem sigh'd.

What now remains our path to cheer,
That path which leads but to the tomb ?
'Tis the blest thought, it brings us near
The loved—the lost—to share their doom.

THE BRIDAL MORNING.

BY HANNAH MARY JONES.

Poor bankrupt heart! When 't had not wherewithal
To pay to sad disaster all that was
Its due, it broke.—Would mine would do so too.

SUOKLING.

ONE of the proudest hearts that ever beat in a woman's bosom was swelling beneath the bridal robes in which Laura Delancey had just attired herself, yet she rejected with scorn and impatience the tribute of admiration which her humble attendants were anxious to offer. There was but one by whom she wished her charms to be appreciated; one only whose homage she thought worthy of her, and he was absent. Yes, mortifying as it was to acknowledge it, Cecil Faulkner, the man to whom she had conceded that honour so eagerly sought, and so earnestly contested, the honour and happiness of being her partner for life, had already exceeded by nearly half an hour the appointed time.

The bride's-maids exchanged glances as Laura's cheek grew paler and paler; and Lady Delancey, as

she stood at the window which commanded a full view of the square, muttered several expressions of anger and impatience. "My dear mother, do not concern yourself," observed Laura, with a laugh which betrayed what it was intended to conceal: "Mr. Faulkner will, I dare say, be here in time; and if he is not, I shall not be the first whom he has left to wear the willow, though you may be assured I shall not break *my* heart for his inconstancy." "He would not—surely he dare not thus trifle with my daughter," ejaculated her ladyship, still keeping her eye on the square, and seeming totally inattentive to all that passed within. "His desertion of Helen Clare was justifiable, though he certainly went too far; but now——" "I beg, Madam, that no comparisons may be drawn," interrupted Laura, haughtily. "The presumption and art of the girl you mention deserved the mortification met with." "Helen Clare died last night," said a gentleman who had entered unperceived while she was speaking. Laura started; and her mother, turning quickly round, discovered a countenance which, in spite of the rouge that covered her cheeks, was deathly pale. "Your appearance, Mr. Stafford, is unlooked for: how am I to interpret it?" she demanded, making an effort to speak calmly. "I come from Mr. Faulkner, Madam," returned Stafford: "a violent, but I trust transient indisposition, has prevented his keeping his appointment here this morning; but I am commissioned, if Miss Delancey will honour me so far, to attend her to church, where he is by this time awaiting her arrival." "This

is strange ! very strange !" exclaimed Laura. Lady Delancey interfered. " There is no time to discuss the subject now, Laura. Mr. Faulkner will undoubtedly explain." She rang violently for the carriages; and in another minute the bride and her fair attendants were seated in one, while Mr. Stafford, with the lady-mother, followed in another. The bridegroom was sitting in a chair in the vestry-room when the bridal train entered : his face was resting on his hand, and one of the persons who stood near him twice announced that the ladies were come before he looked up; and then what a picture of wo, of horror, and remorse, did that present ! " So soon," he observed, starting as if just awakened from some horrible dream. " Well, what am I to do—what do they expect of me ?" Mr. Stafford advanced to him. " Cecil, recollect yourself: add not to the remorse you already feel by destroying the peace, and wounding the reputation of——" " Well, well ! I know all ; I am willing to do all that they require ;" and he advanced towards the ladies who were coming up the aisle. His eye rested not an instant on the bride, whose fine features were flushed with a thousand contending passions, and whose piercing dark eyes seemed to flash fire. It was the crafty, designing mother, whom his anxious gaze sought, and whom he hastily approached. " You have triumphed !" he began ; but Mr. Stafford interposed, and Cecil, with a wild and distracted look, placed himself by the side of Laura.

The clergyman commenced reading the sacred ritual,

and proceeded without interruption, until Laura was called on to reply to the interrogation—"Wilt thou take this man for thy wedded husband?" "No!" she responded, in a firm and audible tone. Cecil fixed on her a look of mingled surprise and exultation, while her mother, violently seizing her arm, exclaimed, "Mad, rash fool! what are you doing?" "I am not mad now, Madam," she replied, with calmness. "It is since I have entered this place that I have recovered my senses." "You are an angel," exclaimed Cecil, sinking on one knee, and attempting to take her hand, which, however, she withheld. "No, sir, I disclaim all right to your adoration!" she replied. "It is for my own sake, not yours, that I reject the honour of your alliance; I can never consent to accept a hand without a heart. Yours is——" "Buried in the grave of Helen Clare," he wildly interrupted her, "and for this—for this she was murdered. Yes, murdered! your arts and my credulity," he continued, fixing his fierce and swollen eyes on Lady Delancey, "have murdered her!" "This is too much," her ladyship exclaimed, every feature being distorted with passion. "Laura, I insist on your instantly leaving this place, unless you take pleasure in seeing me insulted."

The clergyman had closed his book; and advancing to Laura, in whose cheek the crimson hue of anger and resentment had now faded into ashy paleness, he entreated her to let him conduct her from a scene, which to prolong would only be to increase the pain felt by all parties. "I feel it necessary to apologize

to you, sir, for apparent disrespect," observed Laura. "I assure you it was not premeditated; I meant, even when I approached the altar, to have fulfilled the purpose for which I came hither. Pardon me, I see you about to remonstrate, but my resolution is the result of conviction, not of rash impulse." The clergyman bowed. He saw, indeed, it was vain to remonstrate with one so decided and self-willed; and she re-entered her carriage with that firmness and self-possession which, during this trying scene, never for a moment deserted her.

Not so Cecil Faulkner. Until the moment that the folding doors shut Laura from his view, he seemed unconscious of what was passing; but when recollection returned, shame and regret for the past, with the anticipation of a wearisome blank for the rest of his existence, operated together with the severe bodily indisposition which the events of a few preceding hours had produced to render him almost unequal to the task of walking to his carriage.

It was not for some time after this that I learnt all the circumstances connected with this extraordinary scene: they were extremely simple; but the youth, the beauty, the talents, and I may say the rank of some of the parties, made them interesting to many beside myself, who to all these motives, added that of personal friendship for more than one of the individuals concerned.

Helen Clare was the daughter of an artist, who having the honour of a distant relationship to Lady

Delancey, had been indebted to her patronage for the fame and emoluments which his talents, eminent as they really were, would probably not otherwise have procured him. He died young, having first followed to the grave a beloved wife, and leaving to inherit his name and his talents an only daughter. Helen was three years younger than Laura Delancey; and the latter, naturally benevolent and kind-hearted, though as petulant, froward, and self-willed as a spoiled child of fortune could be, pleaded the cause of the beautiful orphan so effectually, that Helen was taken into her ladyship's house. Too proud and too vain to have the slightest idea that Helen could enter into any competition with her, Laura Delancey treated her with kindness until the arrival of Cecil Faulkner from the continent opened her eyes to the mortifying conviction that the humble Helen was preferred to her.

The immense fortune of which Faulkner was possessed rendered it important to Lady Delancey to secure him for her daughter. She therefore contrived to insinuate suspicions into Faulkner's mind, which effectually destroyed his respect for Helen, and changed his intentions towards her; and under this delusion he dared to make proposals which completely dissipated the hopes and expectations of the beautiful orphan. Too indignant to reply to him, she hastened to communicate to Lady Delancey the insult she had received, and was persuaded by her to retire for a short time into the country, to the house of a friend

of her ladyship, observing, that in all probability her absence would bring Mr. Faulkner to his proper senses. In an evil hour, Helen left London under the protection of Lady Delancey's ready friend, Mr. Maudsley, and her ladyship took care that Faulkner should see her depart with the man whom he had been led to believe was her lover.

It would be tedious to relate the arts by which he was induced to offer his hand to Laura ; but the result has been stated. The mask of respect which Maudsley wore towards Helen was thrown aside, when she repulsed his addresses. He hesitated not to tell her that her reputation was sacrificed by her accepting his protection. She wrote to Lady Delancey, but her letters were returned unanswered. Terrified and harassed on every side, and without a single friend to whom she could look for counsel or assistance, the unfortunate Helen became at last what her worst enemies hoped to make her : but hers was not a heart to exist under a sense of guilt and shame, and in a few months she was in the last stage of a decline. It was then that Maudsley felt the iniquity of his conduct ; and in a moment of contrition he acknowledged to the dying girl the long train of arts and deceptions which had been concerted between him and Lady Delancey. Helen had but one wish in the world : it was a weakness, she confessed, but she should die in peace, she said, could she once more see Cecil Faulkner, and convince him that she had not deserved his conduct. She was conveyed by easy stages to London,

and the very night preceding the day appointed for his nuptials, her former lover was conducted to the side of her death-bed. Love and truth lent irresistible eloquence to all Helen uttered; Faulkner was agonized by her narrative; and when he beheld her dying before him, he accused himself and Lady Delancey of having murdered her, and declared that no power on earth should compel him to unite himself to Laura.

It was not many months after this event that the public papers announced the marriage of Laura Delancey to a peer, whose age nearly trebled her own; and about the same time Cecil Faulkner, for the first time since the death of Helen Clare, was enabled to mix in society. He had been brought to the verge of the grave by a fever, and a more lamentable change cannot be conceived than that which had taken place in the two persons who had so lately been the envy and admiration of all who knew them. For a short season Laura shone the brightest and gayest in the circle of fashion, but the eye of friendship could discover what the splendour of dress and the mysterious arts of the toilette, and the assumed vivacity of the sufferer, hid from the world, that she was fast fading from a scene which had become hateful to her. A nervous fever soon released her; and, by a striking coincidence, close by the splendid marble which perpetuates her name and high sounding titles, is placed the plain and simple tablet which records the fate of Helen Clare.

SONG.

Air—"I've been roaming."

STATELY towers! Blissful hours
I have past beneath your shade,
When the flowers in your bowers
Bloom'd as though they ne'er could fade.

Mould'ring ruin! Time is strewing
Mosses o'er thy gray-bleach'd head,
While the patt'ring leaves are scatt'ring
Autumn's trophies o'er the dead.

Falling towers! Vanish'd hours
Left ye old and found me young;
O'er your bowers fate now lowers,
Silence dwells your halls among.

Lofty towers! Kingly powers
Met your buttress'd walls within;
Through your portals proudest mortals
Strode to join the battle's din.

Crumbled Arches ! Ruin marches
O'er your pride of carved stone !
Your foundation desolation
Chooses for her silent throne.

Fallen towers ! Peaceful hours
Still I spend your courts among ;
Rank weed flowers choke your bowers ;
But each fragment has a tongue !

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

Oh balm of nature to the mind opprest,
Descend and calm the tumults of my breast ;
Bind with Oblivion's veil these wakeful eyes,
And still the varying passions as they rise ;
While airy dreams, in Fancy's fictious light,
Sport in the gloomy darkness of the night ;
And a bright Angel, borne on silver wings,
To heaven's high arch his song of triumph sings :
Oh, Sleep ! descend, and, on thy downy breast,
Lull, with thy poppy wreath, my soul to rest !

STANZAS.

“And now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, these three,
but the greatest of these is Charity.”

1 Cor. xiii. 13.

Oh, come, soul-soothing heavenly Love !
Descend from thy blest seat above,
Thou sweetest of the angelic choir,
And all our hearts and tongues inspire
With gratitude and praise.

Come, Faith ! undoubting Faith ! possess
Our souls, while we for glory press,
The banner of the cross ! on high,
The signal of our victory
O'er sin, the world, and death !

Come, Hope ! bright daughter of the sky,—
We feel assured whilst thou art nigh,
To mortals thou art kindly given,
To cheer our onward course to Heaven,
There leaye us in fruition blest.

Come, Charity ! celestial maid,
 In all thy loveliness array'd ;
 Come fill with heavenly love each breast,
 Remain our constant holiest guest,
 Thro' time and thro' eternity !

Come, Jesus ! friend of sinners, come !
 And lead us to thy heavenly home ;
 Where we with saints and angels may,
 Throughout thy bright, eternal day,
 Sing thy redeeming love !

J. T.

Phila., 1842.

EPIGRAMS.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

YOUR poem must *eternal* be,
 Dear sir !—it cannot fail—
 For 'tis incomprehensible,
 And wants both *head* and *tail*.

SWANS sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
 Did certain persons *die* before they sing.

THE FAMILY PICTURES.

Come like shadows—so depart!

CONSIDERATIONS of health induced me, during the summer of 1826, to take up my residence for a few weeks near a mineral spring in the county of Durham. On my arrival at the little village of Middleton, in the vicinity of which the well is situated, I found it crowded with visitants, and was compelled to avail myself of such accommodation as a sort of farm-house, about a mile distant from the Spa, could afford. It was a pretensionless dwelling, standing alone in the midst of meadows, and cut off, excepting by a foot-path, from even the few conveniences of the neighbouring village; nor did it at the time of my residence possess any internal resources to render it independent of supplies from without. Whatever it might be in winter, it was in summer a bare lodging-house, producing not even cream, nor any thing in short excepting a few eggs, which a stray hen or two, that scarcely seemed at home, condescended at times to

lay for my especial accommodation. At the risk of appearing tedious I must describe my exterior, only premising that our mansion was flanked by a low stone wall, over which the inmates were obliged to clamber by the aid of stepping-stones placed on each side. As a single man two rooms sufficed for my wants. Of my chamber I shall merely say, that it was clean and airy; my sitting apartment will claim a more detailed account. I had four chairs of two patterns, all undoubted antiques; an old card-table which answered to every purpose for which a table could be required; a hearth-rug, placed before the window instead of the fireplace; and a hand-bell wherewith to summon the attendance of a labourer's wife who lived in the house, and, in the technical phrase, "did for me," as far as five squalling brats would permit. But it is with the ornamental, rather than the necessary, furniture of my *salle à manger* that my intimate business lies. On my walls of yellow ochre, or some such composition, hung two FAMILY PICTURES of considerable size, in massive gilt frames, or which had once been gilded, forming a singular contrast to the other appurtenances of the room. Many an hour did I sit, and gaze, and wonder "how the devil they got there," for that they were not denizens of the mansion was obvious at a glance. The larger of the two was a three-quarter portrait of a lady, seemingly "un peu passe," if I might be allowed to judge from a sort of double chin which the painter had given her; not that she looked of that opinion herself, as a remarkable complacency

sate on every feature, and I could fancy that I discovered self-conceit peeping out at the corner of each eye. Her dress was of green velvet, and in form what I suppose might have been termed in the fashion of those times a *sacque* or *negligee*, for its hanging somewhat loosely about her, and discovering much more of the bosom than the delicacy of modern times would sanction. Ample ruffles, decorated, I can scarcely say confined, by bracelets, depended from each sleeve, and in her hand she held a sprig of jasmine, whether as an emblem of her "sweeter self" I will not pretend to determine. The picture was a good picture both as to colouring and composition, excepting that the painter had with "force of arms and malice prepense" lugged a lock of hair from its proper place at the back of the head, to fall clumsily over the bosom, but overlooking the affectation, which might perhaps be more fairly attributed to the vanity of the lady than the false taste of the artist, and vain, ay, and proud, she was, or her features strangely belied her, the picture, as I have already said, was a good one. The other painting, a half-length only, was also the portrait of a lady, bearing a considerable resemblance to the first. I fancied it might be her daughter. There was much less pretension about it altogether, though here also a wicked lock had been pressed into a foreign service. The eye was softer, the features more composed, and there was a sort of prim smile about the mouth that seemed to indicate the wearer to have been, one who found it needful to dress her face in smiles. Such

were the pictures that made me busy in conjecture. That they had "fallen from their high estate" was evident, not merely from the place in which I found them, but from the circumstance of an accidental rent in the large painting, which had been repaired by long stitches of white thread, producing a most whimsical effect. I longed to ascertain the history of these portraits: I almost imagined one for them. All the really "authentic" information that I could obtain however amounted to no more than that they had been brought from K—— Hall, in the adjoining county of York, but the how, when, and wherefore, remained "a marvel and a mystery."

On these pictures, but more particularly on the larger of the two, I used to sit and gaze in the luxury of idleness, till, as I before observed, fancy almost imagined a history for the silent being on whom I looked, and whose eye, in whatever position I sat, seemed always fixed on me. One evening in particular that we were as usual steadfastly regarding each other by the dim light of a solitary candle, I fell into that kind of waking dream so eloquently described by Mr. Coleridge, every thing around me remaining seemingly unaltered, and I myself wholly unconscious of any change in my own person. On a sudden—start not, gentle reader—the lady nodded at me! I rubbed my eyes, not surely without cause.

"Do not be alarmed," said she with a gracious smile, "you have nothing to fear from me." I was in too much confusion to reply excepting by a bow. "Your

thoughts," continued she, "are not unknown to me, and however painful it may be (looking round her with an air of scorn) to compare my present situation with my former rank and dignity, I am too sensible of the compliment you pay me by your attention, and I fancy I might add (drawing herself up) something more, to withhold from you any longer that information of which you are so desirous. You have already been told from whence I was translated hither. Yes! (with a sigh) I was once the mistress of that once noble mansion, the absolute and uncontrolled mistress, for my husband at his death, having unlimited confidence in my judgment and discretion, left the whole of his immense property at my entire disposal. He died when I was yet young. It was not many years after this portrait was taken.—(Here I involuntarily smiled.)—It is true, (said the lady, with a degree of asperity which proved my smile had not passed unnoticed,) it is true I was somewhat *en bon point* even then, which gave me a false appearance of age that perhaps misled the painter, who was actuated also by a foolish desire to produce what he called a faithful likeness. But enough of this. I was left with two children, a son and a daughter; Mellicint, who was named after me, but, alas, resembled me only in name, was at that time about nineteen, and my son Giles, ours were all family names, in his seventeenth year. Oh, what a noble youth was he! Proud of his illustrious descent, as well he might, yet not too proud, as many enviously asserted, and resolute even at that age to preserve un-

sullied the blood of a race which had flowed through so many generations without a stain, he seemed to realize the very creation of my fancy, for I too was a member of the family by descent as well as marriage. His education, I must admit, had been somewhat neglected, and a public school was recommended; but I could not bear to part with one so dear, nor indeed was I willing that he should mix on equal terms with youths who perhaps knew not the names of their grandfathers; and the distance at which he held all menials and dependents left me no fears of contamination from a domestic education. I engaged as his tutor a young man of excellent family, but who, from the misconduct of his father, was compelled to look for his support to the exertion of his talents, which, much as I have reason to deplore my choice, I must own were very great. Giles certainly improved under his tuition, but I know not why, unless that my son required greater homage than Robert Arden was inclined to pay, there was little cordiality between them. Mr. Arden and I also differed on many essential points. He would fain have taken charge of the body as well as the mind of his pupil: but this of course I could not permit. Giles was always delicate, and the routine of exercise that Arden advised, nay, strongly enforced on me, would but have accelerated an event which clouded all my prospects, and eventually reduced me (looking round with a frown) to this state of unparalleled degradation. Let me not dwell on my misfortunes: he sickened and died; and with him expired all my hopes, the well-

founded hopes of long and anxious years. I loved him, not merely as a mother, but with a love surpassing maternal affection. I loved, I gloried in him, as the last scion of a noble stock, as the destined preserver of my name and family, as the being who by an alliance which I had already negotiated, was to add to the lustre of that family by engrafting on it another title less ancient, but with possessions which would have rendered him beyond all question the most powerful and influential commoner in the county: more I desired not. I would not for worlds have merged the family name in a peerage! All this, and it was not a vain hope, but already within my grasp, was by his death irrevocably lost. A lethargy of grief, of despair, succeeded, from which I was only roused on being reminded by Mr. Arden that I had yet a child. A child! yes, but that child was a daughter, you see her in that picture, a mean, perverse, undutiful, and with that sweet smile too: but I anticipate. If I had a foible it was, as you may perhaps have observed, family pride. I do not indeed admit it to have been a foible in my case, but the world has said so, and it is too late to contest a point of which however I cannot repent. The remark of Arden turned my thoughts into a new channel. I had hitherto, it must be owned, bestowed little care on Mellicint, committing her entirely to the care of a governess, who, I have since discovered, thought still less about her. If this woman had done her duty, she would have known and informed me of an attachment which had gradually grown up between Mellicint and

the tutor of her brother, that very Arden who was now so anxious to recall my daughter to my remembrance. Once, indeed, I had a casual suspicion that something of this kind was on foot, but being indifferent at that time about Mellicint, and knowing Arden to be of a good family, and of course, as I believed, incapable of acting dishonourably, I thought no more about the matter. But now the case was altered, and as any scheme for the preservation or aggrandizement of my family must henceforth centre in my daughter, I roused myself to look abroad for a fitting alliance for Mellicint; that is to say, one where the rank or fortune of the gentleman might not be so considerable as to stand in the way of his taking the family name, which of course, under present circumstances, was a *sine qua non*. It was then that I discovered this secret affection between her and Arden. My resentment was as unbounded as just. I required from each a renunciation of all intercourse for the future. I required in vain. Arden indeed professed himself ready to make any sacrifice that might be necessary to the peace and happiness of Mellicint, but she, all smiling and obedient as she looks, listened to my commands with submissive attention, and thwarted me only by never obeying them in one tittle.

“I have often wondered that our legislature has never invested parents with the right of compelling the inclinations of their children, where family honour is concerned. In this case it would have saved not merely a noble house from degradation, but much con-

sequent misery and suffering to the parties themselves. In mere despair of being able to accomplish my own wishes, I began vaguely to contemplate the possibility of yielding to theirs, with one reservation, of course; and I went even so far on one occasion as to sound young Arden on this topic, a step which I shall never cease to lament. You can scarcely conceive my astonishment when instead of the ardour and delight which I had anticipated, he listened to my proposition with evident embarrassment, and at length gave it a flat denial! I was so amazed and confounded that I could scarcely find breath to demand an explanation. 'Madam,' said he, 'for I cannot now I think mistake your meaning, and the best return I can make is to be explicit. My name is the only possession that my late father bequeathed me, and little as may be its intrinsic value, I cannot, I dare not relinquish it, even for one whom I value more than life.' 'There is one thing more,' I exclaimed with affected calmness, 'which your father has bequeathed to you—his infatuation: but do not imagine I shall ever permit my family name to be lost in one which its late possessor so deeply dishonoured.' 'This is too much,' he cried, reddening with resentment; 'an attack upon myself, madam, I could have borne, but to hear my father thus aspersed—' —'Aspersed!' I repeated scornfully. 'Yes,' replied he solemnly; 'that he was unfortunate—imprudent—I cannot deny, but that in him the family name was either sullied or dishonoured I most unequivocally declare to be unjust and untrue!' 'It is enough,' I ex-

claimed, 'I am not accustomed to be insulted in my own house; and you will excuse my saying that from this hour its doors must be closed against you.' He answered not, excepting by a very low, and as I thought, sarcastic bow, and immediately departed.

"I of course expected that so decisive a step would have led to some explanation also with Mellicint, but in this I was deceived. That she was informed of what had passed I could not doubt, yet neither look nor action imported that she knew any thing of the matter. I was at a loss how to proceed with her for this reason, but at length determined on telling her that I had resolved to yield to her inclinations, had not the obstinacy of Arden in refusing to take the family name, a point which I persuaded myself she would insist on equally with myself—though I knew all the while that she cared not a pipkin for name or family—entirely frustrated my designs in his favour, and induced me to turn my thoughts to her cousin Richard, in whose case no change of name would be requisite. She looked surprised at this intimation, for which she was probably unprepared, but offered no opposition; and as I did not wish to engage in any unnecessary dispute with her, I pressed the subject no further at that time. I merely contented myself with writing to this nephew Richard, who I doubted not would hear with delight of his restoration to favour, forfeited some years before by some light reflections on the family name, which probably at that time, seeing no prospect of inheriting its possessions, he valued but little.

"It was the custom for our letters to be deposited overnight in a box in the entrance hall, from whence they were taken the next morning by the servant employed to convey them to the post town. I had dropped mine in the box as usual, and passed on to my chamber, when recollecting that I had left my spectacles on the library table, (my eyes were always weak, which obliged me to use glasses of a peculiar kind,) I returned in quest of them, when opening the door which led to the hall, I observed a female escaping in alarm by an opposite door. It immediately occurred to me that Mellicint, divining my intention, had been to examine the letter-box, and might possibly have abstracted the epistle in question, but on examination I found it was still there. I determined therefore to take no notice to her of what I had seen, but to keep a stricter watch on her actions than I had hitherto deemed necessary. My watch, however, was of short continuance, for on the second morning after this occurrence Mellicint was missing at the breakfast-table; and though I traced and pursued her with all the speed that gold could command, she had become the wife of Arden ere I could overtake the fugitives. I met them at Carlisle on their return. They fell at my feet, but spoke not. I turned disdainfully from them, and without uttering a word re-entered my carriage and returned home. In the heat of my resentment I sent off an express for my nephew Richard, whom I adopted immediately as my heir, resisting all solicitations on behalf of my offending child, whose name I forbade ever to be mentioned

in my presence, a command which her cousin Richard most religiously obeyed. This young man, raised from a state of comparative obscurity to an heritage of great wealth and dignity, never, in appearance at least, forgot the hand to which he owed his elevation. My slightest wish seemed to him a law, and by his arts and insinuations he at length obtained so great an influence over me, that even during my life he was the real disposer of my actions. That I was in fact kept in a state of absolute tutelage I now but too well know. Thus nearly two years passed away, when one night—I well remember I was sitting in the library with my feet on the fender, as you may be now; but it was a different night from this, being in the month of December, with a heavy snow drifting against the windows; that night—alas! it is still too fresh in my memory—I heard a loud noise in the hall, as of some one attempting to force an entrance whom the servants were endeavouring to exclude: Richard was absent on a visit; the library door was half opened and again closed, when in a sort of vague terror I screamed aloud; but immediately recollecting myself, for I was never deficient in personal courage, I arose, and opening the door, demanded the cause of the tumult. Oh, what a sight I there beheld! My own, my only child Mellincint, lying extended on the floor, pale, senseless, and apparently dying! ‘Who has done this?’ I exclaimed, scarcely knowing what I said. ‘We had orders,’ cried one of the footmen, hastily. He was proceeding when the butler, one of Richard’s recommending, turning

fiercely on him, commanded him to raise the unhappy woman, while he explained to me that my nephew, anxious to spare me the importunities of casual applicants for alms, had given express directions, that in his absence he should use his own discretion in relieving or dismissing them; and that this poor woman——' 'Poor woman!' I exclaimed fiercely—'my own daughter!' The butler looked embarrassed. 'We knew not,' said he, 'she gave her name Arden.' Arden! the name struck like a dagger to my heart. I coldly desired them to convey her to a chamber, and send for medical assistance; and without casting another look on my unfortunate child, I returned to the library. But I attempted in vain to recover my composure. The form of Mellicint, pale and attenuated by sickness and sorrow, still hovered before my eyes, and, restless and irresolute how to act, I returned to my room. From my attendant I learned that the strange woman, as she called her, had been put to bed, and a surgeon sent for, as my goodness she said had desired, otherwise she doubted not that by morning the creature would have been able to pursue her journey home. Home, thought I, alas! ought not this to be her home? But I revolted at the thought of taking to my bosom one who had so deeply outraged my dearest feelings, and abused my confidence. Alas! no—I could not accuse her of that. Besides, what would Richard say? for Richard's opinion and approval also were now become matters of high consideration with me. At all events, it could not be necessary to take any further steps that

night, and in the morning I might consult with him on the subject. I therefore dismissed my attendant, and addressed myself to sleep, but it was long ere sleep obeyed the call; and when at last it came, it brought a train of frightful images that encompassed me with horror. How long I had endured these terrors of the imagination I know not; but in the dead of night I was awakened by a cry, so piercing, that even now it seems to ring on my ear. I hastily rang my bell; my servant appeared with dismay in her looks. 'What has happened,' I cried, 'tell me instantly!' She trembled. 'The woman who came last night.' I arose and flung a wrapper round me. 'Let me see her instantly!' She hesitated; but not daring to disobey, led the way to a servant's apartment, where, on a common field bedstead, lay poor Mellicint in the agonies of death. Cold, hunger, I know not what of suffering, tracked her to her native home; and there—oh! that I could forget the cold neglect and indifference that awaited her,—there, whatever was the cause—and let me not think that my conduct contributed to it—she was seized in the night with the pangs of premature labour, and expired before my eyes in giving birth to a dead son. Oh Heaven! can I ever forget the look that she fixed on me even in the pangs of death, a look of reproach, of pity, ay, even of forgiveness! Amazed, bewildered, I stood like one stupified; and it was not till her limbs were extended in death that I could believe in the reality of the scene before me, or think on what I ought to have done, or that which remained to do. And

what was that ! the child was no more. Arden ! They pointed to her black garments. He also then was dead ! To consign the lifeless remains to the family vault with a magnificence, the cost of which might have preserved the existence of a daughter, was now left to a suffering mother.

“ I never loved my daughter as I had loved Giles ; and although the manner of her death shocked me for a time, yet as the impression gradually faded from my memory, I grew reconciled to an event, which, so far as my ruling passion was concerned, was of little importance ; my hopes, my affection, now centred wholly in my nephew Richard, who, however, ungenerously or unjustly he might have acted towards his late cousin, had contrived to efface from my mind any suspicion of misconduct. My attention was now again directed to a suitable alliance for him, on which subject while he affected to enter into all my views, he insensibly led me into his. Rank, in fact, was with him a matter of little or no moment ; wealth was the only god of his idolatry, and in proportion as the object selected possessed the shining ore or broad lands, was his pursuit ardent or spiritless. In the midst of this negotiation, and in the prime of life, I was attacked by an inflammatory complaint, and died.’ (I started involuntarily.) ‘ Yes,’ continued she with a smile, ‘ I died. Did you imagine the form that addressed you was aught but the shadow of a shade ? Alas ! none other could be permitted to see what I have seen ;—and, oh, could we know in life what would happen after death, I mean

in this world, not in the next,' exclaimed she, hastily observing that I again started; 'but it is better as it is! I died in a bed, the hangings of which were of rich silk damask, and the counterpane of costly brocade. My woman, who had officiously acted as a nurse, stood near me in attendance; and Richard knelt at my bedside, weeping, or pretending to weep, as he listened to my directions respecting my interment; yet at times as the handkerchief slipped aside from his face I thought I could discern a look of exultation strangely at variance with his loud expression of grief. I had scarcely expired when I heard him start up and exclaim, throwing his handkerchief from him, 'the farce is ended, let the curtain fall.' This sally was received with a loud laugh, and the lord of the mansion, seizing my hand, already damp with the clammy dews of death, to imprint as I thought a loving kiss thereon, rifled it with unfeeling brutality of the diamond rings which I usually wore. Those rings, never hitherto profaned by an unchaste or ignoble touch, were now forced on the clumsy fingers of a wanton, who had long been the secret paramour of Richard, whence, however, they were soon removed by him; but I blush to think from no worthier feeling than that of avarice. You may think it strange that I should know all this—alas, the consciousness of all that passed still remained, at once my privilege and my punishment. The attention of my worthy heir was next directed to an escritoire which stood in the apartment, and contained not only property of great value, but all my

private papers, among which was a document he was most eager to examine—my will! It was soon found, and confirmed his most sanguine hopes. It had, however, been my last, ay, even my dying request to him, that this *escritoire* might not be opened till after my interment, and then by himself alone; and that all papers contained therein, except of course my will, which I had told him would be found there, might be destroyed unread. What then was my astonishment, my indignation, to behold him invading this private sanctuary before even my remains were cold, and that, not merely with a companion, but accompanied by one whom, had it been possible for me to rise from my death-bed, I should have felled to the earth with rage. Oh what tortures I suffered in that hour! His anxiety respecting the succession being removed, the valuables of course first attracted his notice; but when these had been examined and secured, for he seemed to keep the lady so far at a wholesome distance, my private depositories became the object of scrutiny, and my papers, my most secret papers, were dragged forth, read and ridiculed! One packet I still hoped might have escaped their search. It was a bundle of love-letters which I had foolishly preserved. Alas! no—they were seized by that incarnate fiend! I tremble with indignation while I recall her audacious laugh as she read the unfortunate superscription—‘my love-letters.’ ‘My love-letters! oh, rare, and such a lot too! shall we read them?’ ‘What, all that heap of rubbish!’ This was my graceless kinsman. ‘No,

no, two or three if you like just to see how they made love in those days, and to my stately aunty too.' 'Pretty much the same as now, I dare swear, stately as she thought herself,' said the creature, boldly—'but here goes.' Oh, heavens, what a situation! to hear my own love-letters read, or rather blundered over, by an ignorant wretch, incapable of comprehending the tenderness, the delicacy, which ran through many of the compositions, or the timid devotion that pervaded all. But sublime, or silly, they were all alike received with shouts of laughter. The writers apostrophized as fools, prigs, hunkses, and I know not what other terms of opprobrium; and the unfortunate person to whom they were addressed—but I have not patience to repeat the vile epithets bestowed on my degraded self. Suffice it to say, I discovered from their conversation, that by the consummate art of my nephew, my unfortunate daughter had been prevented from approaching me till the fatal period of her dissolution; and—but this shocks me more than all—that Arden still lived on board some trading vessel in which he had gone out as captain's clerk; nay more, that a son, the first offspring of that ill-fated marriage, also survived his unfortunate mother, and that he, my natural heir, was suffering every evil that poverty could inflict under the roof of a kind but needy relative. Oh happy could I have remained in ignorance of ills which I had no longer the power to remove! My consciousness was my torment.

"I shall pass lightly over the many indignities to

which my unfortunate remains were exposed before my final committal to the tomb. It had always been customary for the members of the family to lie in state, my husband and my poor Giles under my own especial direction. It was even named to my worthy heir, but received by him with unfeeling derision. 'Lie in state, indeed!—a pretty waste of wax-lights and black cloth truly!—no, no, I know how to dispose of aunty's money better than that.' From the same parsimonious feelings he declined the offers of the neighbouring gentry to send their carriages, that he might not be obliged to give hatbands to the servants. In short no member of our family for many generations was ever carried to the grave in so mean a manner as I, from whom the chief mourner (a chief rejoicer I ought rather to say) derived the power of disgracing my remains. The funeral should have been by torchlight, but this he said savoured of papistry. It savoured of increased expense, which was the true motive, for as to papistry, he would have kissed the Pope's toe, if he could have got any thing by it; but I was buried, and there is an end of it.

"After the funeral, but I should tell you that my consciousness was now transferred to the picture, which hung in the great drawing-room; after the funeral he began to turn his thoughts to the further accumulation of wealth, however useless to one who had not a heart either to spend or give. His first project was, I blush to avow his profanation of every sacred feeling, to divide the family estate into farms,

to fell the timber, dismantle the house, and put up the furniture and pictures to sell by public auction. His paramour, I should tell you, turning saucy on his hands, was soon dismissed. His next consideration was to marry a rich wife. Both these desires he speedily accomplished. The territorial possessions of an ancient and honourable family were degraded to the purposes of agriculture, the trees disappeared, the family mansion was sold piecemeal, the furniture, scattered to various purchasers, and the pictures, the family pictures, ay, even the portrait of his benefactress, exposed to the public bidder without a feeling of shame or regret. Then was my character recalled and commented on, with a malignity and contempt which unless I had witnessed, I should have believed impossible! I, who had thought myself the object of universal awe and reverence, to find my pretensions ridiculed, my conduct reprov'd, my person treated with scorn and derision! And then the biddings: 'half a crown,' a pause, 'three shillings,' 'three and sixpence,' and so on to five shillings, when there was a dead stand! Five shillings for a portrait which had cost without the frame two hundred guineas! If this was not degradation—but I will not debase myself by useless complaint. A dead pause as I have said ensued, when it was proposed by the auctioneer to include the picture of my daughter in the lot. A new bidder then started: it was Arden! The very man whom I had abandoned was my destined rescuer from the vulgar grasp of a village tailor, who was his only

competitor. The contest such as it was, soon ended, and Arden carried off his prize to this very house, where he had sought an asylum for the recovery of his health, which had suffered severely from the effects of a pernicious climate, and I grieve to think from the fatal news that awaited him on his return. If any thing could have added to the torment I already experienced it would have been to look on him and his innocent child, and to reflect how soon the latter would be fatherless, for Arden was evidently in the last stage of a decline. How often have I heard him apostrophize his departed Mellicint, and execrate the cruelty of those who abandoned her to destruction and death! How often have I seen him weep over that beloved boy whom he was so soon to leave, and kneel to ask that protection for the orphan which heaven alone could give. Arden lingered a few months and died, but a lady who had accidentally seen the child, and become attached to him from his likeness to an only and beloved son, prematurely snatched from her love, had already with the joyful consent of his parent adopted him as her own, and thus smoothed the passage of a mourner to the tomb. That boy is now the happy father of a family, beloved and respected by all; his claims to respect as the lineal descendant of an ancient and illustrious house are unknown, and indeed his name is an effectual bar. Were I even living I could scarcely bring myself to acknowledge him on that account." "How," exclaimed I, "could you still prefer that unnatural kins-

man, whose only merit is the preservation of the family name?" "Ah!" she returned with a shriek, "that is the unkindest cut of all! Out upon him, unnatural wretch! would you believe it? but you cannot; not content with despoiling the estate and demolishing the house, he consummated his infamy by selling himself to a great heiress in a distant county, an ugly creature too I am told, but prodigiously rich. He proposed for her and was accepted on one condition;—ah! that condition!—Her family it seems was ancient, and she was the last of her race; he must take the name! without one scruple, one demur, the wretch consented: he married the creature, or rather her dirty acres and assumed her name?"

Rude as it was, at this climax of misfortune, I could not restrain my risibility. The eye of the lady seemed to flash fire, and methought a sort of hissing noise proceeded from her lips. Anxious to express my contrition by a low bow, I knocked my nose against the table, and suddenly awaking perceived that the last remnant of my candle was just expiring in the socket.

LINES TO YOUTH.

BY THE REV. JOHN JONES.

OH! Youth, thou art a dream of bliss
Too bright, too pure, to last!
A trance, our gathering years dismiss!
A vision, fading fast!

Yet still to thee will memory cling,
In sad and after years;
A thought of thee will often fling
Its splendour o'er our tears.

Hope, like a seraph clothed in light,
Then revels unconfin'd;
And glories break upon the sight,
And raptures fill the mind.

And Love, the choicest gifts we own,
Comes smiling from above;
'Tis given, to youthful hearts alone,
To feel the force of Love.

Then, Youth ! thou art a dream of bliss
Too bright, too pure, to last ;
A trance, our gathering years dismiss,
A vision, fading fast !

ABSENCE.

AH ! he is gone—and I alone !
How dark and dreary seems the time !
'Tis thus, when the glad sun is flown,
Night rushes o'er the Indian clime.

Is there no star to cheer this night ?
No soothing twilight for the breast ?
Yes, Memory sheds her fairy light,
Pleasing as sunset's golden west.

And hope of dawn—oh ! brighter far
Than clouds that in the orient burn ;
More welcome than the morning star
Is the dear thought—he will return !

LA BELLE RIVIERE,

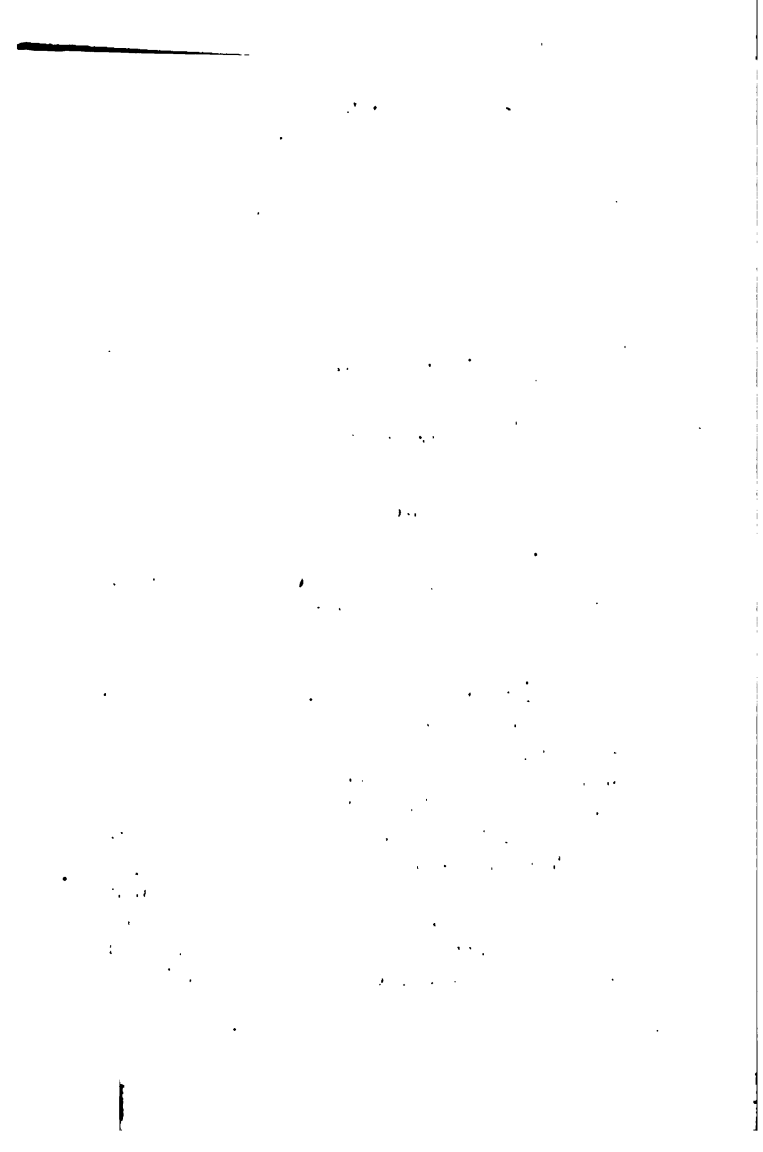
OR, THE EMIGRANTS.

BY JOHN FROST.

RICHLY does the Ohio deserve the name bestowed upon it by the early French settlers, "La Belle Rivière," the beautiful river. Its tranquil waters glide through regions of unrivalled loveliness and ever-changing variety. The rounded hills clad in verdure, the moss-covered rocks, the sleeping intervals, shaded by gigantic sycamores, the gentle rippling eddies, whirling along their fairy fleets of dried leaves and twigs, the fish-hawk sitting upon the scathed limb of a huge tree that stretches over some deep pool, watching for his prey—all are redolent of rural repose and quietness.

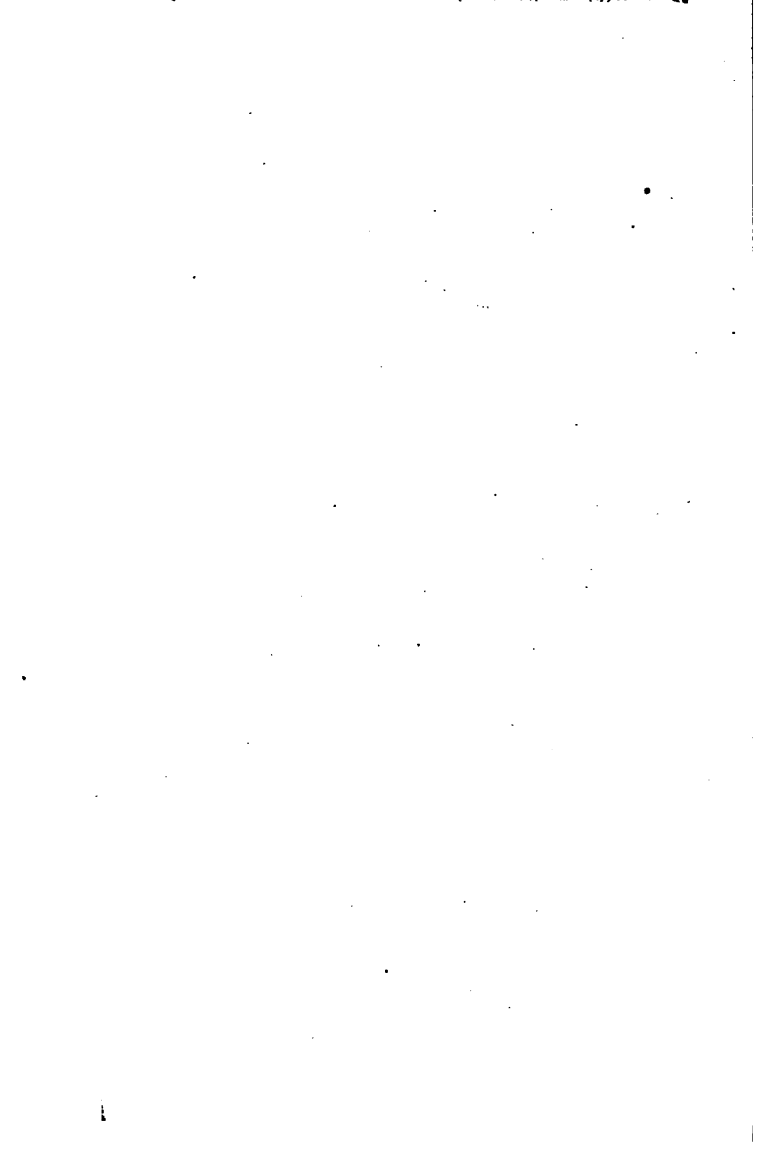
Beautiful river! If the hoary old trees that line thy banks could speak, how many tales they could tell! Tales of whole races of men that have passed







To Mr. Brown



away from the face of the earth, leaving but the perishing vestiges of their former presence, buried in the mound, or sepulchred in the cavern—tales of the painted warrior, battling on the crimson shore, the moccasined hunter stealing upon the unsuspecting roe as she drinks at the flowery margin of the stream—tales of the hardy pioneer, axe in hand, making the forest glades resound with his hardy strokes, and braving the untold perils of the wilderness.

Look at that clump of trees, standing on yonder rocky point, commanding a bend of the river; and I will tell you a scene that it witnessed long years ago.

It was near sunset on a fine day in the warm season of 1794, when a singular sort of structure, a rudely constructed square raft was seen gliding down the current of the Ohio, guided by the lusty arms of four stout men, who alternately used the oar and the setting-pole, for the purpose of aiding its progress, or keeping it in the deep current. The raft or ark bore the fortunes and families of two brothers, Mark and William Curtis, who were on their way to what was then considered the Far West, viz., the State of Kentucky. They were both just married; and they brought with them the farm-house furniture, horses, fowls, and agricultural utensils, so essential to their success in the difficult task of making "the wilderness blossom as the rose." They were full of hope, full of pleasant anticipations of the delights of a sojourn in those fertile regions, where the deer, the wild turkey, and the grouse were so abundant, and where the fertile soil

should yield a rich harvest with but small expenditure of labour.

While the ark was under easy way, the brothers could abandon its guidance, for a few moments, to the two hired men who accompanied them on their voyage, and could sit under the penthouse, erected on the middle of the rude deck, where, sheltered from the powerful rays of the sun, their wives pursued their knitting or sewing avocations, as unconcernedly as though they were still in that quiet New England home which they had abandoned for ever. Little did they dream, when they gave the last kiss to their aged parents, as they stepped into the capacious wagon which was to bear them and their simple household gear from their own country, how many scenes of peril and adventure they should go through. Little did they count upon actually hearing the growl of the panther, and the howling of the wolves in that weary journey through the woods. To slay the venomous rattlesnake with their own hands; to guard their little store of provisions from the ravenous wolverine, formed no part of the anticipated pleasures of the tour. But all these dangers of the wilderness were now over and past. Embarking on the river, they had taken leave of trouble and care. Under their small penthouse, their little arrangements for the voyage had been quietly made, and they had now shed about them, by those household habits of neatness and quiet, which are part of a New England damsel's inheritance, a certain still atmosphere of domestic

comfort, which can only be enjoyed where woman's presence is felt, where woman's delicate hand and ordering taste have been busy.

I can almost fancy that I see the raft now, gliding gently down the stream,—the two men are at their posts, touching a shoal occasionally with a setting-pole, to keep the clumsy structure from running aground. All is tranquil. You hear nothing but the ripple of the water, and the gay laugh and hum of voices, which comes faintly across the water from the party within the cabin.

There they glide along towards the point. Now look at the thicket near the trees. Do you not see the branches move? Do you not see an ugly painted head, from which two piercing black snaky-looking eyes are glaring through the bushes? That apparition bodes no good to the laughers in the cabin. But look again! See the smoke!—and there!—crack! crack! crack! go the rifles of twenty Indians. The balls rattle against the raft, and the woods resound with the terrible war-whoop. All is confusion and wild dismay. The husbands hurry to the oars and setting-poles,—they push away from the hostile shore. The firing is renewed. One of the horses is struck, and rears and plunges in his mad terror. And alas! a ball has pierced the side of one of the hired men. His oar drops! He staggers! He falls!

Now pull for your lives, my brave boys! Never mind the screaming of the treacherous villains! Pull away! All depends upon your coolness and nerve.

There you go. You will escape. You are out of the reach of their shot. Hear the disappointed demons yell! There you go round the point. You are safe!

For days and days after this terrible rencontre, did the survivors of the party glide down the stream. Carefully did they shun the treacherous shores on either side, for fear of another surprise. Their dead companion was mournfully committed to the keeping of the river, being sunk in the deepest part of the channel. At length they arrived at Fort Washington, on the present site of Cincinnati. Here they learnt from the gallant Harrison, who was then in command of the post, that the Indians had been recently defeated by General St. Clair, and compelled to sue for peace. Those by whom the emigrants had been assailed on the river, were undoubtedly a party of the retreating enemy, who had resolved to strike one more blow before quitting the scene of their late exploits. To their great delight, the New England girls were assured that their troubles were now really over; the frontier being effectually cleared of the savage foe by whom for several years it had been ravaged. Harrison accompanied the young men in their excursions in the vicinity of the fort, in quest of a suitable farm, gave them the benefit of his judgment in the choice of land, building sites, and water privileges. He gladdened the hearts of the ladies by his promise of protection in case of danger, and when they were finally settled, he was a welcome visitor at their humble log cabins, so long as he remained in command at Fort

Washington. His courtesy and kindness were long and well remembered. His acts of attention and benevolence were recounted by the grateful brothers and their wives to their descendants; and, forty-six years after the incidents above narrated, when the shores of La Belle Rivière resounded with shouts for Harrison, the hardy sons and grandsons of these émigrants were among the most zealous of his supporters. And again, when the nation's favourite was cut down by the unsparing hand of death in the fulness of his glory, some of these same descendants were found in that sublime funeral train, who sadly followed his precious remains from the mourning East to the mourning West.

Philadelphia, 1842.

TO A SPINSTER.

LOVE'S CALENDAR.

THAT courtship gay is *Lady Day*,
My pretty maid, you teach your lover :
But marry not, or you'll discover,
That *Lady Day*, most strange to say,
Will then become *no Quarter day*.

THE PARTING

FAREWELL, dear girl, farewell !
Since we awhile must part,
Let hope each gloomy fear dispel
That may approach thy heart.

Dry up each falling tear,
Each rising sigh suppress,
Nor with imaginary fear
Create a real distress.

Though absence many an hour
May keep thee from my view,
Absence will more increase thy power,
Absence will prove me true.

Once more, dear girl, farewell !
Since we awhile must part,
Let hope within thy bosom dwell,
I'll wear thee in my heart.

Phila., 1842.

J. T.

DOCTOR LAMBKIN.

COME listen, all ye learned folks,
And eke each letter'd scion,
Sweet Lambkin does my song evoke,
Our literary lion.

A learned Theban of our town,
Whose knowledge is surprising ;
The colour of his coat is brown,—
He's getting up when rising.

All languages he understands ;
He is a second Crichton ;
Wears hoskin gloves upon his hands ;
His *mouchoir* is a white one.

He'll quote from Irish, Dutch, and Greek,
Choctaw, and French, and Latin ;
His love-locks flow adown each cheek ;
His stock is made of satin.

In every science he's profound,
The abstract and the simple ;
He turns his head when looking round,
And dotes upon a dimple.

In painting he has wondrous skill,
A connoisseur profest;
His pants are made of Russian drill,—
A guard-chain decks his vest.

He is a poet, B—— says,
His sire is Dan Apollo;
At 'Tony's Nose he rapt will gaze,
And then his own he'll follow.

A critic too, with nicest tact,
And skill in analyzing;
He's seen Niagara's cataract,
And used up magnetizing.

In parlour table literature,
Unrivall'd he does shine;
Of knife and fork an amateur,
And connoisseur in wine.

Mechanics, physics, politesse,
He understands them well;
And then his dress and his address,
Oh! he's a mighty swell.

His style is fraught with every grace,
His pen o'erflows with sweets;
Self-complaisance beams in his face,
He bows to all he meets.

He knows, yea, verily he knows
More than I've time to mention,
So, gentles, now my song I'll close,
With thanks for your attention.

P. P.

Philadelphia, 1842.

TO ELIZABETH IN SICKNESS.

OH thou ! whose love hath sanctified and blest
My home, like Abraham's with an angel guest—
My bosom treasure, yet beloved the more,
(E'en as the ewe-lamb of the poor man's store);
From each unkindness that my lot hath known,
In those whom Nature falsely styled mine own—
May He thrice bless thee ! who thy suffering sent,
God of the lowly, and the innocent !
Who to the widow on Samaria's shore
Bade her, no longer childless, " Weep no more !"

**A MOTHER'S LAMENT OVER HER DEAD
INFANT.**

How can I weep! the tear of pain
Thy placid beauty would profane,
Darken thy cheeks' unsullied snow,
And wet the white rose on thy brow.

How can I sigh! the breathing-deep,
My baby, might disturb thy sleep:
And thou, with that unclouded smile,
Wouldst seem rebuking me the while.

How can I grieve! when all around
I hear a sweet unearthly sound!
The waving of my cherub's wings,
The hymn my infant-angel sings.

Yet, lovely, tranquil as thou art,
It was so cruel to depart,
To close on me thy laughing eye,
Unclasp thy little arms, and die!

But one hath whisper'd, Love! to thee,
"Suffer my child to come to me."
Then, Saviour! meekly I resign
My baby, now for ever thine.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A NEAR
RELATION.

WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

STRETCH'D on the beach, I view with listless eyes
A tempest gather and the tide arise;
In vain some rock their twofold might would brave,
And from its granite forehead dash the wave;
Each wave repulsed but leaves a space for more,
Whose higher surges shake the lessening shore.

'Tis thus in vain the thoughts I would dispel
Of her we lost so early, loved so well.
Scarce is one pang of mem'ry laid to rest
Before another wrings my bleeding breast.
To thee, dear shade, our minds unbidden turn,
Spellbound within the precincts of thy urn;
No heart, no form, like thine, in life we see,
But fly from social scenes to dreams of thee!

AN AUTUMNAL EVENING.

HARK ! through the gloomy wood hoarse breezes blow,
Moan o'er the trees and sigh around each bough ;
As if stern Winter, while he proves his sway,
Mourn'd the frail beauties that he sweeps away.
On the lake's bosom, erst so silver clear,
Autumnal leaves in yellow groups appear,
Float near its grassy marge, or slowly move,
As fitful gusts despoil the beechen grove.
Yet, while abroad unsparing Winter stalks,
Strewing with Autumn's robes our rustling walks,
And scarce allows yon leaf-clad lake to glass
The fleeting clouds that o'er the horizon pass ;
'Mid all the waste his hollow voice commands,
One verdant tree his tyrant power withstands,
Unfaded still surveys the barren scene,
And smiles triumphant in eternal green :
While the dimm'd waters, as they faintly flow,
Reflect its foliage in their waves below.
Thus, when Misfortune on the tortured mind
Wreaks all its wrath, and leaves no joy behind :

When Hope's bright summer charms the heart no
more,
And Sorrow reigns where Gladness ruled before ;
Still shall some green Remembrance comfort shed,
'Mid Grief's dull waste uprear its verdant head,
And, far beyond Affliction's dread control,
Mildly reflect its beauties on the soul.

THE SELF-DEVOTED.

SHE hath forsaken country halls and bowers
For his dear sake :—ay, cheerfully resign'd
Country and friends for him, and hath entwined
Her fate with his in dark and stormy hours,
As the fond ivy clings to ruin'd towers
With generous love ; and never hath inclined
Round gilded domes and palaces to wind,
Or flung her wintry wreath midst summer flowers.
Her cheek is pale—it hath grown pale for him ;
Her all of earthly joy, her heaven below—
He fades before her—fades in want and wo ;
She sees his lamp of life wax faint and dim,
Essays to act the Roman matron's part,
And veils with patient smiles a breaking heart.

THE CASTLE OF REINSPADTZ.

FROM THE GERMAN.

IN the winter of a year which it is of no importance to name, since crimes, vengeance, and repentance, are not confined to any particular epoch, Louis Von Ranpact, a noble youth of Vienna, was passing over one of those large and uninhabited tracts of country which form part of the Westphalian territories. It grew dark and he was nearly benumbed with the cold ; the wind blew directly in his face, and appeared but the forerunner of one of those snow storms, which sometimes lock up travellers for more than six weeks together. After riding a few miles farther, he suddenly saw the wall of a courtyard before him, and discovering a bell he pulled it with violence, when the gate was opened by a porter, who respectfully inquired what he wanted. The traveller instantly told his situation, and asked to be directed to any place where himself and his horse might be refreshed ; or if that was impossible, he ventured to request the hospitality

of the mansion before which he stood. "It is never the custom," replied the porter, "to close the doors of this court against those who need assistance, but those whom pleasure might induce to seek these walls, would not long wish to remain within them." "Why not?" said Ranpact, hesitating on the threshold. "Because," added the other, "they would not find what they sought: I will send to the duke," he added, "and let him know a gentleman seeks here a night's shelter." Ranpact remained there almost half an hour, during which time several lights appeared in different parts of the castle. Presently the principal door opened, and two servants with torches approached and conducted him into a splendid hall, from whence he was led to a smaller apartment, where the owner was waiting to receive him.

The Duke of Reinspadtz, the proprietor, was a man of not more than thirty-seven or thirty-eight years of age, of a very attractive aspect, but apparently in an ill state of health: his dress was splendid; still it was evident he was not purposely dressed for the reception of a guest. The uninhabited appearance of the room struck young Ranpact so forcibly, that after the first greetings were over, he expressed his hopes that he had not brought his host from his usual apartment or disturbed him from his ordinary pursuits. "I always inhabit this room," said the duke with a faint smile; "from the appearance of it, you may perhaps judge me an idler, therefore——" he hesitated for a moment—"therefore," continued he, "you should the less

scruple to break in upon my solitude—which—is complete.” As he uttered the last word, Louis fancied he saw a tear in his eye, and felt an interest in him for which he could not account. The countenance of his host was sweet and prepossessing, but one on which sadness was evidently deeply engraved; yet every now and then an expression of smothered indignation passed over it. “You will not find in me a table companion, I fear,” continued he; “I am no longer one of those who can ply a guest the whole night over the bottle, and see him safely to bed; but all I have is at your service—and I shall be but too happy to see it enjoyed, although I may not partake; but it is not for want of hospitality, I assure you.” “Your health,” said Ranpact, “appears to have suffered.” “Yes,” resumed the other, “I do suppose I bear the traces of what I have endured.” As he said this, he looked with so intense a glance at the door, that Louis turned suddenly round, but neither hearing nor seeing any thing, and the duke not making any further remark, the idea crossed his mind, that perhaps his bodily health was less disordered than his mental powers, for the duke appeared totally to have forgotten the presence of another person, and continued gazing on the fire with a vacant look. Ranpact endeavoured to lead him into conversation, and was charmed with his host’s manners and intelligence. At length he remarked, “I ought to have apologized to you, for keeping you so long in waiting for refreshment. I hope they did not neglect you at the lodge. I would

have ordered supper immediately, but it is always served at a particular hour." When the clock struck the last quarter to ten, an ashy hue overspread the duke's countenance; his features gradually assumed a sterner character; his figure became more erect, and to have beheld him, one would have imagined him in the act of defying some being, whose superiority he confessed. Presently the door opened, and the supper being announced, the duke conducted his guest to the adjoining chamber, which though a state room was evidently in daily use. The table had covers laid for three persons: the duke's seat was at the head, one was lower down, and the other close to his left hand. Ranpact doubted for a moment, which was meant for him, but a motion from the servants induced him to take the lower one. The duke did the honour of a splendid supper, and they commenced their repast, that is Ranpact did, for he remarked the duke scarcely touched what was on his plate. A few minutes after they were seated, the door by which they had entered opened again, and a young lady apparently of twenty-seven or twenty-eight appeared.

The deepest melancholy was painted in her countenance, and marked her whole deportment: her dress was a perfect contrast to the splendour amongst which she stood; a light gray cloth dress, with long hanging sleeves, was all she wore, and her hair was merely fastened up by a comb; but she wanted no adventitious aid. Louis thought he had never seen any thing

so beautiful. He sprung from his seat, and had advanced already nearly to her, when struck by the impropriety of his conduct, he stood without either advancing or retreating; but she, who had never raised her eyes, pursued her way, and took her seat by the duke's side. He helped her to part of the dish which was before him, in silence: she received it, but she blushed deeper and deeper, and at length her tears fell fast upon the table. By this time, Louis had reseated himself; he looked on her with an interest which, gay knight as he was, he had never felt for any woman before; but when he saw her tears, he turned on the duke a look, as much as to say, are these caused by you? he observed that his eyes were also filled, but that he kept his head averted from her. After awhile, she turned to a waiting man who stood near her, and to Louis's amazement, he brought to the duke a cup which, although curiously set and ornamented with silver, he perceived to be a human skull. The duke filled it with wine: it was presented to her, she drank from it, and rose from table; then, and then only, did she raise her eyes; they were turned on him: they mutually looked on each other, and what a world of thoughts did they express! She left the room, and the duke gradually recovered his composure, but he seemed worn out, and Ranpact thought he saw death imprinted on his face. Presently the duke asked him if they should adjourn, and Ranpact followed him in such a tumult of feelings that he was not at first aware that they were not returning to the chamber they had left.

Suddenly stopping, he said in a low voice, "My lord, where are we going?" "I see," said the duke, with a melancholy smile, "your confidence has not increased in the three hours which we have been acquainted; but," he added, "you have nothing to fear." Saying this he entered a room decorated with black hangings; at the further end of which, on a kind of platform, stood a bier, over which a pall was thrown. Upon it a soldier's cap, cloak, and a broken sword were placed: a plume of feathers ornamented the head of the coffin; but a greater ornament than cap, cloak, or feathers, sat also there,—the lady whom Ranpact had seen at the supper table; and in the same attitude of sadness and humility, her eyes still bent downwards, and the tears still falling from them. The duke sat down opposite to her, and so did Louis: she presently began to chaunt the office for the dead—the dead who died by the hand of violence—and ended with the penitential psalms. The duke listened with a manner totally different from what he manifested at the table: no tears glistened in his eyes, neither was his head averted. At length appearing to make an effort over himself, and speaking in a clearer and firmer voice than he had yet done, he said, "It never was in my nature to receive affection and not return it fourfold; whatever might have been my errors or my pursuits, it was ever in that lady's power to reform and change them. I might not have deserved the hand she gave me, but of this I am sure, I valued it beyond all earthly blessings. Sir, you have seen enough to excite the dullest curiosity, nor

will I refuse to satisfy yours; you shall hear our story, and in making you acquainted with circumstances unknown to all, and of import to us alone, I think I shall not misplace my confidence." Ranpact knew not what to reply: an hour ago he would have hailed this mark of trust in the duke, and gladly he would have offered his life in the service of one towards whom he had been so inexplicably attracted; but the sight of that lady, her grief, her punishment, for such he conceived he was witnessing, had wrought a complete change in his sentiments, and he dreaded the idea of being compelled to be her judge: he was silent. The duke proceeded. "It matters little in whom I am putting confidence, since the only one who had the power of conferring happiness or misery on me has—Sir," he added in a louder and more authoritative tone, "if in telling this story I depart from the truth, if I veil one crime on my part in order to render hers more flagrant, may I miss that mercy hereafter which I have denied her here. I suppose I need not say I married that lady for love, nor need I repeat a tale of past happiness: it is only by keeping my eyes fixed on this scene, and my heart bent on my miseries, that I acquire the power of detailing the cause of all which you behold. Among those who flocked to this castle when it was a gay and happy place, was a young nobleman, cousin of a neighbouring count. He, more boldly than the rest, openly talked of and deified the beauty of its lady; he affected to wear her colours, and in fact half jestingly and half in earnest represented himself to be enamoured

of her. I checked this as far as I was able, but afraid of acquiring the character of a jealous and suspicious husband to one in whom I placed the most unbounded faith, I took no measure to keep them asunder. One evening when we had several guests, though he was not one of them, she had been absent longer than was usual from the room in which we supped to-night; I sought for her and found her in this apartment——” The duke here paused, his voice failed him, but he presently proceeded, in a monotonous tone, his hand resting on the bier, and his eyes fixed on the sword and cap which were on it. “They were sitting together on the couch in a manner which rendered it certain that I was dishonoured. I stood a moment at the door, then springing upon them both prevented either from rising. I asked no questions: none of us spoke. She took my hand in a supplicatory manner, and that action, which had never been in vain before, now used in his behalf, wound me to madness. Drawing my sword I commanded him to do the same, and demanded of him the satisfaction due to me. Then began the most sanguinary duel that was ever fought between man and man. I had disarmed him and pausing whether I should kill him or not, when she threw herself between us. ‘Spare him,’ she said, ‘or end both our miseries at once.’ I thought not—I hesitated not a moment, but plunged my sword into his heart. We were deluged with blood: she seized his sword and attempted to stab herself with it, but I wrenched it from her hand, and snapping it in two threw mine to

the further end of the room. 'I could slay you,' said I, 'this moment, and there lives not the man who would not excuse me; but I will not send you to a tribunal still higher than that of your injured husband's; I shall never be satiated by earthly vengeance, yet at that I shall stop—as much as man can inflict you shall suffer. I had the body enclosed in a coffin, excepting the head, which as you have seen forms her drinking cup. This chamber, once ours, I have resigned to him as she had done before; she keeps him company singing the morning and evening service over the dead slain by their enemies; she sups nightly with me, but we have never spoken since that fatal night. I know how her days are passed: would she know how mine are spent, let her ask her heart how ill time must speed with one who once enjoying her presence now lives parted from her. Such has been our lives for three years; but this will not last much longer, and when I quit the world I shall not condemn her to sing my requiem." As he spoke he cast a glance upon her far more resembling affection than hatred; but he ceased to speak, and Ranpact shortly after was conducted to his chamber under such a variety of feelings that he scarcely knew which predominated.

Before midnight the duke again entered her apartment: his manner was composed, yet he bore the appearance of one who had suffered a strong mental conflict; his eyes were red and his hair was disordered. She rose at his entrance: he stood before her a moment in silence, at length he said, "I arrogated to myself a

power not vested in man ; I thought I took justice into my own hands, but I feel it was only vengeance ; and I am no longer capable of pursuing the same conduct ; I wish I had let you speak, but your silence was also your obedience ;" he threw himself on the chair from which he had just risen.

She approached him, but did not take the hand which he extended towards her : he put it on her head, " if you will accept," he continued in a lower and more trembling voice, " the forgiveness of one who needs yours as much, I can only say, from the bottom of my heart, it is offered to you : oh, doubt not that the heart which could inflict on you the sufferings it has, has ever ceased one moment its passionate regrets at a separation which nothing could render tolerable ; your life has been solitary, mine has been equally so ; I have never partaken of any amusement or employment in which we used to join ; every thing has been left, as you left it ; do you think I could ever leave those walls which served you for a prison ?" added he in a softer tone, " or that—but from henceforth be as free during the remainder of my life, as you infallibly will be at my death ; you shall never have cause to look on that but with hope !" She turned round to throw herself into his arms ; but stopping, took the crucifix from the coffin on which it had lain, and putting it into his hand, which she clasped with both hers, " No, my lord, no," said she, " hope never sprung but from one sepulchre—in his name, and by his mediation alone, who triumphed over death, do

I implore your forgiveness : grant me that, and I shall for ever bless you ; but do not remit what you call my punishment, for then you will not send for me even during that short half hour which is the only thing that renders my life bearable. I do not say this to move you to further favour : I know I have dishonoured you beyond my power of amends, but believe, there never was a crime so suddenly perpetrated nor so instantaneously repented." No more words were spoken ; and when Ranpact sought the duke, with the intention of taking his leave, and not finding him, ventured to re-enter the room, he found them clasped in each other's arms. He looked on them for some moments ; and heard the convulsive sobs of each. The duke then drew one deep sigh and fell into the arms of Louis :—the heart which had so long struggled with the bitterest of human passions at length broke, and his wounded and repentant spirit returned to its Creator.

Such was the effect of this shock on the constitution of the unfortunate duchess, that her relatives to whose care she was committed, could not for many months comply with her earnest request to be allowed to take the veil. To the nunnery of N——, however, she at length retired ; and grief, shame, and severe religious discipline soon terminated her melancholy existence.

LINES BY A FATHER.

GRACE, thou darling of my heart,
Sunk in sleep, how fair thou art !
Though beneath its fringed lid,
Each blue orb lies closely hid ;
Still around thy lips there stray
Smiles that speak of sportive play ;
Happiness without alloy,
Peace, and Innocence, and Joy.

Pillow'd on her rounded arm,
Glow the cheek with blushes warm ;
While the little hand, that shows,
Like some half-blown Provence rose,
Parts the glossy curls, which throw
Shadows on her ivory brow.
Slumbering thus, how fair thou art,
Grace, thou darling of my heart !

God ! whose all-pervading power
Hurls the thunder, paints the flower,
Heaves the deep-resounding seas,
Summons forth the southern breeze,

Pours the fiery lava-stream,
Sheds on earth the sunny beam,—
Mighty Father ! keep my child,
Holy, pure, and undefiled.

Holy, as thy courts on high,
Pure as planets of the sky ;
Undefiled, as alpine snow,
Guide her through this world of wo.

"Mid the ills of mortal life,
Pride, Temptation, Wrath, and Strife,
On the path from youth to age,
Guard her in her pilgrimage ;
Till, from every trial free,
Death shall summon her to thee.
Then, O God ! receive my child,
Holy, pure, and undefiled.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Did ever man a woman love
And listen to her flattery,
Who did not soon his folly prove,
And mourning rue her treachery ?

For were she fair as orient beams,
That gild the cloudless summer skies,
Or innocent as virgin's dreams,
Or melting as true lovers' eyes,

Or were she pure as falling dews,
That deck the blossoms of the spring,
Still, man, thy love she would misuse,
And from thy breast contentment wring.

Then trust her not, though fair and young,
Man has so many true hearts grieved,
That woman thinks she does no wrong,
When she is false and he deceived.

AGNES.

WE have been told of men who have died broken-hearted. It is a fable. Did the sickness of the heart kill, I should long since have been numbered with the dead.

How distinctly present to me is that evening when my friend—my kind, my only friend—left the hand of her whom he loved even beyond the love with which he regarded me, in mine! He was summoned by that voice of duty, whose words he never failed to obey, to a scene which claimed all the sympathies of his noble heart. His vast estates in the West Indies required the eye of a master to correct the terrible abuses which prevailed there; and Reginald, without hesitation, resolved to make the sacrifice of a year's absence from the two beings whom he most prized upon earth. His marriage was deferred till his return, for he was unwilling to expose his young and beautiful bride to the fervid suns of the West Indian islands. It was, indeed, a sore and bitter trial, for he left her lonely and almost companionless. All her lovely sisters had one by one drooped and died; and I, her distant cousin, was her nearest living relative. To my care—I may almost

say to my bosom—for as we parted he led her to my arms, did Reginald commend his treasure. How little did he think that the blessing he then pronounced over us was so soon to be changed into a curse. He went, and I carried Agnes to my mother's house: there, in the ancient woods and the pleasant prospects which surrounded it, I trusted that the long and tedious year of Reginald's absence, to the termination of which both Agnes and myself looked with impatience, might be not unprofitably spent. I vow to heaven that at this time my heart was as pure as hers whom I led there!

"The Hollows," which had been an old hunting lodge, was very remote from any populous neighbourhood, but in this Agnes rejoiced. She said that the society of my mother and myself would be delightful to her, and she wished for no other. But what solitude would not have been brightened by such a presence! All the light and captivating accomplishments which women only possess, were united in her with the highest cultivation of intellect. Books and delicious music, and painting from nature's own scenes of loveliness, and conversation, in which innocence and intelligence, and happiness, were ever speakers, filled up the hours of the first happy day which we spent in this retreat. For upwards of three months, buried in this delicious solitude, I was utterly regardless and unaware of the progress of my own feelings. During this period Agnes and I were never, from morning to night-fall, at any one time two hours asunder. In the spring-meads, and in the summer-woods, we wandered arm-

in-arm : I—so may I see heaven—thinking no ill. At length the autumn came, and brought with it new delights—delights ! it brought with it that which blighted my heart for ever. One warm and sunny August evening Agnes had wandered out to sketch, leaving me reading to my mother. In about an hour I followed her, though for some time, in vain. I went to the waterfall, and through the woods, but still in vain : I was becoming rather anxious, when passing a little summer-house in the deep bosom of a cluster of beech trees, I discovered the object of my search. Fatigued with the heat, she had sought this shelter and fallen asleep. Her pencils were scattered beside her, mingled with the wild-flowers she had gathered in her walk. Her long dark ringlets were gently waving in the warm evening breeze, which seemed to raise upon her cheek its softest and loveliest suffusion. Some gentle thoughts were stirring in her dreams ; for, as I stood gazing upon her, she smiled. From that very moment my whole being was changed. Unknowing what I did, I bent down, as one worshipping, and kissed the parted lips before me. She still slept ; but not so my feelings : they were wakened, never more to know rest. As I knelt before her, I felt for an instant exalted beyond my human nature, and in the next moment I knew that hope and happiness had passed for ever from my heart. My doom was sealed—my race was run—my light was extinguished.

But what was the course which honour, and virtue, and friendship bade me pursue ? In the solitude of

that whole night, I meditated on the subject, and before the eye of the rising sun, I took, on my trembling knees, an oath which, by God's grace, I was enabled to keep sacred. I swore to bury for ever in my bosom the feelings which the last evening had awakened, and still to be the true and faithful friend of him who had trusted every thing to my honour. I knew and felt, when I took this resolution, that my heart must be crushed in the performance of it, yet still I resolved. It was, indeed, a difficult and dangerous part to act; but if my life had been required of me for its performance, I would have freely given it!

I should in vain attempt to describe the feelings which seemed to be consuming me during the remainder of the year, which I passed with Agnes. By efforts which now appear to me almost supernatural, I became at once a most accomplished actor—I might almost say, hypocrite. I was gay and cheerful, as usual; I went through the same round of occupations; I walked; I read; I sketched; I sang with Agnes as gaily as before; and no one, not even her, for a moment suspected the hollowness of all this. It has always been an inexplicable mystery to me that my health did not desert me during this fierce conflict, but no symptom of the kind appeared. I had hoped that the semblance of indifference might in time produce something of reality, but I was disappointed. My passion for Agnes still grew; but I had so completely schooled myself into all outward suppression of it, that opportunities which to others would have seemed irresisti-

ble, hardly offered a temptation to me. The touch of her white delicate hand, the odour of her warm balmy breath, created no sensation but that of deeper despair.

Once, and once only did I stand in danger of betrayal. It was not in her presence, for there I was invincibly guarded. She had been towards the close of the year unwell; and her physician, as he left her one evening, taking me aside, told me that he apprehended she was suffering from the same fatal cause which had destroyed her sisters. The remainder of that fearful interview I do not recollect; I only remember a stern resolution to betray no emotion, and I suppose I succeeded, for on the following day Dr. — made no allusion to what had passed. My attentions to Agnes now became most anxious, and I looked with strangely mingled feelings for the return of Reginald from abroad. At length he came—but how changed! The fervid climate had done its work upon him, and his health had suffered even more than that of Agnes during their absence. Madeira afforded the only chance of recovery for both, and thither they entreated me to accompany them. But before our voyage a ceremony was to be performed, which called for all the firmness of my soul. I was to give away the bride; I did it, and they who were present commended me for the cheerful seriousness with which I performed the duty. Could they have read my heart, how deeply would they have pitied me.

Gentle breezes and calm seas wafted us to the

happy climate to which we were bound, but that climate seemed to have no balm in store for us. Reginald grew rapidly worse; and as we tended his sick couch, Agnes and I were scarcely ever separated. Never in the hours of that happy summer which we spent together under the shade of the old woods, amid the melody of birds and the odour of sweet flowers, did she seem so truly lovely as when bending over the bed of her dying husband. He died in our arms, blessing us.

Before this event occurred, I had never dared to think of it. I could not bear to couple any thing like hope with the loss of my earliest and dearest friend, with that fatal infliction which would deprive Agnes of the husband whom she adored. But now that he reposed in the bosom of the green mountains of Madeira, I myself expected that some traces of hope, some embers of former feeling would be awakened within me. But I found that the current of these feelings had been dried up. The violence which I had so long exercised over my heart had crushed it, and in vain I attempted to revive it. Never in all my former sufferings did I experience sensations so sickening as those which now oppressed me. I seemed as if I were losing the faculty of appreciating and understanding the virtues and charms of Agnes, and I grew disgusted with the torpor which stole over my soul. In the meanwhile Agnes visibly declined, and though I watched over her with a brother's fond attention, it was evident that she would shortly follow him whom she had lost. The summer came on, and

avoid the heat we retired to the mountains. Agnes was still able to walk a short distance abroad, and in the evening she was accustomed to wander for a little while alone. These moments I thought she devoted to a preparation for the awful change which awaited her. One evening I went to meet her, and found her, as I had before found her, in sweet and tranquil slumbers. Once again I bent down and kissed her; and like the touch which drew the living waters from the rock, that kiss drew from my indurated heart all its former feelings.

At this moment Agnes opened her eyes, and I cast myself before her in an agony of passion, at the recollection of which even now each nerve within me trembles. Nothing but the instant death of one of us could have prevented me from disclosing the great secret of my existence—my unbounded, my unrequited love. I told her, as she listened motionless and speechless, the whole sad history of my feelings, my sufferings, my struggles, and my triumph: and yet I breathed not a single whisper of hope. I knew that Death was waiting for his Bride; and he came to claim her. As I concluded my wild and hurried confession, Agnes took my trembling hand, and tenderly kissed it. "You have," she spoke faintly and indistinctly, "my deepest pity, my purest affection, my warmest gratitude. God will yet bless you for all that you have suffered for my sake, and for that of him whom I am going to rejoin: and yet to leave you thus,—you, my more than brother, is the sting of death." She spoke no more, but bent forward into my arms and died.

ON A CHILD ASLEEP.

BY MISS C. NORMAN.

WHAT are thy dreams, unconscious, happy one ?
There is no trace of grief on thy fair brow ;
Pure, calm, and passionless as sculptured stone,
Round which glad beams a dazzling halo throw.
Hast thou companionship with those bright things
That whisper to our souls, when the fringed lid
Hath closed o'er all earth's vain imaginings,
And from its shadowy cell their splendour hid ?
Or dream'st thou of the lovely things of earth,
Of the fair flowers that crown her sunny glades,
Where the young fawn and skylark have their birth,
And ever-roseate tints the scene pervades ?
But ah ! sleep on, for thou may'st wake to weep,
Thy life's young dream may soon be clouded o'er ;
From sorrow's cup thy draught may yet be deep :—
Then, if thou could'st, dream thus for evermore.

... ..



Moonlight

MOONLIGHT.

SWEET Moon! thy radiance clear and cold
 Hath lull'd the wind and laid the storm,
 That whilom swept o'er crag and wold,
 Splinter'd the mountain pine-trees old,
 And ravaged nature's faded form;
 Beneath thy soft and silver light
 The murmuring river glancing bright
 In surge and billow foams no more;
 But, tamed its fury, spent its force,
 Meanders down its peaceful course,
 And gently rippling laves the shore.

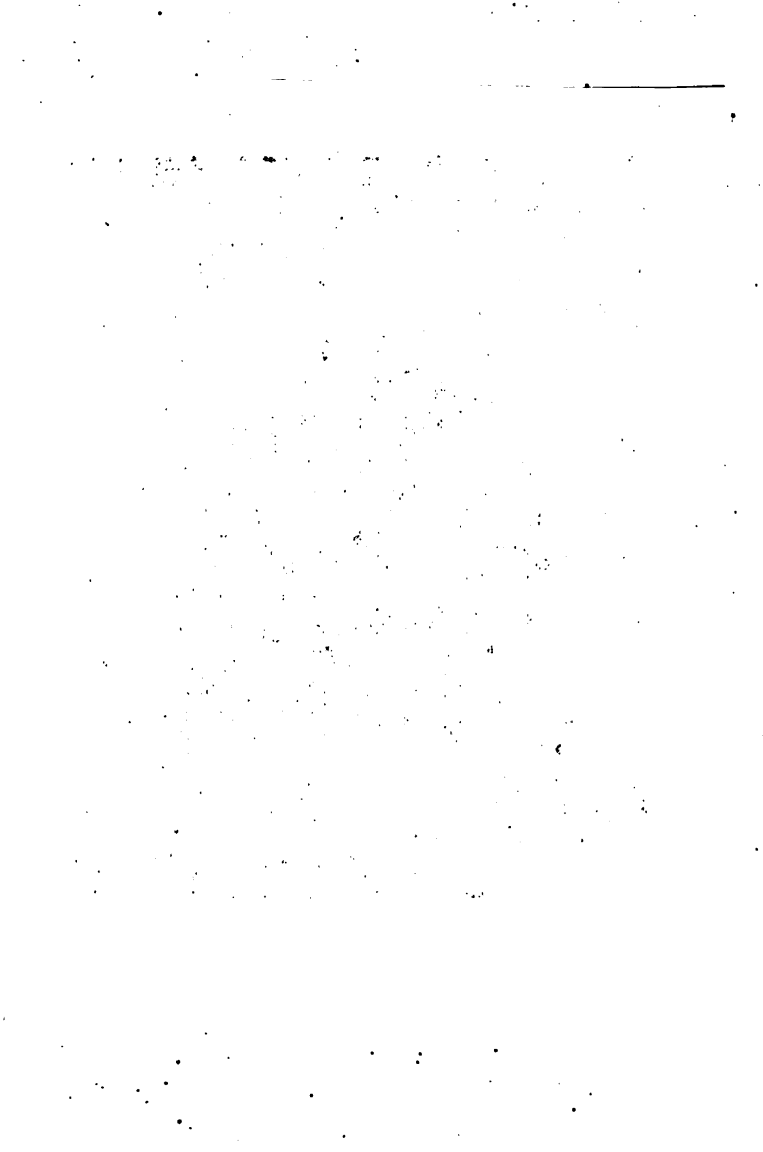
So may Religion's torch have power
 To cheer me for the tranquil even;
 Disperse the clouds that darkly lower
 On fleeting life's meridian hour,
 And light the pilgrim's way to home
 And as yon torrents lately spren
 In deluge o'er the watery me
 Now calmly in their cha
 So may the pride of earl
 Ambition's dream, and
 Be quench'd with

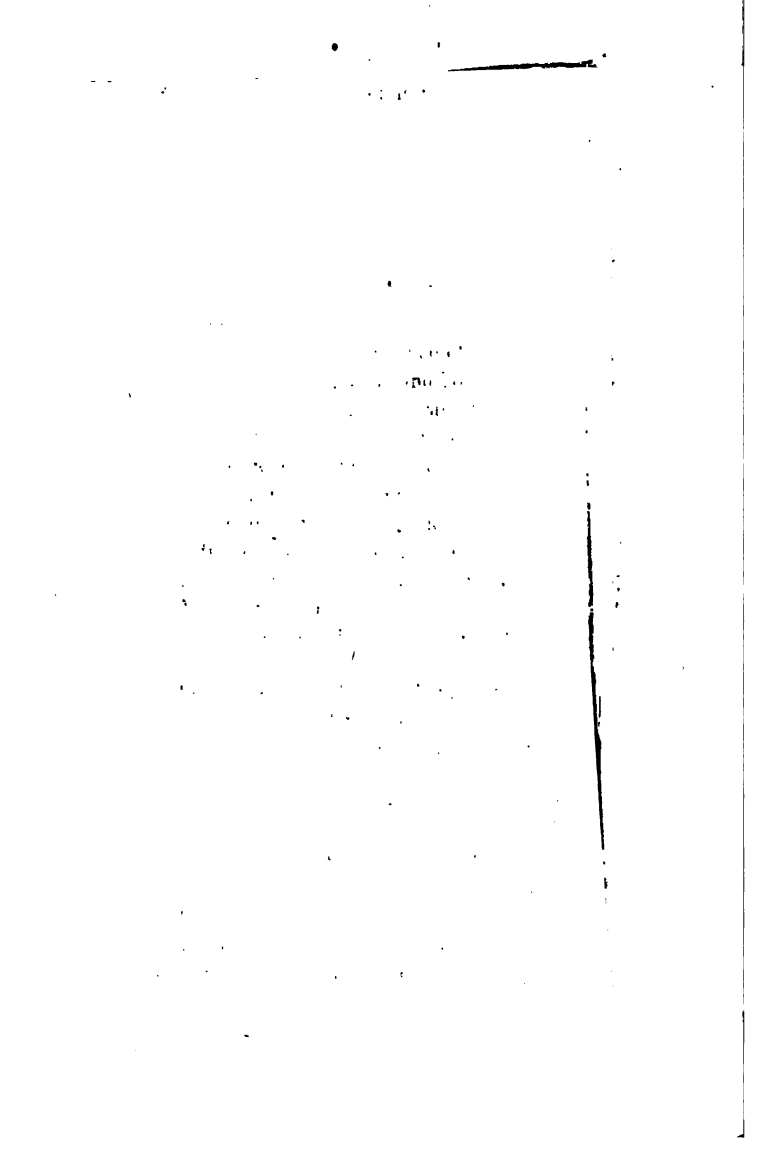


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So may Religion's torch have power
To cheer me for the tranquil even ;
Disperse the clouds that darkly lower
On fleeting life's meridian hour,
And light the pilgrim's way to heaven :
And as yon torrents lately spread
In deluge o'er the watery mead,
Now calmly in their channels roll ;
So may the pride of earlier days,
Ambition's dream, and glory's blaze,
Be quench'd within my chasten'd soul.







Moonlight



HERO'S SONG.

BY LORD MORPETH.

"His ears but rang with Hero's song,
'Ye waves, divide not lovers long!'"

BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

THE night is dark—my torch is bright,
It knows love's soft and shadow'd hour;
Come, my Leander, come to-night,
And rest thee in my turret-bower.

There wait thee here—for all is thine—
The fragrant bath, the downy vest,
The cooling fruit, the sparkling wine—
These, and thy Hero's constant breast.

The night is calm—my torch is still;
It shoots across the glassy tide,
It gleams athwart Sigeum's hill,
And lights thee to thy lonely bride.

Thy young limbs win their gallant way
Through meeting seas, and currents strong;
Thy bright hair floats along the spray;
Leander, list to Hero's song.

The night is changed—my torch is dim—
Back, my Leander, backward turn;
The mouldering brands I cannot trim,
The flickering sparks no longer burn.

Wait, till yon scudding clouds be past,
The daring feat no farther urge—
Oh! brave not now the rising blast,
Oh! breast not now the rolling surge.

The night is wild, my torch is out—
Wind, cloud, and wave, are all at war;
I sink—I madden with the doubt—
A star! kind Heaven—but grant one star!

What mingled with the tempest's roar?
It was my own Leander's cry.
What gleaming wreck floats on to shore?
Leander's corse—poor Hero, die!

THE MISERS OF ANTWERP.

THE story and fate of the two misers of Antwerp are now nearly forgotten; a tradition rather than a true history. Even the celebrated picture which represents these men tells no more of their story than a sign-post does respecting the country it designs; but like this, it is a good starting-post. From curiosity respecting this picture, I have been enabled to make out the following particulars of their lives and subsequent fate. If less appalling than the wholesale butcheries of modern times, it was once considered a tale of fearful interest.

It was in a narrow street turning out of the Rue de la Mer, that a house had remained untenanted for many years, from a reputation it had very generally acquired of being haunted. Ill-fame had done its worst upon the building, and had exorcised all good and cheerful spirits from the dwelling: its many stories of broken windows, with their high gable ends, alone attesting it had once been of some importance. About the period of the commencement of our story, it again received inmates, but of a nature perfectly suited

to its present gloomy appearance. Two old men were allowed to occupy an unfurnished apartment and its adjoining closet. Some compassionate neighbours bestowed a straw mattress and a little covering, pitying, perhaps, the ill-sorted union of old age and beggary; this, together with a small stove, a saucepan, a lamp, two chairs, soon despoiled of their backs to convert into fuel, a deal table, a large wooden trunk, and small iron chest, were all these new comers added for the comfort of their home.

The habits of these men, abiding in a house supposed to be haunted, strangers too in the good town of Antwerp, occasioned for a while much curious remark and observation; but even the active principle of curiosity will die of inanition; and their unvarying daily history at length silenced and baffled suspicion. In the course of time the very oddity that had occasioned remark seemed natural and appropriate. It was not known by what train of circumstances, and their corresponding action on the mind, these two brothers—for such was the legal as well as characteristic relationship between them—had adopted the gentlemanly vice of avarice; or if from early youth it had been their natural tendency, moulded into character by the thousand accidents that fashion men's minds. In the town of Antwerp they were never otherwise known than as men of penurious habits, about whom there hung some mystery, by many supposed to be the mystery of wealth.

However this might be, one brother alternately re-

mained at home, whilst the other bent his way to the bridge that used to cross the Rue de la Mer when a canal ran through it—on this bridge to post himself indifferently in the summer, or more inclement seasons; to ask alms from every decent passenger, plying a thankless trade from break of day until the waters reflected dimly the decaying light.

The appearance of these two misers,—though wretched in the extreme, half clothed and fed, the hungry look of their tribe upon them, the compressed and indrawn life, the clutching grasp of the long, lean, withered hand closing on every *cent* with all the strength left in the attenuated body,—had nevertheless in it an air of decayed gentility, which, despite the offensive whine of mendicity, induced most passengers to drop a little solid charity into the eager palm of either beggar—I say *their* appearance, for in the gaunt famine-struck form, in features, voice, even in the pace of person, one could not be identified apart from the other, save after close and minute observation.

It might have been a curious spectacle to have watched these two wretched old men after the entrance of him who had been plying his productive trade upon the bridge; the quiet grim smile with which he counted his day's gain into the other's hand; the mutual satisfaction with which it was added to the contents of the wooden trunk already so weighty with copper coin, that no single man could raise it. Then would they silently sit down to the supper which he at home had prepared. Stale fish, the refuse of some

neighbour's dinner ; or, as a luxury on fête days, a boiled morsel of half-dried pork, of which they previously devoured the fat and fragrant soup, formed the materials of this repast. With such dainty fare, their equanimity of temper was unlikely to be disturbed by the intrusion of visitors ; nor were they ever known to ask a neighbour into their room. It was a curious fact, that even a hungry dog never whined to them for food ; it would seem the wretched curs were disciples of Lavater, that they looked in the pinched faces of the brothers, and felt an appeal to their compassion would be vain. Their affection for each other, which appeared their strongest feeling after their love of hoarding money, was not unmingled with suspicion, for each never failed to count their valueless treasure after the other. After supper, however, came their hour of delight ; then were the cold and pain and tauntings of the day forgotten ; then did the bitter revilings of those without charity seem music to their very souls ; a genial heat warmed the lagging blood in their shrunk veins ; the triumph, not less delicious because untold, was theirs. A turbaned monarch of a land of slaves has less his soul's desire gratified, than our two humble, despised, and solitary men, when, after renewed examination of the well-secured door and windows, first by one and then another pair of peering gray eyes, the coffer before mentioned was placed on the table. Then with their stools touching each other in exquisitely delicious approximation, the iron box was opened, and the misers began to count their gold ;

the feeble glimmer of an ill-fed lamp lighting a board spread with golden treasure.

Curiosity had wholly died away respecting these men, when new food was given to the gossips of the neighbourhood by the sudden introduction of a beautiful high-spirited girl, the newly acknowledged daughter of the younger of the misers. Of all the possible addition to this confined family circle, none could seem so utterly inappropriate.

It appeared from the unwary prattle of the girl to the neighbours, that she had been placed at a school from her earliest recollections by an old childless lady, whose companion her mother had been, who died in giving her birth. Whatever, in other respects, the conduct of her father, it was known after the old lady's death, that at least he had so far acted honourably as to have made the young woman his wife. The property of her benefactress died with her; and thus the child of her adoption became, from a free, gay, petted girl, delighting in the sunshiny air, the inmate of a dwelling far more gloomy than a cloister, for there the mind may make its own creations of delight; whereas the moral gloom that invests the covetous and niggardly mind poisons every healthful spring of existence, nor fails to exercise its pestilential and restrictive power over the brightest natures subject to its influence.

At first the young girl wept and prayed, entreated with soft, childish pleadings, and then stamped with passion, haughtily demanding as a right, sufficient food and clothing, and free egress in lieu of wretched fare

and rags, and unwholesome confinement; but when she found that neither passionate nor gentle sorrow moved either father or uncle to the slightest variation of expression in speech or feature, a sort of numbness fell upon her mind. A "go to, child, you cost enough already, you are no offspring of mine to love such wanton waste, but you will soon learn better;" then a feeble falling back upon his seat, and a murmur, was all the reply she usually received. "Why did the old fool die, to send this plague upon me in mine old age," was the most sensible impression Rebecca ever contrived to make.

Finding that her own more ductile and youthful mind must bend or break against the stony coffer of a miser's heart, the girl suddenly seemed to change her character; and from haughty sullenness and violent reproaches, to sink into no ungentle if enforced acquiescence. Famished with hunger, she at length learned to partake of their distasteful meal, and sought on every occasion to exert the wisdom of the weak against the strong. The contest might in the end have proved unequal; but as her years ripened, a woman's intelligence, that precocious tact by which she supplies and sometimes outstrips the stronger judgment of the other sex, assisted her with its availing power. It is true that cunning and subterfuge were her only weapons; but as she was of an unshrinking temper, and as firm and implacable, in her own way, as her sire, she only disguised her hatred of home and its inmates, to find a fitting occasion to prove it. It was not singular that a tem-

per by nature unconciliatory should be driven to cunning for its defence, and to hate those who made such defence necessary ; but it was, indeed, singular that the misers never sought to send her from them to earn subsistence for herself, a boon she ardently implored. She thought it was cruelty that denied this to her, but it might be that these rigid and penurious men found a kind of satisfaction in gazing on the faultless face of their young relation, in watching the movements that perfect formation rather than early instruction rendered purely graceful; and they might derive an affectionate and pleasurable pride from the sensation that their blood flowed in the veins of so fair a creature. Fair, indeed, was the appropriate term to apply to her, for the bloom that almost dyed her cheek on her first arrival soon disappeared with hard fare and confinement; and though her spirit ultimately rose from its first depression, the bloom had departed for ever. Still no one could look upon a countenance moulded to the most delicate and purest beauty, though unsmiling and condensed in its expression, without admiration, and that sort of delight which the initiated feel on examining a fine picture.

Little as Rebecca was suffered to quit her home, it was nevertheless sometimes necessary to allow her to go to mass; and as it would have interfered with the daily monotonous employments of the misers to accompany her, it was usual to suffer her on such occasions to depart alone, with injunctions somewhat similar to those which Shylock addresses to Jessica; and they

were as admirably obeyed. Instead of going to mass, Rebecca sought in every casual acquaintance some relief from the disease-like oppression that at home was her constant suffering. At home she was her own centre, all her thoughts revolved round herself to harden her to the most callous selfishness.

Sympathy with the misers was impossible; but it was no worse an evil to love the accumulation of gold than to lose all power of sympathy with the joy and grief of others. Rebecca possessed no youthful feelings, compression had killed them, and the result was fatal to her character and happiness. The temptations she encountered to change her mode of life for one more luxurious were not unfrequent; it was not the vice of the life offered to her choice, nor its shame and loneliness, nor its corruption and induration of the heart, that deterred her from adopting it; for she felt so utterly degraded by her present state and occupation, that she thought it impossible to sink lower in the scale of humanity. But she was guarded by that passion which alike leads to crime and guards from evil, in its various power too often omnipotent, especially with women. It would have been a happy accident had the man she loved proved worthy of her affection—he might have exerted a beneficial influence over her destiny. The chances were not, however, in this unhappy girl's favour.

Struck with her beauty, a young man, of open and prepossessing appearance, followed her home. An acquaintance commenced under such circumstances

could scarcely prove fortunate in its results. It was but natural that one unused to even words of kindness, the common coin of affection, should affix an undue value to passionate love and admiration—it seemed to raise her to herself, and for this fanciful elevation she felt deeply grateful. From her childhood the fountain of affection had been closed, but the weight that had kept down its waters was suddenly removed, and they bubbled up, threatening to overwhelm and astonish by their lavish waste. The mixture of pain, however, always associated with the pleasure of a maiden's first affection, added to her habit of suppressing the outward expression of her most innocent thoughts, restrained her for a length of time from the confession of her love, and thus probably increased the passion of her lawless and abandoned lover.

We will not pursue the history of their unholy loves, but come at once to its result and the conclusion of our tale.

One stormy night, when the raging winds that howled through the air, the roaring thunder and beating rain, made such a confusion of noise as to render all other sound inaudible, Rebecca opened the casement of the closet within the room where the misers slept with their treasure, and silently admitted her lover through this entrance. It was the dead hour of night; the storm that raged without, alone might have appalled the hardiest; yet Rebecca's stern pale face, just discernible by the light of a lantern her lover held, exhibited no fear of the elemental war, her whole anxiety

appeared lest Albert should be heard by the sleepers within. Of this there was little chance; and after closing the window, she stole softly to her lover's side. "Are you determined?" she asked inquiringly. "Resolved," was his cold reply; and placing the dark lantern in her hand, he commanded her instantly to lead the way. The door that separated her closet from the misers' room was shut, and she opened it slowly and with difficulty. "Shall I go alone?" said Albert, who fancied her hand trembled. "Incur danger alone!" said Rebecca, reproachfully—"no, no, no, I have courage—fear me not." They entered the chamber.

It now became evident they meditated a deed of blood, for Albert produced a hammer, and advanced to the head of the wretched bed on which the brothers slept. The woman held the lantern, turning away her face with something of the look of that exquisite painting in the Louvre, which represents Herodias' daughter bearing St. John's head on a charger; the same disgust, not of the deed, but of the object before her; the same firmness of expression, so remarkably conjoined with feminine delicacy of outline and small accurately defined features. She heard a blow—a dead cold sound—a groan—another, and her old father was dead. A slight shudder passed through her frame, but did not disturb the pale, pure marble of her face; no other evidence did she give of emotion. In the meantime the other miser had awakened. Alarm for his gold was evidently strong as his love of life. "I have no money," he said, "I am a beggar, a poor old beggar,

ninety years old—ninety years old and upwards—not a *cent* to bury me.”

Almost a smile curved Rebecca's beautiful lip. A laugh of scorn burst from the murderer as his heavy iron-armed hand fell upon the hoary head of the aged miser. But he struggled fearfully for his life and his treasure; he forced Albert's hand from his mouth, and cried for succour. One quickly stifled shriek, and the unequal struggle was over—it was the wailing of an infant in the grasp of a giant. Rebecca, during this dreadful scene, trembled violently, yet felt forced to look upon the deed; the struggle, brief as it was, seemed to her more appalling than the silent, painless death of her own father. There were the few and difficult tears of age—the cry for help, faint and unavailing, but never unfelt, unheard in the secret heart of the veriest ruffian trained to a trade of blood. And now all was silent, yet the guilty pair stood face to face, without power to move. The clock of the cathedral struck; the subsided storm made now every stroke distinctly toned upon the silent night. Rebecca felt appalled by this natural circumstance. One little hour since that she had counted in trembling expectation of the murderer, and she was yet guiltless of any actual crime. Now the leprosy of guilt had spotted her sinful soul, and no hour could strike and find her innocent. But a softer feeling stole upon her mind, even in this first hour of remorse; for Albert, not for self, she had surpassed her sex in strength and courage, and, alas! in crime. But *his* love would

sometimes soothe her unexpressed agony; and sometimes bright brief passages of passionate love would lend a charm even to her parricidal existence. A tear trembled on her eyelids, and hung on her dark lashes, a tear that neither filial affection nor remorse could have won from her; and she turned the full expression of her softened eyes upon Albert—his refused to meet that glance: he pointed to the bed's head, that she might take the key of the coffer from under the pillow of her murdered relatives. She silently obeyed the motion of his hand, and as she did so, stained her hand with blood. She saw Albert's eyes were fixed upon the stain, whilst she unlocked the coffer that gave him, along with herself, golden independence, and yet she felt chilled at their expression. "And now, Albert, let us fly this place for ever, and endeavour to forget the past." Her musical voice trembled, but more with love than with horror. "Fly with thee, woman!" was Albert's stern reply: "ay, I should feel well with the arms of a murderess about my neck. Could no tie bind you—not even the sacred name of father? What, court destruction at your hands when you may please to tire of me? Woman! thou art beautiful, and I loved thee, but now thy beauty seems to me that of a demon—I loathe thee!"

Rebecca heard breathlessly every word distinctly as it was uttered; the overwhelming thought that solely for *him*, at *his* bidding, she had aided a deed of blood, played false with her soul's eternal welfare; to be thus by him rewarded, choked the words that swelled her

proud bosom for utterance; the beautiful small features became convulsed with feelings she could not express, yet far too powerful to bear suppression. Blood gushed to her mouth, to her nostrils, even her eyes seemed filled with blood, and she fell a corpse at the feet of the murderer.

A new emotion now took hold of this wretched man; he raised the girl in his arms, and tried to call the dead to life by the same weak weapons that had the power to kill. His passionate appeals were fruitless, and he remained stupified, like a drunken man, over his third victim, till he was thus discovered by an accidental visiter, who immediately delivered him over to justice:—with him justice was condemnation.

TO A—— L——.

THAT e'er my visits will become
Too frequent, much I doubt;
For though I've found you oft at home,
Too oft I've *found you out!*

TO WOUNDED MARY.

"God will bless, in life, in death,
The noble soul, the gentle heart."

THOUGH kin seem cold, and friends unkind,
Let no sad throbs invade thy breast,—
Thy crystal soul and gentle mind
Should yield thy heart perpetual rest.

Be like the ocean, sweetest love,—
Though winds disturb its outward flow,—
And stormy billows fret above,
Eternal stillness reigns below !

We would not have the heart unmoved
When words are given to cause the pain,—
Yet, with a soul ne'er self-reproved,
Let peace within its depths remain.

If words of wrong, and tongues of scorn,
Might o'er us hold tyrannic sway,
Who would not deem his fate forlorn,
And dread to meet each coming day ?

But friends, unnumber'd, know thy worth,
And hearts that love thee feel thy truth,—
Let sunshine gild thy path on earth,
And cheerful moments mark thy youth.

And thou wilt learn when fades thy breath,
And tears from mourning loved ones start,
That "God can bless, in life, in death,
The noble soul, the gentle heart!"

EPIGRAM.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

SLY Belzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy, and patience.
He took his honour, took his health;
He took his children, took his wealth,
His servants, horses, oxen, cows,—
But cunning Satan did *not* take his spouse.

But heaven, that brings out good from evil,
And loves to disappoint the devil,
Had predetermined to restore
Twofold all he had before;
His servants, horses, oxen, cows—
Short-sighted devil, *not* to take his spouse!

THE MONUMENT.

I ARRIVED at the ardently wished-for age of twenty-one last November, and came into possession of a noble estate in Yorkshire, left me by a maiden aunt. The name of the said estate and my own name, the reader must excuse my withholding ; nor do I intend to trouble him with any further particulars of myself, than that I am a smart, sensible fellow in my own opinion, and in that of the ladies join the advantage of being handsome. Respecting my aunt, I shall be more communicative, though *her* surname, also, I cannot unfold. Honoria, then, for that was her Christian appellation, from my earliest remembrance was a pale, melancholy woman, living in the deepest seclusion, and employing the chief part of her fortune in charity, never voluntarily seeking communion with her fellow-beings, unless their necessities called for her aid.

The poorer part of her neighbours, therefore, adored her, but with the gentry she had no intercourse. They, indeed, considered her to be half crazy—which she certainly was not—though the deep melancholy that

hung upon her, and the habit she had of wandering about the garden half the night in all weathers, conduced to that opinion. Poor Honoria! how little did the brilliant dawn of thy life foretell its gloomy setting!—Favoured by nature, and enriched by fortune, encircled by the arms of love and friendship, thy cup of happiness seemed full. Alas! what turned it all to bitterness?

My aunt was early left an orphan—young, handsome, and an heiress; it will easily be believed she did not want lovers. She had many, and from the crowd her heart selected for its idol Clarence Melville. All of affection, not swallowed up by that Leviathan god, Love, who in his selfish avarice engulfs all other passions, was bestowed on her cousin Clara, her playmate and companion from childhood. What a joyous being was Honoria then!—time sped with unfelt pace, each hour brought fresh pleasures, and imagination spread out a long vista of smiling years to beckon her on. The wedding day was fixed, and the necessary preparations nearly completed, when an event occurred that destroyed the happiness of Honoria for ever. This was the mysterious disappearance of her cousin Clara. Every inquiry was made—emissaries despatched in all directions—in vain; not the slightest traces of her could be found, nor could ingenuity suggest or scandal whisper any cause for this sudden vanishing,—it seemed as if the earth had opened to enshroud her from mortal sight. She had left her cousin's house in the evening to return to her own, unattended, as the distance was

slight, and from that moment was seen no more. After a time the useless search was abandoned, and Clara forgotten by all but Honoria. Melancholy, amounting to despair, seized upon her soul;—in vain Clarence Melville, when the first violence of grief had abated, tried to woo her from her unavailing regret, and urge his suit;—her love for him seemed annihilated by the loss she had sustained, and his solicitations served but to renew and irritate the sorrow they sought to dispel. She retracted her promise to be his, and peremptorily rejected him. At length, finding no entreaties could shake her resolution, he gave up the pursuit. Time passed away, but brought no news of Clara, and no mitigation of her cousin's grief; on the contrary, every hour gave a darker character to it. She had indulged her melancholy by erecting a monument to the lost one's memory in a sequestered part of the grounds, where she spent the chief part of her nights, as well as days; and in this tomb she intended her own remains should rest.

These particulars of my poor aunt's history awakened my early curiosity, interested my feelings in her favour, and led me to pay her an attention, and manifest a sympathy not often found in youth, which gained me in return her almost exclusive regard. Thus, though she held no intercourse with her neighbours, and but little with her remaining relatives, I was always a welcome visiter, and the frequent companion of her silent wanderings. The only cause I had to think that excessive grief had partially deranged her intellect was, that sometimes

when sitting with her at twilight in the monument she had erected, she would suddenly start, and looking wildly round, ask me, "If I did not hear that piercing shriek?" though not a breath disturbed the air. At such times her features would become fixed in marble rigidity, her eyes dilated with horror, and it required all my efforts to rouse her from the motionless attention with which she bent her ear to the ground.

This was a state that could not last: grief, aided by her midnight watchings, soon undermined her constitution, and at the age of forty only, poor Honoria was released from her sorrows.

In the opinion of the worldly, I had little cause for grief, as my aunt bequeathed me her whole estate; yet grieve I certainly did, and the gratitude I felt for her munificence added a deeper shade to the sorrow I experienced.

On taking possession, I found, in her *escritoire* a packet addressed to me, containing an account of the unthought of, secret cause for the grief which had long preyed upon, and finally destroyed her. Alas!—but I will make no comments—I will obey her wishes in making public what she has transmitted of her crime and its provocation, and leave her sentence to the justice of those who read her history. Let them well examine *their* hearts, to see if no lurking passions might be blown into a revenge fierce as hers. If the small still voice proclaim themselves clear, yet let pity mingle with their condemnation of a sinner, who atoned by years of agony and repentance for one hour's frenzy.

HONORIA'S CONFESSION.

TO MY BELOVED NEPHEW.

I have at length brought my mind to trace for your warning and instruction the dark secret of my soul.

You, Charles, are young, gay, and handsome—beware! Oh, beware of inconstancy! To that thoughtless, heartless foible, arising from a thirst of admiration or a wanton love of triumph, I owe all my guilt and misery. Oh! little do men think, when they flutter from fair to fair, of the grief and humiliation they inflict, of the fierce passions they awaken, and the crimes perhaps, to which they give birth! Happy the objects of such heartless conduct who are blessed by nature with a gay and heedless temper, which blunts the edge of sorrow, and shakes off impatiently all feelings alien to enjoyment. On such, a wound of this kind soon heals; but those of a more sensitive and gloomy temperament brood over their wrong; avoid, instead of seeking, consolation, till the constant contemplation kindles the embers of jealousy implanted in every heart, into a flame that sometimes destroys both injurer and injured. But I must calm myself, and proceed to relate what a wreck this levity of conduct made of my happiness.

You must have heard the early particulars of my life; that, blessed with affluence, youth, health (and my lovers said beauty,) I seemed the peculiar favourite of

fortune. Love soon added its sunshine to gild my existence with double radiance. I was addressed by Clarence Melville with passion as ardent as it then seemed sincere. Did I return that love?—Tenfold!—My love for him was the spring for all my thoughts and actions; it occupied and engrossed my whole soul—it was the fatal cause of my short-lived happiness, my enduring misery, my inexpiable guilt. But at that time it was all unmixed joy; and to heighten it, my cousin Clara, the being whom, except Clarence, I loved best in the world, came after a long absence, much regretted by me, to complete my felicity by her sympathy and affection. Short-sighted mortals! how blindly do we promise ourselves happiness—how ill do we select the means of attaining it! How little did I think, when I welcomed Clara to my home, she would soon render that home desolate! and that when I pressed her to my heart, I clasped the being fated to destroy its peace for ever!

She had not been with me a week when I perceived a change in the behaviour of Clarence to me that grieved and perplexed me. The devoted attention, the eager solicitude, the tender smile, the look of love following my slightest action, gave place to the constrained manner, the studied politeness, the cold wandering eye, which too surely indicate love's decay. A woman's heart feels all these before a man is conscious that he has betrayed any symptoms of change. What could I think!—I sought for the cause—alas!

I had not far to seek,—he had transferred his affections to my cousin Clara. What did I not feel at this discovery? 'Twas bitter enough—

“To meet those eyes *once* kind,
And oh! how loved they were!
And seek in vain to find
One look of kindness there.”

But to see them lavish all their fondness on another—to see his gaze fixed on her while I stood by unregarded—to hear his voice, *now* cold and careless to me, modulated to tones of the deepest tenderness when addressing her—oh! what torment can equal this! 'Tis sufficiently humiliating to be abandoned and rejected for one superior to ourselves in the charms and qualities calculated to gain affection; but when the successful rival is palpably inferior, it doubly bars the injury. This was certainly my case; my bitterest enemy could not have awarded the advantage to Clara over me in any thing but a trifling difference in age. The mean arts, therefore, of coquetry must have been practised to seduce my lover's heart. A *man*, if unfairly supplanted (and who has ever thought himself fairly supplanted?) summons the traitor to the field; and should his heart's blood atone for his treachery, who blames the injured party? But what revenge have we?—None! The contempt, the humiliation fall on the injured instead of on the injurer, for in the world

success ever commands applause. No revenge left *us* but the deepest hatred, as impotent as it is bitter.— Alas! mine was not impotent! But I will not anticipate.

This state of things continued for some time; daily and hourly was I condemned to feel his diminished regard for me, and increasing affection for Clara. But what could I do? I had no positive proofs of the ingratitude and dissimulation I too well knew she practised, and in silence, therefore, did the loathing and hatred I felt for her accumulate in my soul.

At length, one fatal evening realized all my worst suspicions, and sealed my wretchedness for ever.

The day had been uncommonly sultry, and the curtains of our usual sitting-room had been let down to exclude the sun. The fervour of its rays had yielded to the encroaching shades of twilight. Languid and oppressed, I was reclined on a couch, lost in the contemplation of my griefs, when Clarence and my faithless cousin entered the apartment. I soon became conscious that they were not aware of my presence; for the sofa on which I lay was placed in the window recess, and hidden by the curtain. Believing themselves alone, they gave free scope to their mutual tenderness. What was I not compelled to hear! for choked, overpowered by contending emotions, I could neither speak nor move, but remained a motionless witness of what planted daggers in my heart. But let me not recall my sufferings during that interview, lest my brain again madden, and I become incapable of completing my task! I heard his impas-

sioned voice, his eloquent entreaties, his pleading sighs and tender caresses. I heard the affected pity but real triumph with which she spoke of her "poor cousin!"—I heard them plan an *elopement*;—for the accepted lover of one cousin could not openly demand the hand of the other. I heard the pretext she was to make for leaving my house that evening, and still I refrained from springing between them and flashing guilty confusion into their conscious faces! For what would it have availed me? Yet, oh! would that I had! The tumult of love, jealousy, and hatred, struggling in my heart, would have vented its first force in reproaches, and I should not then have been the guilty being I now am! But I did *not*, and they left the room, ignorant that I was in full possession of their treacherous secret! and I was *alone* to reflect on the injury I had received, and surrender myself to the influence of all the stormy passions it awakened. My wrath fell chiefly on Clara, for she had the obligations of kindred, and the recollection of many benefits received, to withhold her from the infliction of so bitter a wrong. Besides, how slowly do we learn to hate those we have deeply loved! Towards my lover, therefore, my feelings of resentment were softened by the love I still felt for him; but it burnt the more fiercely against my cousin. Wrapt in vague thoughts of vengeance, unconscious of whither I was going, or how I meant to act, but eager to escape from a place now hateful to my sight—whose walls had re-echoed the sounds that had driven me to frenzy—I wandered into the

garden. Here I soon encountered Clara:—I recoiled at the sight of her, as if the earth had opened to entomb me. She approached me with perfect calmness, and with hypocritical expressions of regret told the tale she had forged to deceive me. With difficulty I repressed a scornful laugh as she recapitulated what I knew to be a falsehood. I made some answer—I know not what—and she continued to converse and walk by my side. I wonder what fatal chance, for *design* it was not, led my steps to a gloomy unfrequented part of the grounds. There was in this place a large well, of considerable depth, which had long been disused, and now contained little if any water, but was half choked up with mud.

Let me pause ere I proceed to relate the event that filled the measure of my wo, and stained my soul with a crime which no tears can efface.

Away with this weakness or pride!—what right have I to shrink from incurring the detestation I deserve?

Checked by my gloomy silence, or wrapt in anticipations of future happiness, Clara walked on musing a little in advance of me. Heedless of her steps, she was on the brink of the well:—I saw her danger; for with feelings of hatred I was gazing on the form which had fascinated and estranged from me the heart of my fickle lover. A warning rose to my lips; but a sudden remembrance of the hateful scene I had just witnessed froze the words in their passage. In the

next instant she disappeared from my sight, and her piercing scream fell upon my ear!

"Help! help! cousin—save me! save me!" she shrieked. I stood motionless. Again she shrieked—"Help, dear cousin, for Heaven's sake! I am sinking fast! Will you not save me?" Her voice sounded fainter.

My heart relented—I bent over the brink to console and encourage her, to tell her I would hasten for aid:—when she gasped out, "Oh! Clarence, where are you?—why are you not here to save your beloved?"

Those fatal words sealed *her* fate and *mine*. Again the maddening pangs of jealousy shot their fangs into my burning brain:—again the tender vows and caresses I had heard hissed like scorpions in my ear. For what should I save her? To see her become the wife of Clarence Melville? To have the tortures I felt in that scene perpetuated? To become but their pitied dupe—their laughing-stock?—Never! never! And resolutely shutting my heart to her cries, I passed on.

Her voice sounded fainter and fainter, and at length ceased. The frenzy of my mind had not yet subsided; but a startling fear crossed it. If her body should be found in the well, might not suspicion fall on me?—If I betrayed my knowledge of the accident, how should I account for not summoning assistance sooner? My resolution was taken. I retraced my steps, and bent over the abyss to ascertain if she yet lived: all was silent. I picked up a heavy stone and threw it in,

intending to sink the body lower ; *then*, either my overwrought fancy deceived me, or a low groan struck my ear!—I shrunk back in horror. After a pause, I again leant over the brink to listen : the stillness of death was there ! I nerved myself afresh ; and collecting stones, earth, and leaves, completed my dreadful task, and buried my victim effectually from sight. In that quiet spot not a trace remained that could indicate the fearful death one human being had met—the guilt which another had incurred. No breeze murmured her cries—no rustling leaf whispered my crime.

Starting at every shadow, trembling at every sound, I returned to the house.

To one who had pulled the weight of *murder* on her soul, the additional guilt of a *lie* to conceal it was of easy fabrication. I had overheard from her own lips that she had secretly removed such of her apparel as she had with her. I boldly, therefore, stated on my arrival at home that Clara had left me to return to her parents. As she had, preparatively to her projected flight, expressed that intention, her absence excited no surprise.

When her mysterious disappearance, which every thing conspired to render apparently voluntary, became known, I had no occasion to feign grief—remorse had deeply rooted it in my heart never to be removed.

My faithless lover, though he joined in the search, did not for a long time feel the alarm he professed.

Deceived *himself* by the consciousness of the plot he had laid to deceive others, he fancied she would soon inform him of her place of concealment; and he therefore discouraged rather than forwarded the efforts to discover her. What his feelings were when months passed and brought no tidings, what he thought of the deep mystery that enshrouded her fate, I cannot pretend to say—I can only tell how he acted.

Will it be believed, that, after an interval due to decorum had elapsed, this doubly faithless lover renewed his addresses to me? It will; for a man who can heartlessly deceive and desert one affectionate confiding woman can never feel *real* love for any. His grief for Clara's loss was as evanescent as his passion for her had been sudden.

But what were now my feelings? what a revulsion had taken place in my mind! How inconsistent are human beings! To remove the bar to my happiness, I had steeped my soul in crime;—to promote my union with Clarence, I had risked my eternal condemnation. And now that union was in my power, with what horror did I reject it!—with what loathing did I hear protestations listened to with rapture before! Was this the man I had idolized? Was it for love like this,

“Lightly won, and lightly lost,”

that I had become a murderess? for such my silence and obduracy had made me. Yet—let me confess my weakness—spite of the contempt I felt for his fickle-

ness, I still loved him ; his presence had power to stifle my remorse—in his society I could half recover my lost happiness. But did I, a *murderess*, dare to dream of being happy ? No ! no ! to gain him I had committed fearful guilt, to part from him should be its bitter expiation. And I did part ; triumphing over the struggles of my rebellious heart, I dismissed him, and would never from that hour come into his presence again, devoting the remainder of my miserable life to ceaseless sorrow and repentance.

Still I shrunk from making proper atonement ; the instinctive wish we have to retain the love and respect of our fellow-creatures prevented my ensuring their detestation and horror by a disclosure of my guilt. I therefore permitted the remains of my victim to moulder in an unhallowed grave. Over the fatal abyss I caused to be erected a monument, which now, ages after the hand which records it shall be dust, will perpetuate her memory and my crime.

To live almost constantly in this monument was my penance. Every evening, at the same hour I had in her company sought the fatal spot, I repaired to it, and there remained, midst silence and darkness, to live over again the fearful scene ; again to hear her piercing shrieks, her imploring appeals, her suffocating agony, till my maddening brain has conceived her spirit stand gibbering at me, and with a fiendish laugh mocking my despair.

And now my painful sacrifice is completed—my glass of life is run ; that heart that has so long sustained the

dull throb of agony and remorse will soon cease to beat. I have now made my last and bitterest expiation. I have, by this disclosure, robbed my memory of the love and respect of the only being whose sympathy and regard have mitigated my sorrows. With a spirit humbled to the dust, I have conquered that pride which made me fear disgrace worse than death, and shrink even in the grave from the infamy I merited. The full measure of my just punishment must disgrace my memory.

Should the recital of my crime and its provocations deter any other beings from similar inconstancy and revenge, I shall not have suffered in vain.

TO F——.

THEY told me, with their feelings bitter,
That in your wealth your beauty lies;
And I believed them, for there glitter
Ten thousand diamonds in your eyes.

THE STARS.

BY FREDERICK MULLER.

OH! 'tis lovely to watch ye at twilight rise,
When the last gleam fades in the distant skies,
When the silver chime of the minster-bell,
And the warbling fount in the woodland-dell,
And the viewless sounds in the upper air,
Proclaim the hour of prayer!

Then ye shine in beauty above the sea,
Bright wanderers over the blue sky free!
Catching the tone of each sighing breeze,
And the whispering sound of the forest-trees,
Or the far-off voice, through the quiet dim,
Of some hamlet's hymn!

And the midnight too, all still and lone!
Ye guard in beauty, from many a throne!
In your silver silence throughout the hour,
Watching the rest of each folded flower,
Gladdening with visions each infant's sleep,
Through the night-hour deep!

Yes, ye look over Nature's hushed repose,
By the forest still where the streamlet flows,
By the breezeless hush of many a plain,
And the pearly flow of the silver main,
Or sweetly far over some chapel-shrine
Of the olden time !

Thus in shadeless glory ye onwards roll,
Bright realms of beauty, from Pole to Pole !
'Midst the vaulted space where your bright paths lie,
In the hidden depths of the midnight sky,
To some far-off land,—to some distant home,
'Neath the ocean's foam !

But, hark ! the far voice of the waking sea,
And the dim dew rising o'er lawn and lea,
And the first faint tinge of the early day,
Shining afar o'er the ocean-spray !
Oh, ye that have been as a power and a spell,
Through the dim midnight !—Farewell !

AN IMPROMPTU,

ON THREE SCHOOLFELLOWS, WHO HAD CUT THEIR NAMES
ABOUT FIFTY YEARS BEFORE, IN THE BARK OF AN OAK, A
LIME, AND AN ASH.

WHAT suns have shone, what storms have raved,
Since that delicious prime,
When on these trees our names we graved,
As if to mock at Time!

Full oft did *Pocock, Painter, Joy*
Along this valley dash,
Then pausing, each salute, fond boy!
His oak, his lime, his ash.

How frolic on his favourite tree
Did *Pocock, Joy, and Painter*,
Carve letters doomed, though deep, to be
Faint every year, and fainter.

I hail Nick *Pocock's* gnarled oak,
To find his name; but... lo!
As through its glimmering moss I poke,
Time puts me off with... *Po*...!

Poh ! Poh ! on Time may I retort !
That ash will serve me better :
Thy name, young *Joy* ! . . . In cruel sport
Hath time erased each letter !

And shall I now the lime-tree search
For PAINTER all in vain ?
Eupnea ! . . . Yet old Time, so arch,
Has left me only . . . PAIN !

A TRAGEDY OF OTHER TIMES,

BUT ENACTED IN OUR OWN.*

The following relation of a true story was given to the author in conversation at Paris, in 1816, by General Hulot, who was aide-de-camp to Marshal Junot, Duke of Abrantes, at the time it happened.

In the year 1805, while General Junot was governor of Paris, as a poor mason inhabiting that city was returning one evening from his day's work through the Champs Elysées, he was accosted by three men, whose features the darkness of the evening prevented him from distinguishing. They asked him if he was willing to come with them forthwith, for the purpose of executing a work in masonry, which it was neces-

* It is upon this incident that the popular vaudeville entitled the "Magon" was founded.

After the printing of this sheet had commenced, an imperfect relation of the same story appeared in a weekly newspaper, where it was inserted without the permission or knowledge of the author.

sary should be completed before the morning. He expressed his readiness to do so, provided he was well paid for it. They then promised him five and twenty Napoleons as his reward, on condition that he would consent to have his eyes blinded, and would come with them without an instant's delay.

The mason acceded to the proposal, and a handkerchief was bound over his eyes. The men then led him along at a quick pace for some time. At length they stopped, and told him he was now to get into a carriage. Having placed him in it, and got in themselves, the carriage drove off with rapidity. For a considerable space of time they rolled over the stones, but afterwards left them, and appeared to be passing along a cross road. About an hour's drive brought them to the end of their journey. The carriage halted, and the mason was taken out of it. He was then led through various passages, and up and down staircases; probably for the purpose of rendering it the more difficult for him upon any future occasion to trace his way.

When the bandage was taken from his eyes, he found himself in a room illuminated with many wax candles, and hung with black cloth. The floor, the walls, and the ceiling were alike covered with these mournful hangings; and no part of the apartment was without them, except one large niche in the wall, near which were placed stones and mortar, and the necessary implements for making use of them. The mason was astonished and alarmed at all he saw: he

turned round to seek an explanation of it, but found himself entirely alone.

He had full leisure to examine the funeral ornaments by which he was surrounded : but at length he heard a noise, and a portion of the hanging being lifted up, discovered a door, which was thrown open. Through this entered a number of men in black cloaks, and whose faces were concealed by masks. They entered, dragging with them a beautiful young woman, whose dishevelled black hair, streaming eyes, and disordered dress, proved, at the same time, her misery, and the compulsion under which she was suffering.

As soon as she was in the room, she sunk on her knees before her masked conductors, and implored them in the most moving manner to have pity on her ; but they only replied by shaking their heads. She particularly addressed herself to one of them, who, from his gray hairs, appeared to be older than the rest. She embraced his knees, and, with sobs and cries, besought his mercy. To these supplications no answer was given ; but upon a signal made, she was again dragged forward, and, in spite of her screams and resistance, was forced into the niche, where she was bound with cords.

The gray-haired mask then desired the mason to begin his task, and to wall her up. But the poor man, horror-struck with what he had seen, and affected beyond measure with the imploring lamentations of the lady, who besought him not to be an accessory to so foul a murder, refused to proceed. Upon this the

masks began to threaten him. The mason fell on his knees, and entreated to be permitted to depart. But the masks drew their swords from beneath their cloaks, and told him, with imprecations, that if he continued to refuse to perform what he had promised, instant death should be his portion, while, on the other hand, if he obeyed, his reward should be doubled.

The poor man, thus intimidated, commenced unwillingly his horrible task, but stopped from time to time, and requested to be permitted to desist. The masks, however, stood over him the whole time with drawn swords, and obliged him to proceed; till at length, while the shrieks of the victim became every instant more dreadfully piercing, as the wall rose upon her which was to shut her out from life, the tragedy was completed, and the niche was hermetically sealed with solid masonry.

The mason threw down his trowel more dead than alive—the gray-haired mask put fifty Napoleons into his hand—his eyes were again covered, and he was hurried from the room in which this tremendous scene had taken place. As on his arrival, he was carried up and down through various passages, and then put into a carriage. The carriage was whirled along as rapidly as before; and after the stated period, the mason found himself with his eyes uncovered on the spot in the Champs Elysées where he had first been met, and alone!

The night was now far advanced, or, rather, the morning was approaching. The man was stunned and bewildered with what he had witnessed: but after

a short time, he recovered the use of his intellects so far, as to determine to go forthwith to the governor of Paris. Having with difficulty got admission to Junot, his tale was at first disbelieved; but the fifty Napoleons which he produced, and still more, the unvarying accuracy with which he related the different circumstances of that dreadful night, at length gained him entire credit.

The police employed themselves very diligently for some weeks in tracing the scene of the crime, and the perpetrators of it. Various houses within a certain distance of the capital were searched, and the walls of rooms were inspected, to see if any marks of fresh-made stone-work could be discovered. The principal house-agents of Paris, the letters out of carriages and horses, the guards at the *barrières*, &c. were examined, in the hopes of finding some clue, but entirely without success.

This mysterious murder remained, and still remains unexplained and unpunished; but conjecture imagined it to have been an act of family vengeance. According to this solution, the masks were the father and brothers of the unfortunate lady, who was considered in some way or other to have dishonoured her race. They were also supposed to have been strangers from some distant part of the country, who had come to the neighbourhood of Paris for the purpose of completing this vindictive act, and had gone away again after its perpetration.

SING NOT OF THE PAST.

BY MRS. ABDY.

SING not in these glittering halls,
Songs of former years,
Each remember'd note recalls,
Life's young hopes and fears ;
Win me not to dwell on days
Far too bright to last,
Touch thy lute to careless lays,
Sing not of the past !

When the moon is shining bright
Over lawn and lea,
Come, and in the silvery light,
Sigh those songs to me :
Soothing calmness then, each sound
O'er my soul shall cast ;
But when strangers smile around,
Sing not of the past !

ADVICE TO BACHELORS AND SPINSTERS.

A DASHING captain of hussars,
Dressed in the livery of Mars,
 Mustachio, lace and sabre ;
Who talks soft nonsense—sings a song,
Waltzes, quadrilles the whole night long,
 To fiddle, pipe, and tabor,—

Oh? grant me such a man, ye Fates!
Some giggling girl ejaculates,
 Whose heart is Cupid's Ætna ;
She loves his golden epaulettes,
He loves her gold to pay his debts,
 So off they dash to Gretna.

The Scottish Vulcan, who unlocks
To runaways, Pandora's box,
 That holds his marriage charters,
Soon makes them one, and they who came,
False worshippers of Hymen's flame,
 Return as Folly's martyrs.

Forger of Gretna chains! that gall
And grind the very soul, could all
That erst thine altar flew to,
Their present wretchedness reveal,
From thee such iron tears would steal
As once were shed by Pluto.

From foppery, lucre, rashness—free
Your minds, if ye expect to be
By marriage bliss rewarded;
For its pure joys can never greet
The thoughtless and the indiscreet,
The forward and the sordid.

The knave who traffics in a wife,
Content, if rich, to take for life,
A wanton or a ninny,
Will gain small pity if instead
Of Fortune's fool, he chance to wed
A fool without a guinea.

She who for fashion, figure, birth,
Not kindred tastes or moral worth,
Her happiness will barter,
Who thinks each dear Adonis-love,
Must needs be constant as the dove,
May sometimes catch a Tartar.

Useless when both are thus deceived,
To balance which is most aggrieved,

Each may lament the other ;—
 Nor need relations scold and huff,
 The wretched pair are sure enough
 To punish one another !

Be not of future joys too sure,
 Rather the present share secure,
 And prize them ere they leave thee ;
 Distrust appearances, for bliss
 May greet thee with a Judas kiss,
 When plotting to deceive thee.

The wise, the virtuous, the discreet,
 May oft in life's probation meet
 Disastrous disappointment ;
 But friends will honour them the more,
 And their own minds for every sore
 Will yield a healing ointment.

Not so when Providence condemns
 The man of guilt and stratagems
 To ruinous reverses ;
 His own black thoughts—the public hate,
 His ill success will aggravate,
 And prove his direst curses.

THE THUNDER-GUST.

BY MARCUS OAKES.

It is one of the unfortunate, perhaps we should say perverse, delusions which attend us in this world, that we are constantly avoiding those influences, which are most friendly to our intellectual and moral improvement. We fly from the haunts of wild nature to the brilliant saloon, and gladly exchange the hard granite of the mountain top for the carpeted and cushioned softness of the drawing-room. We shut our eyes upon the grandest scenes in nature, while we dwell with rapture on a picture, or a print; and we prefer the music of Malibran or Seguin, to the music of the spheres.

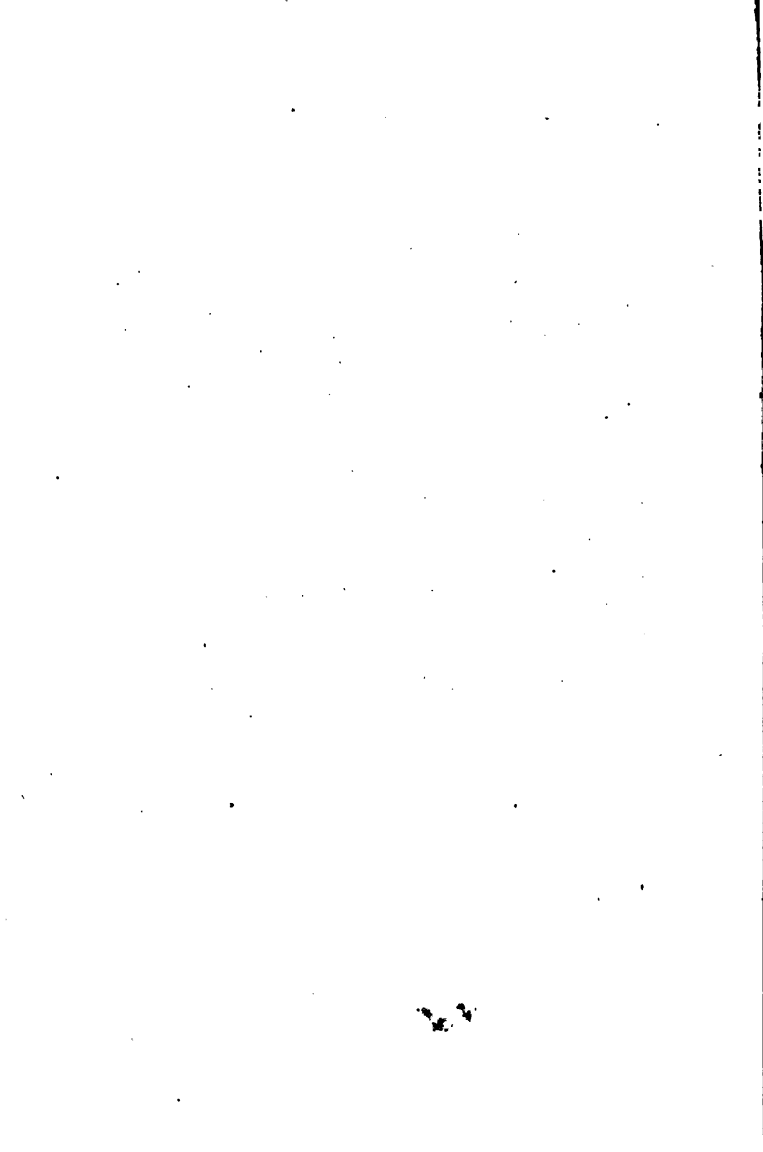
Why is this? Why are natural sublimity and beauty less attractive to us than artificial? Is it on account of the rarity of the latter in comparison with the former; or is it because the sublime attitudes of nature, when suddenly presented to eyes which have become weakened by constantly dwelling on the puny



Engraved by W. H. Stiles

The Handicraft

Engraved by W. H. Stiles



works of man, strike with too much awe upon the soul, forcing the thoughts inward, and compelling us to feel what atoms we are in the scale of creation? It must be so—at least with us denizens of the city. In the country they are more familiar with the mighty works of the Creator; and the country people are all the wiser and the better for this circumstance in their daily life.

Reflections like these always occur to me whenever I witness one of those terrible exhibitions of sublime power presented in a thunder-gust. Of all the elements of sublimity, none is so effective as the display of power—sudden, irresistible force;—and nothing of this kind is so striking as the effects of the electric fluid. The streams of fire darting from heaven to earth, the awful reverberations that shake the very ground beneath one's feet, and that obscurity produced by the masses of clouds and the pouring rain, contribute to render a shower awful and imposing, in whatever situation the beholder may be placed; but in the country, in the open field, where all parts of the terrific scene are spread out to view, it is especially so. Such a scene was once presented in a country town, not far from the writer's residence.

It was harvest time. The reapers were gaily singing at their work. The loveliness of the day had drawn out almost every inmate of a family residing on an extensive farm, into a wheat field remote from the farmer's house. They had come to spend the day. The children rambled about the neighbouring fields,

and picked berries ; the women assisted in gathering the grain, which those of the men who were not reaping bound into sheaves. At high noon, all met in a shady nook, by the clear spring, to partake of their nice country dinner. Such butter and cold slices of roasted lamb, such bread, such cucumbers, such raspberries and cream, and peaches, and apples, and pears!—the time would fail me to rehearse all the particulars of that rustic repast—from the reverent grace with which it was commenced, to the thankful acknowledgment of heaven's goodness with which it was concluded. The sturdy farmer himself, a man of some fifty years old, presided ; his aged mother, his married sons and daughters, with their laughing broods of children, all formed a most primitive and patriarchal group. A full hour was consumed in the refection—the dinner and desert ; and then the party dispersed once more about the fields ; not however before the farmer himself had cast an anxious look at certain double-headed clouds, which were peering above the horizon in the northwest, heaving up their snowy masses towards the declining sun.

When they all had resumed their work and their sport, the ancient dame, who had seated herself beneath the shade of a wide-spreading oak, sat watching the gradual rising of the clouds. Up they came creeping towards the sun, slowly at first, then quicker, the rounded masses glittering in the glare of intense light. Soon they met the luminary and hid it from view. Then the whole cloudy curtain

lowered over the fields, black and threatening. The children began to look up from their play, the reapers and gleaners were seen hurrying in their work. Soon the wind began to rise. Little eddying whirlwinds, carrying their spiral columns of dust and leaves, were seen coursing along over the ground. Some horses in a neighbouring pasture began to snort and prick up their ears and run wildly about. The birds exhibited signs of terror in their hurried and irregular flight. Presently, heavy drops of rain fell, a flash of lightning and a low muttering peal of thunder from the northwest, where the clouds were heaviest and blackest, set the whole company of men, women, and children running towards the tree where the grandmother was seated. One little boy, her pet, crouched down by her side and laid his head in her lap. His father and mother seated themselves on the grass near, the wife throwing her arm round her husband's neck, and hiding her face against his breast, as if she could hope for protection there, even against the thunderbolt itself. Other members of the family were grouped together beneath the great oak. The farmer, sickle in hand, leaned against a bank, and steadily contemplated the approach of the thunder-gust, with awe and reverence, but not with terror.

Scarcely had the family gained the shelter of the thick spreading tree when the rain began to pour down in torrents; the clouds had rapidly covered the whole firmament, shutting out last a narrow rim of blue sky which had remained at the south. Wild and

ragged, over the heads of the terrified party, hung the torn remnants of those clouds which had lately seemed so bright and beautiful, as they lay piled up in the northwest, in all the gorgeousness of gold and purple. Each flash of lightning threatened blindness to the beholder, so intense was its glare; and the peals of thunder echoed among the hills, long reverberating, loud and terrible; each drawing after it a fresh accession of copiousness and force to the shower. The size of the tree under which the party had taken shelter, and the great thickness of its foliage protected them, in some measure, from the rain, and they were entirely regardless of the increased risk which they incurred by its proximity, of injury from the lightning. Even the scathing of a tall Norway pine, at the distance of a hundred yards from them, and in full sight, did not drive them from their post, nor prevent one of the farmer's sons from actually reclining against the huge trunk of the oak.

This young man was habitually bold and reckless. He had little sensibility of any kind. The only emotion he felt on the occasion was annoyance at being interrupted in his labours; and the terrors of his companions were rather a source of amusement to him.

"This is dreadful!" said one of his sisters, after a flash and peal which were nearly simultaneous, and came like the roar of a whole park of artillery discharged at once.

"It is grand and awful," said the farmer; "a most fearful exhibition of Almighty power. It makes one

feel how poor and weak man is in the presence of the Creator."

"In such a time as this," said the aged woman, "one cannot but think of death and the judgment. Such fearful danger always makes me run over in my mind the past events of my life, and look forward to my last account."

"We are always liable," said the farmer, "to the instant visitation of death; if we did but consider the thing rightly we should always be prepared."

"For my part," said the young man who was leaning against the oak, "I think we shall none of us die before our time comes."

Scarcely was the irreverent speech uttered when the whole party were nearly blinded by a flash of lightning, accompanied simultaneously with a stunning crash of thunder. Every one was compelled to crouch down instantly, covering the face with the hands. The fear, the instinctive fear of death, was upon all alike. When the reverberations of the thunder had ceased, and they began, one by one, to look around them, a sight of horror presented itself. The young man who had leaned against the tree was lying on the ground a blackened corpse. A narrow strip of bark was torn off the whole length of the trunk; and the ground was ploughed up where the electric fluid had followed one of the roots for several feet.

No other member of the family was injured. In a few minutes, while the mother was wringing her

hands over her dead son, and every accent of grief was heard in the loud lamentations of brothers and sisters, the rain ceased, the clouds slowly retreated to the southeast, and the sun, gleaming out for a short space before setting, cast his parting beams upon the weeping trees and flowers, and upon the weeping train who bore the deceased back to the mansion from which he had gone forth so full of hope and vigour in the morning.

Philadelphia.

AONINA,

THE FAITHFUL INDIAN GIRL.

BY ANASTASIA ONIS.

EARLY in 1760 Mr. Grant, a merchant of Liverpool, after experiencing heavy losses in business, occasioned by the treachery of a friend whom he trusted and loved, took such a dislike, both to his trade and residence, that he resolved to leave England, with his wife and children, and seek a home in America.

They had no very near relatives surviving in England, and his wife, with the true devotion of a woman, exclaimed, "Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried."

They had two children, a boy and girl. Henry, the eldest, about four years old, and little Ellen an infant in the arms. Both Mr. and Mrs. Grant had been well and thoroughly educated, and he had been intended for the ministry, but a change of fortune had befallen his father, and his theological studies had to be suspended. They were pious, high-minded people, and the prospect of labouring successfully in instructing

and improving the Indians was among other inducements for seeking a residence in America. Their arrangements were soon completed. Mr. Grant disposed of his remaining stock to good advantage, and with his family embarked for Canada. They were accompanied by a middle-aged woman who had been with Mrs. Grant from her childhood, and now acted in the double capacity of child's-nurse and humble companion. Martha, this faithful servant, was indeed a treasure to them all; but particularly to Mrs. Grant, whose health, naturally delicate, would hardly have been equal to this arduous undertaking without her assistance. Robust in health, firm in disposition, of unvarying cheerfulness, and unfaltering integrity, she was indeed a prop and stay for the whole family.

Their voyage was pleasant, and they were soon settled in the neighbourhood of Quebec. It is true their habitation was only a log cabin, and consisted but of two rooms; but the smallness of its dimensions could not cramp the spirits of those who looked on the beautiful and almost boundless prospect presented from the outside of their dwelling. The noble St. Lawrence rolled its majestic waters within sight of their home, and immense forests waved in the distance. The even tenor of their life was uninterrupted for a long time by any striking incident. They had brought an ample supply of books for the education of their children, and their time was very pleasantly divided between this duty and the cultivation of a small tract of ground, which supplied the most of their wants, and which

Mr. Grant cultivated with the assistance of a labourer procured from Quebec. Mrs. Grant and Martha found ample occupation in the superintendence of their small household, which very soon after their arrival showed by its simple decorations, that woman's hand and taste were there. They had been highly blessed with health since their arrival, and their well-regulated minds, already accommodated to their changed circumstances, found that true happiness did not depend upon the place of their residence.

At a short distance from their habitation was a small Indian village, the inhabitants of which, although shunning much intercourse, had always shown a friendly disposition to the whites, of whom there were several families residing near. They belonged to a tribe in alliance with Pontiac, although they were but a small part of the powerful confederacy organized by that daring leader, which comprised all the Indians on the great chain of lakes, and which at a subsequent period of history were led by Tecumseh.

Oconostota, the chief of the small tribe in Mr. Grant's neighbourhood, had shown considerable attachment to the children of Mr. and Mrs. Grant, and had suffered his little girl, about two years old, to become quite a pet in their family. He had lost his wife, and this child was the idol of his heart, although his affection for her was always guarded from display by his Indian reserve. Some wrong, which was afterwards proved to have been imaginary, had excited the anger of the soldiers in garrison at Quebec, and they had

determined to inflict a signal vengeance on these Indians. It was a cruel and uncalled-for revenge, and was attended by their almost total annihilation. Mr. and Mrs. Grant lamented with unfeigned sorrow over their destruction, and Mr. Grant determined, although at considerable personal risk, to visit the ruins of their village and ascertain whether he could render any assistance to them. He found it literally burnt to the ground; not a cabin was remaining; and the murdered bodies of men, women, and children were stretched around, unburied, and without kindred to mourn over their loss. While surveying this sad scene with a sorrowing heart and weeping eyes he was startled from the stillness of death which reigned around by the sobs of a child, and on searching for the cause soon found little Aonina, the daughter of Oconostota, by the body of her father. Mr. Grant raised the little maiden in his arms and soon soothed her into quiet. She clung around his neck; and he resolved that from that time, if her father were actually dead, she should be a child to him. On examining the wounds of Oconostota, he found that although he was very badly wounded life was not extinct. With the assistance of some of his neighbours, who had at last reached the spot, he had him conveyed with his little child to his own habitation, where, on promptly administering the suitable remedies, he soon had the pleasure of seeing him revive to consciousness. His recovery was very gradual, but his spirits were wholly broken by the disasters of that fatal night;

and as soon as he was able to travel he announced to Mr. Grant his determination to repair to the headquarters of his tribe in the neighbourhood of Detroit. Mr. Grant would have detained him, but he was firm in his resolution to depart.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Grant had become very much attached to little Aonina, and they determined to try and prevail on Oconostota to leave her with them. As Christians they could not bear that she should be brought up in ignorance of their blessed religion; and as parents their hearts bled at the thought of her tender infancy being exposed to the hardships of such a long and perilous journey. Mrs. Grant took an early opportunity to speak to the chief upon the subject, and found, to her surprise and delight, that he had already cherished the hope that such an offer might be made by them. Mrs. Grant solemnly promised to be a mother to the child provided he gave her entirely to her charge, and suffered her to be brought up a Christian. He acquiesced in her demands, and the parting soon took place. The strong-hearted old chief wept at the separation from his only child, for well he knew the parting was for ever; and so it proved. He died on his journey, and little Aonina was now indeed the child of Mr. and Mrs. Grant.

“Wo for thy hapless fate!

Wo for thy evil times and lot, brave chief!

Thy sadly closing story,

Thy short and mournful glory,

Thy high and hopeless struggle, brave and brief.”

When entering her fourth year, Aonina's remarkable beauty attracted every eye. With a complexion but little darker than a southern European she united a beautiful soft black eye, with a mildness of expression which won every heart. The contrast between her and little Ellen, nearly her own age, was very delightful. The Indian girl had the slender yet strong frame of the natives, while Ellen was a fair little cherub, with a complexion perfectly red and white, bright blue eyes, and a profusion of flaxen hair. The gravity of the Indian maid was often overcome by the frolics of little Ellen, and they would roll on the grass sending their childish laughter to be echoed back by the woods and mountains, and making glad music in the hearts of their parents. Henry was now a stout healthy boy, of a firm manly character, and under the strict instruction of his father had already made considerable progress in his education. Mr. Grant, feeling the necessity of preparing his boy to become the guardian of his mother and sister, had begun early to teach him to govern himself, and to conquer difficulties often formidable to boys of his age. His teaching had been eminently successful, and Henry, even at that early age, showed a great deal of character and firmness.

So far all had prospered with the family, but Death, who makes his demands on the log cabin as well as the palace, had chosen for his prey the devoted mother of this happy family. In giving birth to an infant she left this world of trial for one from which

her pure spirit had long seemed to be a wanderer. Before she died she called her sorrowing husband to her bedside, and spoke to him so soothingly, and with such bright anticipations of the glorious hereafter, as almost to quench the tears which the trying separation called forth.

“My dear Edward, ours has been indeed a blissful union. We have had but one heart in our labours, and now, when leaving this world, it is an unspeakable bliss to me to feel that we have been united in thought, word, and deed. I need not speak to you of your duty to your children, for you have always been mindful of the great responsibility resting upon you. I would only suggest that you should above all things attend to their religious education, caring but little comparatively for their worldly estate. Do not let sorrow for my loss prevent you from entering again into an active state of society if you should feel inclined. As for the poor little babe just entering upon this scene of trial I can say nothing, but that God ‘tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.’ And now, my husband, farewell, but not for ever. I would speak to my children.” Mr. Grant withdrew, wholly overpowered with his strong emotion, and the awe-stricken children crept softly to their mother’s bedside, led by the weeping Martha.

“Henry,” said Mrs. Grant, “I hope you will remember and cherish the words of your dying mother. You have always been a good and obedient child; continue to be so to your father, and comfort

him for my loss. Be a protector to your sisters, and always watch over them. I wish you to regard Aonina in the same light as your other sisters, and, if possible, with more attention, for she is indeed an orphan."

To Ellen and Martha she addressed a few words of consolation. To the Indian girl she said more, as she thought she needed. This sweet girl had shown, from her early childhood, a depth of purpose and determination of character, combined with remarkable tenderness of disposition. She now came to the bedside of Mrs. Grant with the little babe in her arms, whose face was wet with her tears. Mrs. Grant kissed her affectionately, and told her it would be a comfort to her to have her promise never to forsake the poor babe should its life be spared. This request roused all the energy of the Indian girl's character, and, giving the babe to Martha, she fell on her knees, and in a simple but impressive prayer called on her Creator and Redeemer, whom she truly worshipped in spirit and in truth, to bear witness to her solemn vow to be a mother to that child.

Mrs. Grant spoke no more, but with a look of love to all, expired. Sorrow indeed reigned in that solitary house, but not the sorrow without comfort. Mr. Grant showed in his demeanour "that the good man bears disaster as the archangel bears his plumes—to elevate and glorify." The spirit of the departed still seemed present with them; and constantly surrounded by the marks of never-wearying energy for

their comfort, she was associated with their best and purest feelings. They made for her a simple grave near their house, and when the weather would permit their morning and evening worship was offered beside it.

Years passed away without much change. Henry was now a young man with the same determined character which had marked his boyhood. Ellen and Aonina had reached woman's estate, and little Anna, the pet and plaything of the whole family, was, contrary to the expectations of all, a fine healthy child. Aonina still retained her remarkable beauty, and her Indian blood was almost forgotten by those who loved her so well. Martha had followed her mistress to the grave, deeply and truly lamented.

About this time Mr. Grant received a letter from England, apprising him that the friend who had so deeply wronged him was dead, and had bequeathed the whole of his large fortune to him, with an earnest prayer for his forgiveness. It was necessary for Mr. Grant or his son to go to England to make good their claim to this property. Mr. Grant felt himself too much advanced in life, and too feeble in health to undertake the long voyage, and it was finally settled that Henry should go and be accompanied by his sister Ellen.

The parting was sad and sorrowful to all, but it was necessary, and therefore submitted to without repining. Henry and Ellen embarked from Quebec, but before

leaving America Henry made known to his father his warm attachment to Aonina, the lovely Indian girl. Mr. Grant had suspected it for some time, but as both parties had preserved a total silence, he had also refrained from noticing it. Henry had previously gained from Aonina her acknowledgment of a feeling similar to his, but her declaration of attachment was always with the special understanding that it met with the full and perfect approbation of Mr. Grant. "Dear as you are to me, Henry," she would say, "the peace and happiness of your venerated father and lovely sisters are still dearer, and if they cannot forget the Indian blood that flows through my veins, I cannot for a moment blame them, sensible as I am, that to most people it would be an insurmountable barrier to our nearer connexion." Mr. Grant was at first a little startled at the prospect of their marriage, but his high religious feeling and love for his children forbade him to say a word in disapprobation. "My son," said he, addressing Henry, "my best and only wish must be for your happiness; and I can truly say, that in the partner you have chosen, I find every thing that can promise to you comfort and peace. Still I think, considering your youth and hers, it is better for your union to be delayed until your return from England. Your worldly prospects will be probably improved by your voyage, and you will also have an opportunity of testing the strength of your attachment to Aonina. Absence will prove to you both, whether your love is

pure and holy, such as should subsist between those about to form the holiest tie which binds human creatures together."

Soon after the departure of Henry and Ellen, Mr. Grant received intimations, from various sources, that the Indians in the neighbourhood meditated an attack upon the whites, but he did not credit it; for they had shown a friendly feeling to them for a long time. One evening, Mr. Grant, Aonina, and little Anna were seated in their parlour conversing of the absent members of the family, when they were joined by some neighbours, who after some general remarks, openly expressed their fears that the Indians were really meditating an attack. Mr. Grant still doubted; but his doubts were soon to be made fearful certainty.

The collection of books belonging to Mr. Grant, stood on a book-shelf near the window. Aonina had gone to look for a book which Mr. Grant had wished for, and after selecting the volume turned to the window. It was a still, dark night, and the girl pausing for a moment to look out, beheld close to the glass on the outside, the grim visage of an Indian warrior, peering in upon the domestic circle like another Satan gazing on Paradise. She instinctively started back, uttering an exclamation, and the face disappeared. Mr. Grant rose to see what occasioned her agitation, but before he could reach her the terrible war-cry of the Indians broke the stillness of the night, and in an instant the door was burst open and the par-

lour filled with wild and infuriated savages. Mr. Grant was severely wounded and left for dead on the floor. Aonina, struck down in the onset, was dragged into a recess, where she remained in a state of insensibility till the Indians had left the house. Little Anna was seized upon by an Indian as his prize, and borne screaming from the house. Aonina's swoon probably saved her life, for in the commotion she escaped notice. The retreat of the Indians was as rapid as their descent had been unexpected, and when Aonina returned to a state of consciousness she found herself deserted, and surrounded by the dead and dying. The sudden retreat of the Indians was occasioned by an alarm given by their scouts, as their intention had been to destroy the house by fire. Aonina's distress may be imagined but not described. The loss of little Anna almost benumbed her faculties. While trying to recall her wandering faculties, she was startled by a groan, and on searching for its cause, she found Mr. Grant had still life remaining. With the aid of some neighbours, who had escaped a similar visitation in consequence of the alarm and sudden flight of the Indians, she applied the necessary remedies, and soon had the pleasure of seeing him considerably restored.

As soon as he was able to speak, his first inquiry was for his children, and Aonina with a broken voice was obliged to tell him of the loss of Anna. Her resolution was speedily formed to follow the child, and with the devotedness of her character, she resolved to pursue the retreating tribe and rescue Anna

or remain with her. Before morning broke she had made her preparations for departure, and after a painful and affecting parting with Mr. Grant, who, distressing as it was to his own feelings, suggested the possibility that Anna might have shared the fate of those who had been so cruelly murdered. Aonina did not credit it for a moment. She felt sure that Anna still lived, and she made a solemn vow to follow and protect the child.

A kindhearted neighbour promised to see that Mr. Grant should want for nothing which his situation might require, and having made every disposition for his comfort which circumstances permitted, Aonina with a heavy heart left the home of her childhood. Her knowledge of Indian habits enabled her to follow their track without much difficulty, and as her object was not to escape notice, she was soon in the presence of little Anna's captors. Aonina was surprised and pleased to find the Indians to be those of her own tribe, and that their chief was her maternal grandfather. He had not accompanied the expedition in consequence of his advanced age, otherwise the house which sheltered his grandchild might have been exempt from injury, and Aonina now very reasonably hoped to accomplish the return of Anna and herself through his means. She was grieved to find that their final destination was at so great a distance as Detroit; but her meeting with her aged relative would take place before reaching there, as he had started with the tribe several months before, and been obliged by his increasing in-

firmities to halt and encamp. It is impossible to describe Anna's delight at meeting again her dear protector. She had sobbed herself to sleep, and her last glances of terror before sinking into slumber had fallen on the terrible face of the Indian who had seized her; but on waking she found herself resting on the bosom, and clasped in the arms of her dear Aonina. Aonina soothed and comforted her, and although still uncertain what course might be taken with them, betrayed no sign of fear, but with great composure heard all their plans discussed; and one who had seen her would have supposed her to belong to them, and to be with them at her own pleasure.

They travelled several days with great rapidity, fearful of pursuit, and availing themselves of the many ways which an Indian has of concealing his track. Aonina had a very strong frame, capable of great fatigue, and it was fortunate for Anna that her powers of endurance were such as to enable her to carry the poor child part of the way. Anna had become a little reconciled to the appearance of the Indian who claimed her as his prize; and when not able to walk would allow him to relieve Aonina of her charge. But their sufferings were very great; their clothes were torn and their flesh wounded by their journey through forests, and their rest at night broken and disturbed in their resting places, so different from their own beloved home. They might also well tremble when they considered the uncertain intentions of the Indians respecting them.

Aonina's knowledge of the Indian tongue, which she had taken pains to remember, enabled her to understand that it was the wish of some of the party to put them to death, while others opposed it, thinking to please the old chief by restoring to him his granddaughter, as it had always been a source of great dissatisfaction to him that she had been allowed to remain with the whites. After their arrival at the place where they met their chief, Aonina was kindly received by her grandfather; but found to her great sorrow that any attempt to return to her home would bring upon her his heavy displeasure. He welcomed her return to her native state, and threatened his severest punishment if she attempted to escape. He was a stern old man, much feared by his tribe. He had still a daughter living, a harsh old woman, under whose guardianship he placed Aonina and Anna, with his strict orders that they should not be allowed to go beyond certain boundaries, and never to let them out of her sight. These orders she faithfully obeyed, and although not unkind to them, Aonina found it impossible to gain her confidence or obtain from her the smallest deviation from the strict orders of the chief.

Aonina began to feel anxious respecting her charge, and painful thoughts frequently arose at the possibility of a lasting separation from Mr. Grant and his family. Still she faithfully performed her duty to Anna, and morning and evening did they perform their devotions, to the surprise of those who understood not the act nor intention. Aonina constantly directed her thoughts

towards some attempt to escape, although the vigilance with which she was watched almost forbade her to hope. There was no place of refuge to which she could look nearer than their own home, and how was she to find her way through those trackless forests with a young and helpless child?

The love and devotion of Aonina's character forbade her to decide on her own probable fate; it was of Anna and Anna alone she thought. "If I can procure sufficient provisions for her, and reach any place where she can be heard of by her friends, I shall consider myself happy. Spirit of her departed mother! hear me renew my vow to be to the utmost of my ability her guardian and friend."

About two months after their arrival at the Indian camp a hunt was proposed to increase their supply of provisions, and Aonina determined that should be her time for endeavouring to escape.

The old woman under whose guardianship they were placed, seemed to double her watchfulness, now the men were removed, but one night, when overpowered with fatigue, she slept more soundly than usual. Aonina, who had always confided to Anna her plan of escape, and who had imparted to the child much of her own steady and determined character, succeeded in rousing her without awakening her guard. Cautiously, and with the child in her arms, she passed the sleeping woman, and with noiseless steps left the cabin. It was very dark, and Aonina could but conjecture which was her right path. She

succeeded in travelling all night without meeting with any interruption, and morning dawned upon her several miles from the scene of her captivity. Her only provisions consisted of parched corn and a little dried venison, but poor as their morning's meal was, it was blessed with grateful hearts for the prospect of escape. Aonina repeated her instruction to Anna, in case of any accident to herself, and they proceeded on their journey. After two days of severe labour they lay down one afternoon under the shade of a tree, worn by their incessant toil, and feeling the necessity of a few hours' rest. They both slept soundly, and on awaking found that their fond dreams of home, which had visited them in sleep were indeed but dreams, for they were surrounded by the hunters of the tribe on their way home after a successful chase.

Their return to the camp was welcomed with a shout, and the old woman renewed her vigilance in watching them. Aonina was almost in despair, but she had such confidence in the dealings of Providence that she did not murmur under her severe disappointment.

Soon after their return, Aonina's grandfather, who had not at any time noticed her much, was taken very ill. His disease was exceedingly painful, and although borne with the stoicism belonging to the Indian character, was fast wearing away his strength. Aonina resolved to make an effort to become his nurse, trusting to opportunity to procure from him permission to depart for her own home ; as she knew that the death

of the old chief would be the signal of departure for their headquarters near Detroit, from whence escape would be almost impossible. After some time she succeeded in procuring access to her grandfather, and such was the gentleness of her demeanour and the tenderness with which she watched over him and administered to his wants, that the old chief was at last induced to accede to her earnest request to nurse him altogether. He soon became very much attached to her and little Anna; and Aonina, while constantly keeping in mind the main object of her return, showed so much patience, that the heart of her grandfather warmed towards her, and he every day treated her with more consideration. He at first opposed with great violence any suggestions made by Aonina relative to her return to the settlements of the whites; but she persevered so faithfully, and yet with so much patience, that at last he promised her that when he died, she should be at liberty to return. He failed very gradually, and Aonina watched him to the last. A few hours before his death, he called the chief persons of the tribe together, and gave his commands that his granddaughter and Anna should be allowed to return, and, such was their reverence for him, that he was strictly obeyed. One of the warriors accompanied them to within a days' journey of their home, and then left them with their best wishes and thanks for his kindness.

They soon reached their home, and with a faltering step Aonina approached the dwelling. She had not,

of course, any knowledge whether Mr. Grant was living. She entered the house and saw the venerable man sitting with clasped hands over his Bible, from whence he drew both comfort and consolation from his many trials. He pressed them both to his bosom, and offered up the heartfelt prayer of gratitude for their restoration. He had failed in all attempts to procure certain information as to their destination, but was still continuing his earnest endeavours to gain intelligence of them.

After the interesting and painful narrative of their capture had been fully discussed, the next inquiry was for the wanderers in England.

Voyages were not made with the same rapidity then as at the present day, and it was several months before Mr. Grant heard any particulars of their arrival and reception by their friends in England. When letters were at last received, they contained the gratifying intelligence that the property had been delivered at once without difficulty, and that their connexions had received them both with the warmest welcome. The next letters apprised Mr. Grant that an attachment had commenced between Ellen and a young clergyman named Howard, the only son of a dear deceased friend of Mr. Grant, and which only awaited his approbation to be openly declared. Mr. Grant consented with much pleasure, for he had previously known young Howard's character, and it was arranged that they should be united in England, and visit America together. This was done, but when the time

of departure arrived, it was ascertained that business would detain Henry a time longer in England, and however unwilling to separate, they finally thought it best for Ellen and her husband to proceed on their voyage, and Henry follow in the next vessel. Mr. and Mrs. Howard arrived after a long and dangerous voyage, and the warm welcome they received, with the beauty of the country, and the call for devoted clergymen in the unsettled state of religion, soon convinced Mr. Howard that his sphere of usefulness would be much more extended in Canada than it could be in England. He therefore agreed, and Henry was written to, to transact all necessary business for him. They formed but one family, and although the log cabin had disappeared, and a handsome mansion stood in its place, still the scene from without was the same which had charmed Ellen's infant eye, and above all things was the sacred spot of her mother's repose. A simple monument of white marble gave her name and age, and it was daily visited by all she had left, and who truly revered her memory.

Mr. Howard was delighted with the originality and devotedness of Aonina. "I have seldom met with more clear and heartfelt ideas of religion than she daily makes known. Her faith is pure and holy and unstained by worldly feelings. Indeed her whole character is admirable, and I no longer wonder at Henry's attachment, which you recollect, Ellen, rather startled me at first."

But Aonina's trust and faith were yet to receive a

further trial. The "refiner's fire" was yet to pass over her humble but not fainting spirit. Henry had been daily looked for, and when they could no longer hope, certain intelligence was received that the ship which bore him had gone with all she contained to the bottom. Pieces of the wreck were picked up, which told her fate, but of the living beings contained in her, nothing was or can be known till the "sea gives up her dead."

To Mr. Grant the shock was very great. He was at an advanced age, and his health had long been failing. He survived Henry's loss but a few months; but his perfect faith and trust enabled him to bear with great cheerfulness and fortitude his appointed trials.

"As some lone cottage, ruined and decayed,
Lies in new light through chinks which time has made."

He died as he lived, trusting to the last, and his only earthly request was to be buried by the side of his wife.

Aonina's friends watched her with great anxiety, fearing her health might give way beneath her accumulated sorrows; but they did not discover beneath her quiet resigned demeanour, any apparent change. She still performed her most trifling duties, and to Anna was more devoted than ever. Several years passed by, and her charge had grown to woman's estate, and had formed an attachment to a young officer

in Quebec, with the cordial approbation of her friends. After her marriage, Aonina evidently declined. She seemed to feel that her mission to this lower world was fulfilled. Gradually her health failed. The hectic flush upon her cheek showed that the canker worm consumption was gnawing at her heart. Gently and peacefully did she pass away to the heaven of her hopes, full of faith, hope and gratitude.

“ Rest, rest thee, forest maiden,
Beneath thy native tree!
The proud may boast their little day,
Then sink to rest like thee;
But there's many a one whose funeral
With nodding plumes may be,
Whom nature not affection mourns,
As here they mourn for thee.”

On the banks of the St. Lawrence, near the residence of the Howards, may be seen a small cemetery, surrounded with its low paling, and buried in profusion of flowers brought from the forest to be cultivated by the hands of pious affection. There rest the mortal remains of Mr. Grant's numerous descendants. Even those who wander from the spot seeking for happiness elsewhere, always look forward to the prospect of dying among their kindred, and reposing in their last sleep, beneath the same trees that shade, and the same roses that bloom over the grave of the faithful Aonina.

REASONS FOR ABSENCE.

BY F. M. REYNOLDS.

SINCE you, fair lady, deign to ask
The reason why I stay from you,
I'll ee'n discard my wonted mask,
And give for once my motives true.
Then learn, despite what now I seem,
That I have known the thrilling touch
Of passion in its wildest dream,
Have known, and felt it, far too much.

I've been a slave beneath its thrall,
Its doubts, its raptures, and vexations;
And I have run the round of all
Its dear, delightful, d——d sensations!
I've borne as much as could be borne;
I've felt the keenest throb of pain;
And I have deeply, deeply sworn
To never feel the like again!

O were you but less kind and tender,
Or were you less serene and fair,
O had your radiant eyes less splendour,
And less of gloss your silken hair;
Or were you but more lightly gay,
Or were you e'en but more severe,
I then had never stayed away,
For naught I then had had to fear!

THE FISHERMAN.

BY S. C. HALL.

It was as calm an evening as ever came from heaven,—the sky and the earth were as tranquil, as if no storm from the one had ever disturbed the repose of the other; and even the ocean—that great highway of the world,—lay as gentle as if its bosom had never betrayed,—as if no traveller had ever sunk to death in its embrace. The sun had gone down, and the pensive twilight would have reigned over nature, but for the moon, which rose in her full-orbed beauty, the queen of an illimitable world, to smile upon the goodly things of ours, and to give a radiance and a glory to all she shone upon. It was an hour and a scene that led the soul to the contemplation of Him who never ceases to watch over the works he has made, and whose protecting care displays itself alike upon the solid land and the trackless wastes of the deceitful sea.

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On the western coast of the county of Devon, which has been termed, and, it may be added, justly, "the garden of England," upon such an evening, a group had assembled around one of the fishermen's cottages. The habitation was built in the true style of the olden time, when comfort was the principal object of the projector. At either side of the door were scattered the lines and nets and baskets that betokened the calling of the owner, and the fisherman was taking his farewell for the night, of his happy, loving family, who were bidding him "God speed" on his voyage. A fine old man was leaning his arms on the railing, and talking to an interesting girl whose hand lay upon the shoulder of a younger sister. The stout fisherman, dressed in his rough jerkin, and large boots that reached far above the knees, was in the act of kissing a little cherub, who seemed half terrified at being elevated so high as his father's lips; while the wife and mother, with her infant nursling on her lap, was looking anxiously upon her husband as she breathed the parting blessing, and the prayer for his safe return. A little boy, the miniature of his father in countenance and in dress, bearing a huge boat-cloak across his shoulders, and the lantern that was to give light when the moon departed, completed the group,—if we except a noble Newfoundland dog, some steps in advance of the party, watching for the nod to command his march to a kind of pier where the fisherman and his boy were to embark.

"Good luck, good luck!" exclaimed the old man;

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"good luck, and safe home again, John: ye want not more but God's blessing, and that ye may have for asking: but ye may as well take mine too,—God bless ye, and good bye to ye."

The blessing was heartily echoed by his kind partner and his children, and, whistling as he went, with his boat-hook on his shoulder, his dog Neptune before, and his boy following, he trudged along to the beach.

With the earliest dawn of morning the fisherman's family were astir; the elder girl was busily arranging their little parlour, while the younger was preparing the breakfast table, and the mother spreading before the fire the clothes of her husband and her boy. An hour passed, and she grew somewhat uneasy that he had remained abroad beyond the usual period of his return. Another hour had elapsed, when she said to her father, "Father, go out to the hillock, and try if you can see his sail upon the water; he seldom stays out so long when the sea is calm and the weather fair; my little boy too was not quite well last night, and this alone should have hastened him home."

The old man went forth, and one by one his grandchildren followed him, until the mother was left alone, rocking the cradle of her unconscious babe. After the lapse of another hour, her daughter entered with news that a neighbour had spoken to her father in the night, and that he would certainly be soon home.

"God grant it!" said she, and she spoke in a tone of

deep anxiety. "He never was away so long but once, and that was when he saved the crew of the ship Mary: and then the whirl of the sinking vessel had well nigh made his grave."

Again she stirred the fire, again arranged the clothes before it, and poured some hot water into the tea-cups. Still the breakfast remained untouched.

The sun was now soaring to his meridian height, when once more the family assembled in their humble dwelling; the prop of the whole was yet wanting. They sate down to a cheerless meal, the seats at either side of the wife remaining vacant. The old man was the only individual who appeared to anticipate no evil; but he hastily finished his breakfast and went forth.

The noon was rapidly passing, and the sun had already given tokens of the glory of his departure, when the fisherman's wife, having lulled her infant asleep, went herself to the hill that commanded an extensive view of the wide-spread ocean. All the little household soon assembled on the spot, but no boat was seen upon the waters,—nothing that could give hope except the aspect of the waves, which looked too placid to be dangerous.

Their deep dread was no longer concealed; and while the old man paced to and fro, looking earnestly at brief intervals over the lonely sea, the mother and the daughter were sobbing audibly.

"Fearless let him be whose trust is in his God!" exclaimed the father. The sentence was uttered involuntarily, but it had its effect.

"Ah," said the mother, "he always trusted in God, and God will not forsake him now."

"Do you remember, Jane," continued the old man, "how often Providence was with me, amid the storm and the wreck, when help from man was far off, and would have been useless if near?"—And they cheered and encouraged one another to hope the best,—but to submit to the decree of Heaven, whether it came as the gentle dew to nourish, or as the heavy rain to oppress. From that hillock which overlooked the ocean ascended their mingled prayers that God would not leave them desolate.

The fisherman—the object of their hopes and fears—had been very successful during the night, when at daybreak, as he was preparing to return home, he remembered his promise to bring with him some seaweed to manure the potato plot behind his cottage. He was then close to rocks which were only discernible at low water; he pulled for them, jumped on shore, fastened the painter of his boat to a jutting part of a cliff, and took his boat-hook with him. He collected a sufficient quantity of the weed, but in his eagerness to obtain it, had wandered from the landing-place, when he heard his boy loudly hallooing and exclaiming that the painter was loose. He rushed instantly towards the boat, which was then several yards off; the boy was vainly endeavouring to use both the oars, and Neptune, the faithful dog, was running backward and forward, howling fearfully, as if conscious of his master's danger, at one moment about to plunge into the

waves to join him, and the next licking the face and hands of the child, as if he foresaw that for him his protection would be most needed.

The fisherman perceived at once the desperate nature of his situation; the tide he knew was coming in rapidly, and his hope of escape was at an end, when he perceived that his boy, in an effort to use the oars, had let one of them fall overboard. "Father, father," exclaimed the poor lad, "what shall I do?"—the boat was at this moment so distant that his distracted parent could scarcely hear the words, but he called out to him as loud as he could to trust in God, the father of the fatherless. He then stood resigned to the fate which he felt awaited him, and watched the drifting boat that bore the child in peril from the fatal rocks. He had offered up a brief prayer to the throne of mercy, when in an instant a light broke upon his mind. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "I may yet be saved." With the energy of hope battling with despair, he collected all the stones around him, and heaped them rapidly upon the highest ledge of the rock: it was indeed wonderful how he could have gathered so many in so short a time; but the Almighty gave strength to his arm, and he was labouring not for life merely, but for beings still dearer to him. The tide came on, on, on, and soon obliged him to abandon his work. He then mounted the pile he had heaped, planted his boat-hook firmly in one of the crevices of the cliff, and prepared to struggle for existence: but his heart failed him, when he considered how slight was the possibility that

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the waters would not rise above his head. Still, he determined to do all he could to preserve life. The waves were not rough, and the boat-hook supported him.

The awful moment rapidly approached ; the water had reached his knees ; but he stood firmly, and prayed that he might be preserved. On, on, on, it came, slowly and gently, but more fearfully than if it had raged around its destined prey ;—soon it reached his waist, and he then prayed that it might go no higher. On, on, on, it came, and his shoulders were covered ;—hope died within him, and he thought of himself no longer, but of those who were so dear to him—his wife, his children, and his father—it was for blessings on them that he then implored Heaven. Still on, on, it came, and he was forced to raise his head to keep as long as possible from death ; his reason was almost gone ; his breath grew feeble, his limbs chill ; he panted, and his prayers became almost gurgling murmurs. The blood rushed to his head ; his eyeballs glared as if they would start from their sockets. He closed them with an effort, and thought for the last time on the home that would be soon so wretched ! Horrible images were before him—each swell of the wave seemed as if the fiends were forcing him downward, and the cry of the seabird was like their yells over their victim. He was gasping, choking, for he had not strength to keep his head above the waves, every moment it was plashing upon them, and each convulsive start that followed only aroused him to the consciousness, if consciousness

it could be called, that the next plunge would be his last.

Merciful powers!—at that very moment, when the strength and spirit of a man had left him, and the cold shudder of death had come on, he felt that the tide rose no higher. His eyes opened, closed, and a fearful laugh troubled the waters! They eddied in his throat, and the bubbles floated around his lips—but they rose no higher—that he knew—again and again his bosom heaved with a deep sob, as he drew in his breath, and gave it forth anew in agony. A minute had passed since the salt sea touched his lips;—this was impossible if the tide still flowed: he could reason so much. He opened his eyes, and faintly murmured forth—“O God, be merciful!” The flow of the ocean had indeed ceased; there he still stood motionless; but praying and weeping—thinking of his beloved home, and hoping that his place there might not be for ever vacant. The waters in a short time subsided, and he was enabled to stretch his chill limbs, and then to warm them by exercise. Soon the rock was left dry as before, and the fisherman knelt down upon that desolate spot among the billows—hid his face in his hands, and praised and blessed his Creator—his Preserver!

Oh! it was the well-known bark of his faithful dog that he heard above the waves; in another moment the creature was licking his pale cheek. He was saved—he was saved—for his own boat had touched the shore, and his own boy was in his arms! He had been drifted to the land, and had easily found those

who rowed hard for the chance of saving his father's life.

Now homeward, homeward ! he exclaimed. Homeward, homeward ! echoed the child, and Neptune jumped and barked at the welcome sound.

The fisherman's family were still supplicating Providence upon the hillock that overlooked the deep, when the old man started from his knees, and exclaimed—"We are heard ! there is a speck upon the distant waters."

"Where, where ?" was echoed by the group ; and he pointed out what he hoped to be the absent boat. They eagerly strained their eyes, but could see nothing : in a few minutes, however, all perceived a sail ; still it was impossible to tell the direction in which its course lay.

Then was the agony of suspense ; it continued, however, but for a short time ; a boat was evidently advancing towards the shore : in a few minutes they could clearly perceive a man at the bow, waving his hat above his head, and soon after the well-known bark of Neptune was borne to them by the breeze. The family rushed to the extremity of the rude pier, and the loud huzza of the fisherman was answered by the "welcome, welcome" of his father, and the almost inarticulate "thank God" of his wife.

And now all was joy and happiness in the cottage where there had been so much wretchedness ; the fisherman, his boy, and his dog, were safe from the perils of the great deep ; but he would return no answer to

the many questions, as to what had detained him so long beyond the usual hour of his return—"Wait, my wife," said he, "until we have dressed and refreshed ourselves, and you shall know all; but before we do either, let us bless God for his mercy, for out of great danger, hath he preserved me."

Never was there a more sincere or more earnest prayer offered up to the Giver of all goodness, than ascended from that humble dwelling. And when the fisherman had told his tale, how fervently did they all repeat the words that had given them so much consolation in the morning,—

"Fearless let him be whose trust is in his God!"

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP! first treasure of the breast,
Strong as the stamp on iron prest,
Changeless by trial, time, or shore,
And firmer still as cools the ore!
Within the earth's deluding round,
How art thou sought, how art thou found?

Not swifter on the eye decays
The meteor of the evening haze—
The morning coronet of dew,
That bends the harebell's tender blue;
Not swifter fades the rose's sigh,
Than Earth, thy Friendship is gone by.

But, what is life itself? A dream,
A pageant of the things that seem—
Youth, fiery manhood, weary age,
The passers o'er a painted stage—
Our very world a whirling sphere,
And shall we ask for Friendship here?

Dim children of the storm and cloud,
Where all is shadowy but the shroud—
Where hope, love, genius, beauty, power,
Pass like the summer's gleaming shower,
Shall to our clasp the form be given,
But born in heaven, and made for heaven!

WHAT IS LOVE?

Love is the passion which endureth,
Which neither time nor absence cureth;
Which naught of earthly change can sever:
Love is the light which shines for ever.

What cold and selfish breasts deem madness
Lives in its depths of joy and sadness:
In hearts, on lips, of flame it burneth;
One is its world—to *one* it turneth.

Its chain of gold—what hand can break it?
Its deathless hold—what force can shake it?
Mere passion aught of earth may sever,
But *souls* that love—love on for ever.

THE ITALIAN MOTHER.

I WAS defying—where alone, perhaps, beneath Italian skies, it can be safely and effectually braved—the pitiless brilliancy of even an April noontide sun, under the venerable Ilex groves and interminable shades of Castel Gandolfo (the only appendage of papal power I ever felt inclined to covet)—I had seen, from the summit of the Alban mount, that sun rise in bootless splendour over the wastes of the Campagna; and explored, during the less sultry hours of morning, the lovely margin of the Alban lake; my curious footstep had scared the reptiles cowering amid the subterranean depths of its famed *emissario*—Rome's work of peace, surviving in its simple strength the trophies of her warlike glory—and sated at length with even the matchless charms of Nature, I had strolled, to slumber away the sense of exhaustion, beneath the giant oaks that fling, unreprieved by human sympathy, their oblivious shadows over the shapeless ruins of the villa of Domitian.

I lay and mused, and dreamed as men will dream

in Italy—where thoughts of other days come “thick as leaves in Vallambrosa”—making the past seem present, and bidding the forms of buried greatness people the haunts their memory has hallowed. It was but yesterday that I had sat a breathless pilgrim, perchance, where Cicero leaned a careless auditor, in the rustic theatre of Tusculum; three days had not elapsed since I had lounged at Tibur, in fancied flow of soul with Horace, before the threshold of Mæcenas. In my very path to-day, the tomb of the Horatii had told the tale of the Roman heroism—that of Pompey raised abhorrence of barbarian treachery. A halo of bright memories played around my busy fancy: arts, arms, philosophers and heroes, filled her glowing page; a breath from Nature stirred the changeful leaf; all was anon forgotten amid a scene of humble rustic life, and present human sympathies.

A sense of strange oppression in the atmosphere—a gloom deeper than ever the broad oaks flung around them—a thousand symptoms indicative of a southern tempest—warned me to start up suddenly and seek, along a soft and shady avenue, the probably soon welcome shelter of the city of Albano. Ere, however, I could gain the part of the town where its small inn is situated, the water-spout (for I can no otherwise designate the almost tropical torrent) had burst upon me; and I hailed, with no small satisfaction, the haven afforded by a large artificial grotto, half overgrown with shrubs and ivy, forming part of the substructions of Pompey’s celebrated Alban Villa. The darkness of this

cave—for such it might have seemed—the sole vestige of art it presented being a fragment of a carved frieze, employed in repairing it for some modern purpose—prevented my being at first aware that it was occupied by other travellers, driven thither by the pitiless pelting of the storm. The plaintive wail of infancy, however, and the low soft tones of an Italian voice engaged in hushing it, drew first my attention to a family group I could but faintly guess at through the gloom, but who, on the first glimpse of sunshine, respectfully withdrew to the entrance of the vault, to hail its beams, and rid me of their supposed intrusion.

I had thus light and leisure to scrutinize the group—as sweet a one, in sooth, as ever Correggio or Parmigiano drew from fancy's treasure-house, or the pure models of their land of beauty. A youthful mother, from whom many a stiff madonna might have borrowed grace and tenderness, bending over a babe, whose helpless period of early infancy, though past, she seemed yet fondly to prolong by infantine endearments, and who, deep cradled in his wicker prison, stretched wistful hands towards the bright coral berries of a neighbouring arbutus; while an elder boy (like the St. John of many a Holy Family) enjoyed the younger's transports, and smiled all radiantly through clustering curls of raven hair. Behind him stood a matron form—such as Elizabeth is sometimes represented—absorbed in pleased, yet sober, contemplation of the scene!

I sketched them unsuspected, from my quiet nook, before I ventured, by attempts at conversation, to disturb the charming picture; then peeping gently over the shoulder of the engrossed mother, I asked the elder boy, in Italian, if it still rained. The unconscious child looked up, and blushed; and, till thus questioned, wholly regardless of the elements, put up his little hand to ascertain what, bareheaded as he was, he never had found out. Some lingering drops, though few and far between, warranted the ready answer of "*Signor sì*," and gave me a pretext for prolonging my stay in the grotto, and entering into conversation with its inmates.

"You are travellers, like myself, methinks," said I, glancing at a bundle by the mother's side, and a goat-skin knapsack, on which the boy was sitting. "May I ask whither bound?" "On pilgrimage, Signor," replied the elder female; for the younger seemed to find the answer more than she was able for. "On pilgrimage! and to what patron saint?" exclaimed I, with the ready levity of Englishmen, where aught that savours of superstition is concerned. "Non lo sa, poverina," again replied the matron; "cerca il suo marito, e non c'è Santo che val più d'un altro per trovarlo. Se fosse io, me n'andrei a San Pietro che pria di esser Santo aveva preso moglie!"

The poor young mother looked up and shook her head reproachfully at this effusion of her Alban hostess's gay, reckless disposition, and said with a quick-

ness I scarce expected from her dovelike cast of countenance, "Che Santi! Io mi raccomando a Dio!"

This sentiment of pure and rational piety from an Italian peasant—for such her rustic many-coloured bodice, square linen veil, and scarlet petticoat bespoke her—surprised me more than those can imagine who have never seen, for months and years together, the glorious majesty of Heaven eclipsed by its own puny satellites—the Creator sunk in the created—the Redeemer blotted from his people's memory, even by the blood of martyrs in his cause! Often and often had I been, since in Italy (to use the Apostle's emphatic language,) "in perils in the deep, in perils by land, in perils among robbers;" but never, amid the utter cowardice of her degenerate offspring, had I heard extorted one prayer or vow to the Most High: while saints and madonnas were importuned to weariness and disgust. But here it was my fate, "mid antres wild," to hear a daughter of the land commit her simple cause to *Him* "who doth all things well!"

My interest in her fate redoubled. At the risk of giving pain—offence I felt I could not give—I pursued my interrogatory; but it was aside to the elder female. "Is her husband dead, think you?" asked I in a whisper. "Iddio lo sa!" replied the woman—(as if her meek companion's declaration had revived the sense of God's omniscience in her mind)—"He went from home to serve in the armies some three years since, in the time of i *maladetti* *Francesi*. The rest of our

young men are come back, or their deaths certified; but Battista, poor fellow, I doubt, sleeps in a Russian snow-wreath, never to wake more in this world."

"He is not dead!" exclaimed the mother, in a subdued but steady voice, as if replying to what she could scarce have overheard. "Battista is not in glory, else he would have come to tell me so; nor yet in suffering, for he would have besought my prayers. I dream of him for ever; but it is as a living breathing man, somewhere upon this weary earth: and God that bade me seek, will guide me to him!"

"Amen!" said I, from the very bottom of my heart. Yet, naturally anxious to know how so much harmless superstition could inhabit the same bosom with so clear a view of the supremacy of God, amid surrounding idolatry, I could not help asking the grounds of her exclusive trust in the great Ruler of the universe. She drew from out of her bosom a leaf from an Italian Bible, printed in England, containing the Ten Commandments, with the suppressed or cancelled second, restored to its legitimate rank among the statutes of the Lawgiver. "This," said she, kissing it as she replaced it in her bosom, "was given me by a good Signora Inglese, who was passing this winter through Velletri (where I lived), and lay ill of a fever at the post-house many weeks together. She could not, *povera donna!* be waited on by clumsy *Camerieri*, and they sent for me (who in my youth had served a noble lady) to tend and comfort her. She was a sweet and patient

sufferer—no murmur ever crossed her lips: though sick in a strange land, she never seemed alone or forsaken; and when I said, ‘Madonna, what supports you thus?’ her answer ever was, ‘My trust in God!’ She spoke but little Italian, else I might have learned, no doubt, a thousand precious lessons; *one* her example taught me without aid from speech,—to trust in God in every time of trouble. And when she left me, weeping on the threshold, she tore this leaf out of her own blessed book for me; and said, ‘Giovanna, keep yourself from idols; pray to God alone!’ Poor lady! she spoke but very truth and reason. When she was sick and like to die, we never thought of calling the poor ignorant Medico of Velletri, nor even the Signor Dottore of Albano—no! money was not wanting—and to Rome we sent at once; and there came to our aid a great and skilful physician, who cured her, while those blunderers would have been finding out what ailed her. God forbid I should despise the saints; but if I bowed before an image, all the good Donna Inglese’s legacy of trust in God would leave me quite. I feel it here,” said she, rising suddenly (as one who had been an unwitting loiterer), “and it tells me to be gone.”

“Whither?” asked I, detaining her, and keeping as a pledge her babe, while she adjusted her less pleasing burden. “To Bologna,” said she. “The young Marchese L. (whose mother I served, and with whom Battista was sent to the wars) they say has returned to his country and possessions; *he*, if any one, can tell me my husband’s fate. Besides, Bologna is my home;

I only came here to live with distant relations, when the cruel conscription tore Battista from me. I could not live in my own fertile Bolognese without a curse upon its tyrants in my heart and on my lips. *Here* the Church still bore sway, and they told me there was peace. I found it not, till at the post-house of Velletri I learned its name was 'Trust in God.' "

"Farewell! pilgrim of faith and hope!" said I—(giving the sleeping child a parting kiss, and slipping my purse into its brother's knapsack)—"I feel, like thee, strange confidence, that thine will be indeed a blessed pilgrimage!" A tear stood on the toil-worn cheek of the matron of Albano; it met another from the down-cast lids of the departing stranger, as, with a sisterly embrace, they separated, perhaps to meet no more below. I followed the group with my eye down the steep rugged street; nor remembered I was at Albano, till my guide came and bored me about Pompey; but what was he to me, or I to Pompey then?

I went to Naples and to Pæstum—ascended Vesuvius, and dived into Pompeii—breathed all the magic influences of that land of Circe; yet, amid its spells, thought sometimes of Giovanna. Summer surprised me within its flowery precincts. A burning journey through Italy was not to be encountered or risked; so I endured the heats as best I might, tempered by the sea-breezes of Sorrentum and Castellamare. As early, however, as the October rains removed the interdict from the Pontine marshes, duty and inclination alike summonéd me to the north; and passing rapidly

through now deserted Rome, and fast-filling Florence, I started from the latter city later at night than prudence warranted, to cross the then unsafe and brigand-haunted Appennines.

A hasty breakfast, swallowed on the summit, formed the only interruption of the day's forced march; and as the still and sober hues of autumn lent fresh dreariness to the unpicturesque expanse of mountains round me, I could not help wishing (while the delusive meteor blaze of Pietra Mala illumined the lone hill-side) that it had been some cheerful cottage hearth, ready to greet the way-worn saddened traveller! The sun was setting fast, as near the post-house of Logrognò, we entered on the rich and woody skirt that encompasses, like some costly fringe, the bleak and barren ridge above. Some delay in getting the horses, as well as the charms of the scenery, induced me to walk forward: when, lo! a cottage, the very beau ideal of my jaded fancy, rose before me, in a forest glade, within a few yards of the road.

The weather had been damp and chilly; the forest afforded ample fuel; and the blaze my mind's eye pictured, gladdened my bodily sense. I was irresistibly drawn out of the road by its fascinations, like those of Will-o'-the-wisp of old; but they proved more substantial; for from the glowing embers, issued forth a fragrant odour of roasted chestnuts, which the breeze wafted to me, long before I reached the hut. I gazed a moment through its vine-clad lattice, ere I claimed a traveller's welcome. Heavens! the group

around the hearth, can it be that of the *spelonca* at Albano? It is—it is! I recognise the dark-eyed smiling boy—the meek and graceful mother; but she has given her babe to rest on other knees; it slumbers in the arms of a tall, slight, yet martial-looking peasant. Battista is returned, unharmed, from field and flood; and will Giovanna ever cease to trust in God?

CREATION AND REDEMPTION.

BY ARCHDEACON SPENCER.

“ Let there be light, and there was light.”

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“ **LET** there be light !”—were the words of creation,
That broke on the chaos and silence of night ;
The creatures of Mercy invoked to their station,
Suffused into being, and kindled to light.

“ Let there be light !”—The Great Spirit descended,
And flash'd on the waves that in darkness had slept ;
The sun in his glory a giant ascended,
The dews on the earth their mild radiance wept.

“ Let there be light !”—And the fruits and the flowers
Responded in smiles to the new-lighted sky,—
There was scent in the gale, there was bloom in the
bowers,
Sweet sound for the ear, and soft hue for the eye.

"Let there be light!"—And the mild eye of woman
Beam'd joy on the man who this Paradise sway'd ;
There was joy—'till the foe of all happiness human
Crept into those bowers—was heard—and obey'd.

"Let there be light!"—were the words of salvation,
When man had defeated life's object and end,—
Had waned from his glorious and glad elevation,
Abandon'd a God and conform'd to a fiend.

"Let there be light!"—The same Spirit supernal
That lighted the torch when creation began,
Laid aside the bright beams of his Godhead eternal,
And wrought as a servant, and wept as a man.

"Let there be light!"—from Gethsemane springing,
From Golgotha's darkness, from Calvary's tomb—
Joy, joy unto mortals, good angels are singing,
The Shiloh has triumph'd and death is o'ercome.

THE INVALID TO HER MOTHER.

BY LADY WYATT.

FELL sickness, with his iron hand,
Points out to me "the better land:"
Resigned, I would not watch the sand,
But for *one* wish its ebb to stand—
The thought that I shall pain thee!

If friends applaud my mind's firm tone
And spirit calm, 'tis scarce my own;
For I repress sigh, tear, or moan,
By Love's all-powerful aid alone,
The thought that I might pain thee!

Farewell the harp I've played to thee,
The paths where I have strayed with thee,
The pencil I have swayed for thee,
THE BOOK whence I have prayed with thee,
Which taught me ne'er to pain thee!

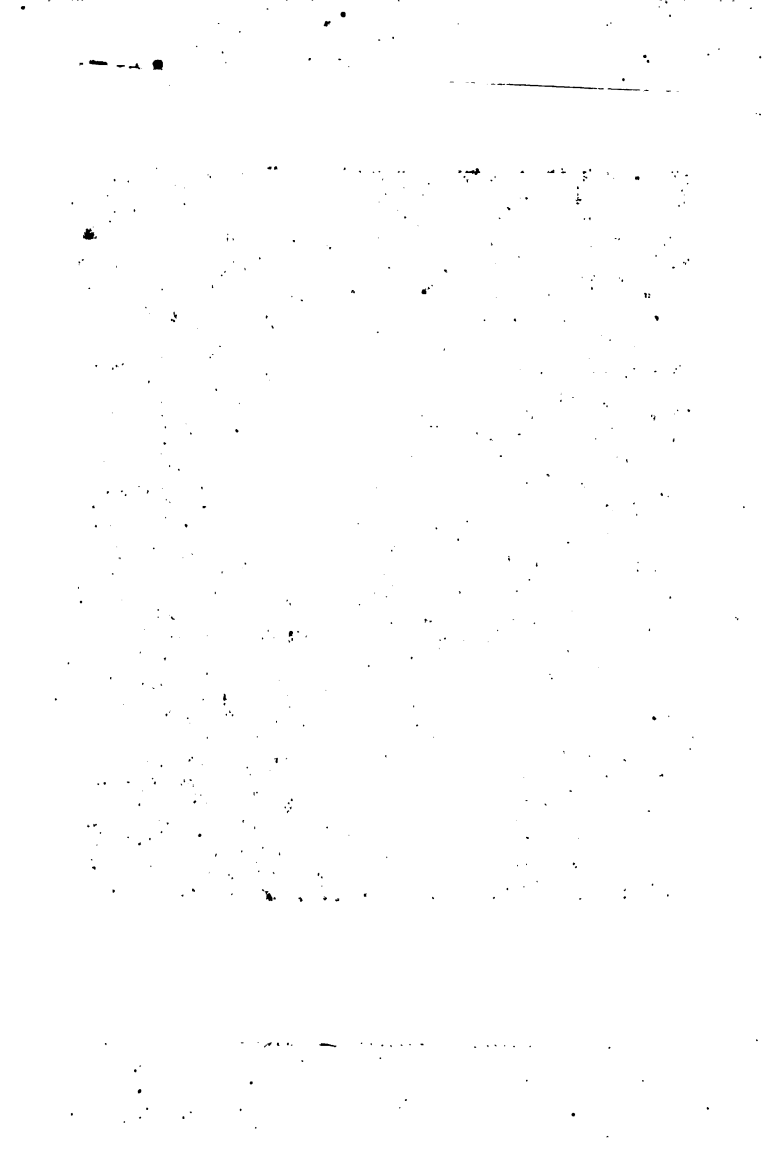
When this fond heart shall move no more,
Count not its hasty feelings o'er,
Its clinging love let thought restore,
Till, soothed, you'll gently her deplore,
Who'd rather die than pain thee!

THE BLIND YOUTH.

I have no way, and therefore want no eyes ;
I trembled when I saw : full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean secures us ; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.

It is a general idea, that variety forms, to those who have the full enjoyment of their senses, the very beauty of life. When we observe any person deprived of the use of a faculty or an organ, we sigh as we think upon the loss which such a being, from such a cause, sustains. Should the fine chord of the ear have lost its due vibrating power, the notes of some beautiful air seem to float upon our own sense, while we grieve to know the tones cannot be received by him who stands a man amongst us. When a friend's eye is as colourless as an alabaster urn without its flame, we look at the landscape through our own tears.

Yet, after all, a considerable part of our enjoyment arises from education and association of ideas. We must be schooled into a knowledge of the sublime and beautiful.



1. The first part of the report discusses the general situation of the country and the progress of the work during the year. It also mentions the results of the various committees and the work of the different departments.

2. The second part of the report deals with the financial situation of the country. It gives a detailed account of the income and expenditure of the government and the different departments. It also mentions the results of the various financial committees and the work of the different departments.

3. The third part of the report discusses the progress of the various departments. It mentions the results of the work of the different departments and the progress of the various committees. It also mentions the results of the various financial committees and the work of the different departments.

4. The fourth part of the report discusses the progress of the various committees. It mentions the results of the work of the different committees and the progress of the various departments. It also mentions the results of the various financial committees and the work of the different departments.

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The Blind. Gould.



Some few years ago (this is the way, we believe, most stories commence) there lived a lad in the county of Devon, in England. He was born blind, and yet remarkably lively; and although he had an intense anxiety to have the surrounding waters, woods, and meadows, depicted upon his cloudy vision, still he was never dissatisfied. If he heard a bird rise from the earth in order to shake the dew from her feathers and get her wings polished in the sunbeams, he would mimic her song and then laugh at his own skill. He had learned every song contained in the budget of an old soldier, who bore about with him a wooden leg with which he beat time, and an ill-rosined fiddle with which he spoiled it.

In every happy circle, the blind boy's merriment was to be observed; and his frankness always secured for him a boon companion and kind guide.

He had a sister, who was singularly affectionate and attentive; and he returned her love by considering her as the very pillar of his strength and the comforter and instructor of his mind. When the lad felt the warm wind flutter about his hair, he would ask the maiden about this cheering essence from the All Merciful. And then would she tell him of the exquisite power of this wind, and try to make him understand how it moved over the tops of the forest and skimmed along the grass, heralding fruits and flowers. If he held up his face in the open air, to catch the light which appeared to him to tremble upon his features,

the sister spoke of the mighty orb which sends a blessing before it in the morning, and leaves another at twilight ere it has kissed the ocean.

It is well known that the scenery of the county of Devon is highly picturesque; and as it was the case that the maiden had good sense and was a nice observer, the sensitive young man drank in her explanations with delight. These things continued until he had almost attained manhood.

His parents were recommended to apply to an eminent surgeon for advice, as to the value of an operation upon their son's eyes. The information they received was delightful: it plainly appeared that sight might be given! "Joy, joy!" said the blind one, jumping up and clapping his hands together repeatedly, "joy, joy—then I shall see hedgeflowers like those which my dear sister has put into my hands. I shall know the birds I have heard sing. I shall view the moon and the planets which are above me."

He readily submitted to the pain which was caused by the operator's instruments. It was necessary to put a slight bandage across the eyes immediately after the skilful surgeon had done his work. But the time came when it was to be removed.

At the earnest request of his sister, the patient was taken to a spot which was supposed to command the finest scenery for many miles round. The light was trembling upon the water. The butterflies were flitting about. The sheep hardly shook their bells. Every

thing spoke of pleasure, comfort, and the glory of nature. The happy sister hung about the anxious boy, ready to enjoy his exclamations of delight.

When all things were nicely arranged, the covering was withdrawn from the eye. And the searching light traced a way through the delicate retina.

'Twas strange! He stood, but for a moment only, like an embodied Grecian statue, and as if to receive and yet contend against the overpowering beauties which were to beam upon him. And it was but for a moment he thus appeared. For, with all the marks of disappointment depicted upon every line of his features, he shaded his eyes with his hands and burst into a violent flood of tears. Nor could he now be comforted. His sister redoubled her efforts to please, and all who loved him tried to drive away the sad spirit which had spoiled his gaiety and taken possession of his heart. It was not to be accomplished. He could hardly be got to speak to any one. Yet he would often sigh.

Day after day he pined; and even the stars saw his sorrow. Melancholy left the throne for consumption; and death soon sealed up the eyes of this once happy youth of the county of Devon.

MY NATIVE SPOT.

My native spot, my native spot,
Where first I saw the day ;
Oh, ne'er through life to be forgot,
Where'er my footsteps stray.

Where first I knew a mother's love,
And felt a mother's kiss ;
And day-dreams of the future strove,
With childhood's present bliss.

Alas! the present faded fast,
The future never came ;
And life is but a wither'd waste,
And joy is but a name.

Yet midst the wreck of hopes o'er cast,
The weight of worldly ills,
With mournful pleasure still the past
My aching bosom fills.

There's nought maturer age can find
To equal those bright hours,
When the sunshine of the opening mind,
Deck'd coming life with flowers.

Each happy scene returns to view,
The loved, the dead, are there;
All gilded with the brilliant hue
Which childhood bade them wear.

My thoughts yet dwell on each loved haunt,
Beside each favourite tree;
The verdant path, the grassy mount,
An universe to me.

These speak of years of innocence,
Of many a sportive game,
Of schemes of youthful confidence,
And airy plans of fame.

Now vanish'd all—the sports have fled,
Ambition and her train
No more excite this wearied head—
The loved are wept in vain.

Yet still my native spot is dear,
When memory bids it rise;
Still hallow'd with a heartfelt tear,
Still chronicled with sighs.

AU REVOIR.

"Au revoir"—what tongue can tell
All that lingers round thy spell?
Tender pledge, so fondly spoken!
Ardent vow, so lightly broken!
Herald of a long farewell!

"Au revoir" in youth's warm ear
Breathes no dark mistrustful fear:
Blind credulity, relying
On a vagrant fancy dying,
Weeps too soon on friendship's bier!

Love! frail guest! how oft the strain,
Blending notes of joy and pain,
On thy quiv'ring lip hangs trembling;
Must the future bring dissembling,
Guilt, estrangement, in its train!

"Au revoir"—sweet words which flow
At the hour of parting wo!
Have the fond hands pledged for greeting—
Have the lips prepared for meeting—
E'er redeem'd their pledge?—Ah, no!

In the lapse of that brief space
"Au revoir" would fain embrace,
Fate the knell of Hope is ringing;
Ah! what bliss to fancy bringing,
Time's destructive wing may chase!

THE DEATH OF HARRISON.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

WHAT soar'd the old eagle to die at the sun !
Lies he stiff with spread wings at the goal he had won ?
Are there spirits, more blest than the planet of even,
Who mount to their zenith, then melt into Heaven—
No waning of fire, no quenching of ray,
But rising, still rising, when passing away ?
Farewell, gallant eagle ! thou'rt buried in light !
God speed unto Heaven, lost star of our night !

Death ! Death in the White House ! Ah, never before
Trode his skeleton foot on the President's floor !
He is looked for in hovel, and dreaded in hall—
The King in his closet keeps hatchment and pall—
The youth in his birthplace, the old man at home
Make clean from the door-stone the path to the tomb ;
But the lord of this mansion was cradled not here—
In a churchyard far off stands his beckoning bier !

He is here as the wave-crest heaves flashing on high—
As the arrow is stopped by its prize in the sky—
The arrow to earth and the foam to the shore—
Death finds them when swiftness and sparkle are o'er ;
But HARRISON'S death fills the climax of story—
He went with his old stride—from glory to glory !

Lay his sword on his breast ! There's no spot on its
blade
In whose cankering breath his bright laurels will fade.
'Twas the first to lead on at humanity's call—
It was stayed with sweet mercy when "glory" was all !
As calm in the council as gallant in war,
He fought for his country, and not its "hurrah."
In the path of the hero with pity he trod,
Let him pass with his sword to the presence of God !

What more ? Shall we on with his ashes ?—Yet, stay !
He hath ruled the wide realm of a King in his day !
At his word, like a monarch's, went treasure and land :
The bright gold of thousands has passed through his
hand.

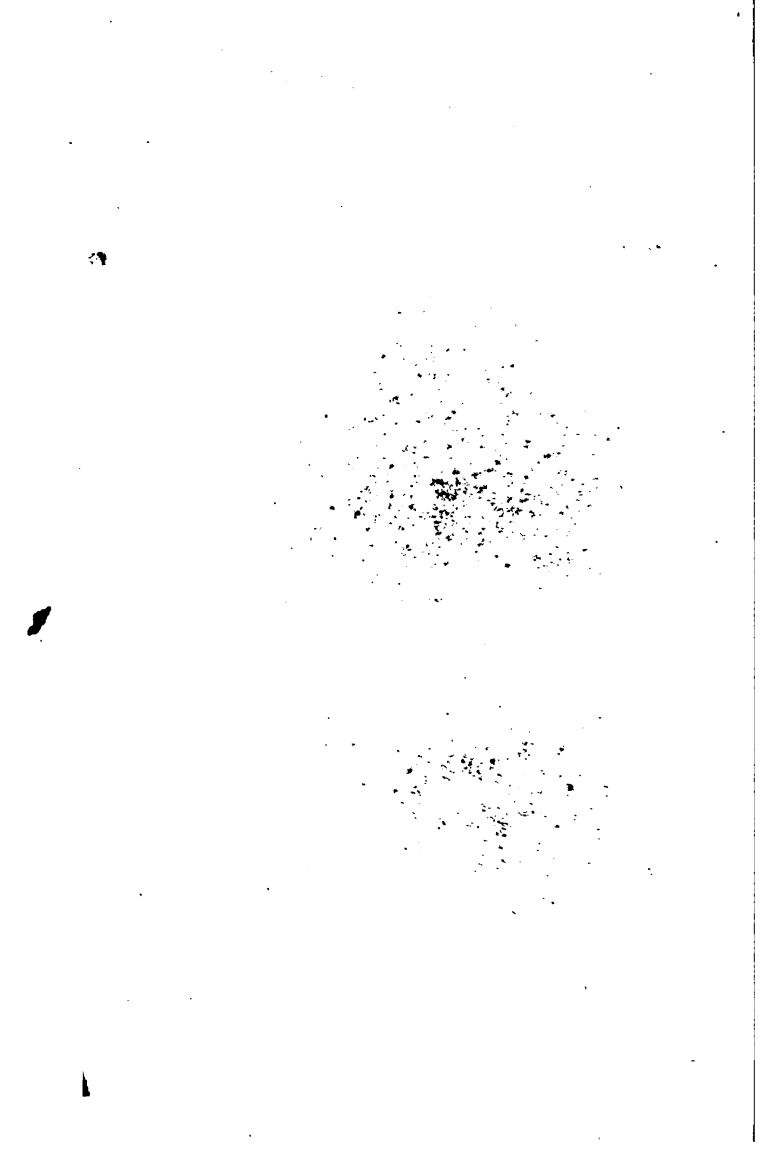
Is there nothing to show of his glittering hoard ?
No jewel to deck the rude hilt of his sword ?
No trappings ?—no horses ?—what had he but now ?
On ! on with his ashes !—he left but a plough !
Brave old Cincinnatus ! Unwind ye his sheet !
Let him sleep as he lived—with his purse at his feet !
Follow now as ye list ! The first mourner to-day
Is the nation, whose father is taken away !

Wife, children, and neighbour may moan at his knell—
He was "lover and friend" to his country as well !
For the stars on our banner grow suddenly dim,
Let us weep, in our darkness, but weep not for him !
Not for him, who departing, leaves millions in tears !
Not for him, who has died full of honours and years !
Not for him, who ascended Fame's ladder so high,
From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky !
It is blessed to go when so ready to die !

THE END.







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